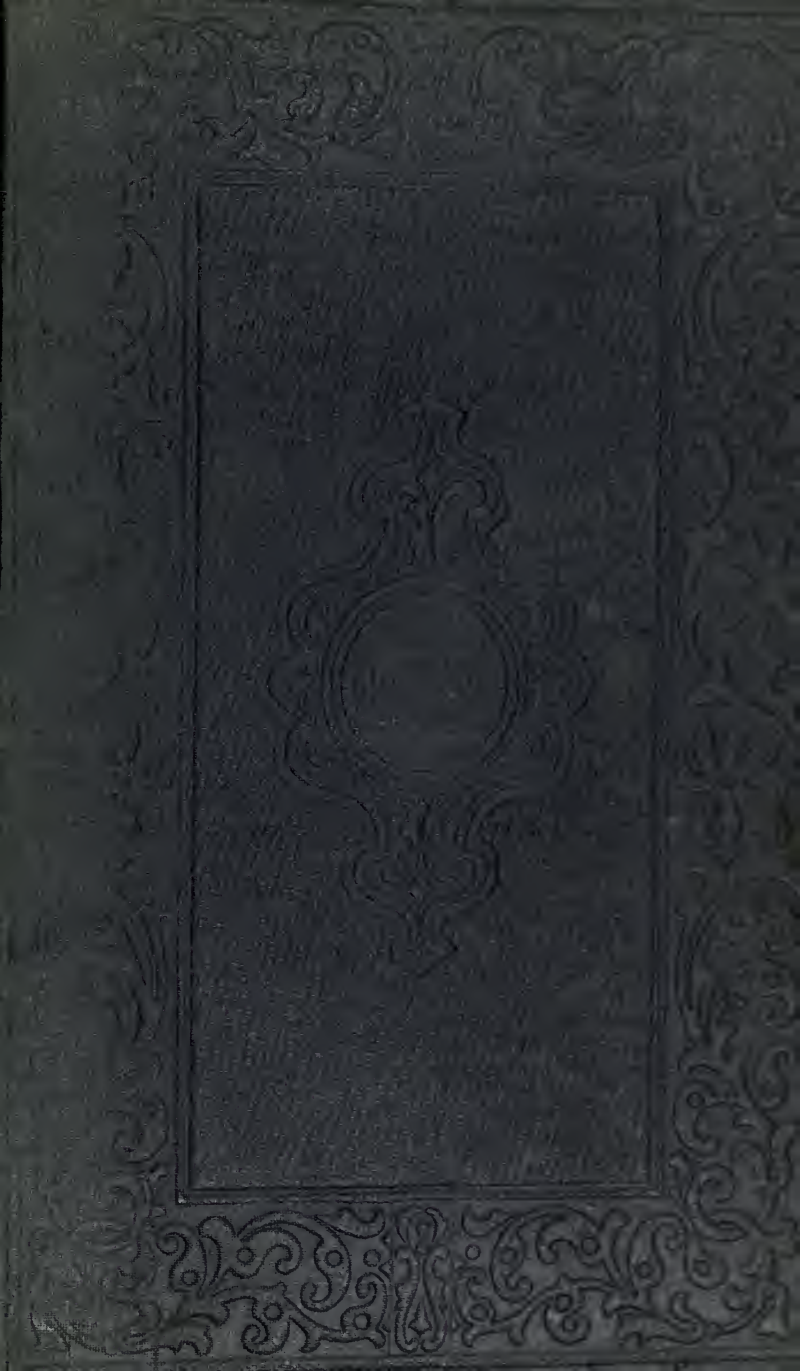

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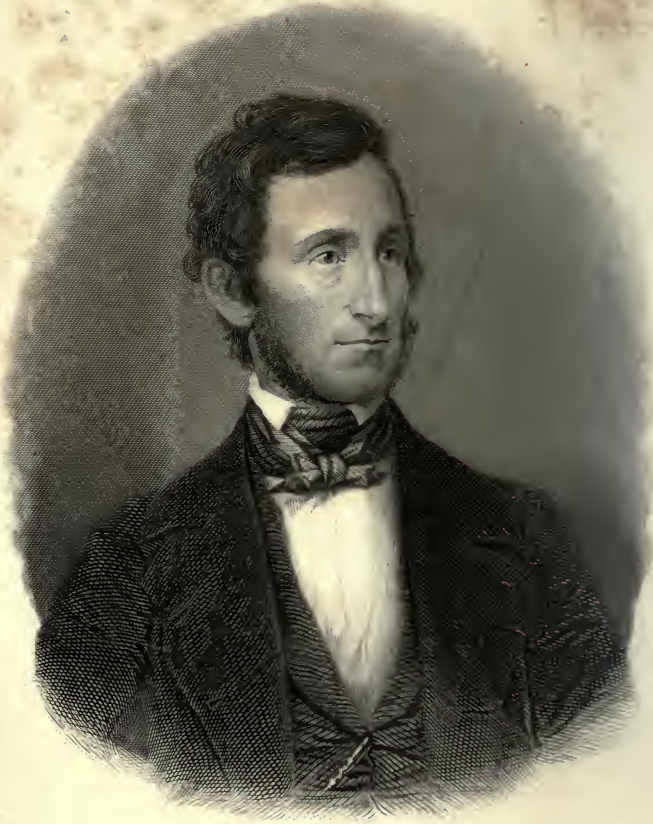

J. V. Headley

NEW YORK, BAKER & SCRIBNER

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BY

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AUTHORISED EDITION.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE present volume would not have been issued for years to come, but for the unexpected appearance of a work called "THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF J. T. HEADLEY," compiled without my knowledge or consent. I had laid by some articles which cost me a great deal of labor, intending to add to them papers on criticism, authors, and books, when greater leisure would allow me to complete them. These latter will hereafter appear in another volume. The spurious work alluded to, is composed of articles most of which are entirely out of place, under the grave title of "Miscellanies." Seven or eight of them are a part of my published works, where they will be found in their proper places, and from which they have been taken, on the ground that having been given to Magazines before those works were issued, they were not legally copyrighted. The compiler has thus imposed on the public by publishing pieces as *miscellanies*, which are not,

and added to that imposition, by placing among them as mine what I never wrote.

Several others were written in a hurry to supply an unexpected deficiency of matter in a Magazine I was editing at the time, and were never considered by me worthy of republication. Of these two volumes thus dishonorably published, there are only three articles which I have seen fit to incorporate in the present work. The remaining pieces in the form of rambles, sketches, &c., I shall revise and correct, and with the addition of others, publish them immediately, under a title becoming their fugitive character.

It will be seen by this statement, that I have been compelled to prepare these works in self defence. Every author has an indisputable right to say what shall go forth under his name as well as to revise and correct not only his own errors, but those of the printer. As this right has not been granted to me, I have no other resource but to make my own selections, and publish them with the revisions and corrections which I deem indispensable.

My experience will teach authors and publishers what they may expect in future, if there be any error in the copyrights of the works they publish. The obloquy and disgrace which would rest on those who could take advantage of an oversight or a neglect, have hitherto been sufficient to deter any one from doing it. This guarantee, however,

no longer exists, and Mr. Putnam and Mr. Irving may expect shortly a cheap edition of the "Sketch Book," because being first published in England, the copyright is not good in this country. N. P. Willis may look for his "Pencillings by the Way," "Letters from under a Bridge," "People I have Met," &c., in a cheap form and *unrevised*, because, forsooth, he first published them in a paper. For the same reason Mrs. Kirkland's "Letters from Abroad" will very probably be got out as they were printed in the newspaper, with all the faults of hurried composition or bad printing. Mr. Dana's essays and reviews will share the same fate, and Mr. Tuckerman and Mr. Whipple find that they have no claim on their books, and no right to say what shall or shall not be published under their names.

It is true, the deep condemnation with which booksellers and authors feel bound to visit such a transaction, renders it apparently harmless. Still it is heavily incumbent on both to see that their disapprobation is expressed in a form that shall prevent future experiments.

In the present volume, I have let my reviews retain their old form, notwithstanding the events that have since transpired in Europe, because I see no reason to change most of the views expressed in them.

The article on Cromwell was written previous to my biography of him, and, hence, contains many passages found in

the latter. Whether they will bear repeating or not, they are retained, as I found it impossible to leave them out, without impairing the unity of the piece.

N. B. I observe that the same individual who has had the audacity to give my miscellaneous works to the public, has advertised my "Sacred Scenes and Characters," "Adirondack," "Napoleon and his Marshals," &c., and I would here state for the information of my friends, that it is out of his power to issue those works entire. The announcement is false—he can publish only such portions of them as were first given to the papers and Reviews, and those who purchase them will be deceived—they *will obtain only fragments of my books.*

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HEADLEY'S MISCELLANIES.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.*

The period embraced in this work of Mr. Alison furnishes more copious materials for a brilliant narrative than any period of the same length in the history of nations. To commence with a description of the "earthquake that opened under the Bourbon throne," and let down a whole dynasty of kings, and end with the battle of Waterloo, which overthrew an emperor and an empire, is to commence and end with all that is exciting in the history of man. The selection of this period shows the taste and character of the writer. Of an ardent temperament and highly poetic imagination, the terrific scenes that followed each other in such rapid succession from the first outbreak in Paris, are, to him, but so many separate passages in a great tragedy of which Bonaparte was the hero, and Waterloo the closing act.

* History of Europe from the commencement of the French Revolution in 1689, to the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By Archibald Alison, F. R. S. E., Advocate. In four volumes. New York. Harper and Brothers.

The history of this period is, for the most part, a history of battles, in the description of which lies Mr. Alison's peculiar excellence. He is, indeed, a wonderful example of the ease with which a writer of vivid description and brilliant style can take captive our judgment and blind our criticism. Ask the hundreds who speak in rapturous terms of his work, Why they are so enchanted with it, and the answer is, "He is a splendid writer—do you remember the descriptions of the battles of Austerlitz, Borodino, and Waterloo?" Of the truth of the great political events he narrates, the skill manifested in their grouping, and the causes which led to them, we hear nothing of raise. The arrangement of the work is exceedingly faulty, confusing us more than we ever remember to have been confused in reading the history of so short a period. The *style*, which is animated and racy, making us eye-witnesses of the great scenes he depicts, is yet often inflated and eminently careless. A sentence in the opening paragraph of the very first chapter, is but one of many examples. In speaking of the French Revolution, he says, "From the flame which was kindled in Europe, the whole world has been involved in conflagration, and a new era dawned upon both hemispheres from the effect of its expansion." The figure here introduced by "conflagration," and carried out by "expansion," Mr. Alison may think very good English, but it is anything but good rhetoric.

The opening pages of such a work we should expect

to see devoted to the causes which produced the French Revolution—the great event which commences the history. But we were not prepared to find nearly forty pages occupied in drawing a parallel between it and the English Revolution under Cromwell, going back even to the English Settlement and the Danish and Anglo-Saxon Conquests. The English Revolution does not come into the period of his history; and to lead us down through the half barbarism of England in the early ages, and through all her feudal history, to give us the causes of the "Rebellion," is as foolish as it is confusing. Were one to write a history of England or France from its origin, it would be interesting to trace how civilization and liberty grew step by step, till they reached their present state in the nation. But the *inappropriateness* of the thing is our least objection. His philosophy and logic are false from beginning to end; and here, at the outset, we state the grand fault of Mr. Alison in compiling this history. He is a high Tory, and no more fit to write of this period, ushered in by the outbreak of the Republican spirit, and carried on with all the wildness of newly-recovered and untamed freedom, than an Ultra Chartist of Birmingham to write the feudal history of England. A man falsifies history in two ways—first, by falsifying facts—second, by misstating the causes of those facts. The last, we consider the most culpable of the two, and of this crime Mr. Alison stands heavily charged. He sets out with the determination to malign Republicanism and exalt Monarchy; and

not satisfied with wrongly coloring facts, he exposes himself to the most ridiculous blunders, and contradicts his own assertions to secure his end. Whenever he speaks of "Democracy," or the "Rights of the people," he evidently has before him the riots of Birmingham, the Chartist "Bill of Rights," and the petition of three millions of Englishmen for universal suffrage. This picture warps his judgment sadly, and his philosophical "reflections" on the French Revolution are a mixture of false logic, self-contradictions, and merest common-places from first to last. Thus, in the opening chapter, in the very parallel we were speaking of, he says of the English Revolution, "the pulpit was the fulcrum on which the whole efforts of the popular leaders rested, and the once venerable fabric of the English monarchy, to which so large a portion of its influential classes have in every age of its history been attached, yielded at last to the force of fanatical frenzy." "In France, the influence of religion was all exerted on the other side," &c. In other words, true religion was with the royalists in both rebellions, and fanaticism or infidelity with the republicans. Now, in the first place, if this be true, why lead us down through the Dark Ages to show the causes of the English Revolution—why talk to us of the struggle for principle—why boast of the moderation of the people during its progress, and the regard to individual rights? Fanaticism is not so discriminating and just when it seizes the sword, and Mr. Alison has falsified one of the most important events in English history.

The statement is equally untrue with regard to the French Revolution. No attack was made on religion, nor did it enter one way or other into the conflict as a great element, until the priests began to declaim from the pulpit against the Assembly, denouncing every act of the reformers as sacrilegious, and exciting the people to resistance. *The Church took sides with the throne and the aristocracy*, as it had been partner in their oppressions and rapacity, and of course went down with them. And instead of the Cromwellian rebellion growing out of the fanaticism of the priests it sprung from the Parliament itself. The despotism of Charles I., his dangerous encroachments on the liberty of speech, and on the Constitution, were borne with till longer endurance became a crime. The whole history of the Long Parliament denies this statement of Mr. Alison. Charles I. trampled on the laws of England: he was tried for his crime and beheaded. The struggle that followed is chargeable on those who defended the throne in its wrong-doing. There was no need of rebellion; and there would have been none but for the tyranny of the king and the injustice of his friends. The conflict was between the Parliament and the throne. The people sided with the Parliament, and the throne went down. It was a struggle for the supremacy of British law and British rights, and hence was conducted with the moderation and justice which the cause demanded.

Now, turn to the French Revolution—and what lay at the bottom of that? Suffering, unparalleled suffer-

ing—suffering that had been accumulating through ages. There were really but two classes in France—the privileged and unprivileged—the taxed and untaxed—the devoured and devourers. Mr. Alison acknowledges "there was a difference in the circumstances of the two countries at the period when their respective revolutions arose; but not so much as to make the contest in the one the foundation of a new distribution of property, and a different balance of power in the other, the chief means of maintaining the subsisting interests of society, the existing equilibrium of the world." There was just this difference: The contest in England was for *order* and the supremacy of right and law—in France it was for *bread*. Stern, unbending principle guided the one, starvation and desperation the other. The inevitable result of two such struggles must be the establishment of justice in the one case, and the overthrow of everything established in the other. Rousseau never uttered a truer sentiment than in saying, "When the poor have nothing to eat they will eat the rich;" or Carlyle, in writing, "When the thoughts of a people in the great mass of it, have grown mad, the combined issue of that people's workings will be madness—an incoherency and ruin." It must be so. With the first consciousness of power they cry out, as they run over the long catalogue of their sufferings, "Plunder shall be paid with plunder, violence with violence, and blood with blood."

The same influence of his hatred of democracy, blinding his judgment and compelling him to misstate

facts, is seen in the proximate causes he gives as leading to the Revolution. It would be too gross a misstatement to declare that there was not sufficient suffering in France to produce an insurrection, as the Duke of Wellington once said there was no suffering in England. He acknowledges it, but thinks it has been overrated. Still, the picture he draws of the misery of the lower classes is frightful. The *taille* and *vingtieme* imposts fell heavily on the farmer, so that out of the produce of his land he received only about one quarter, the other three quarters being divided between the proprietor and the king. This alone would reduce the population of any country to starvation and consequent madness. Accustomed to yield to arbitrary power, the people never dreamed of resistance till driven to it by despair. Men dare ask for *bread* anywhere. The bayonet and scaffold can be contemplated with more calmness than famine.

Out of this state of feeling grew the Revolution, and all its horrors. Mr. Alison admits there was sufficient suffering and oppression to create an outbreak—indeed, he goes as far as to make the lower classes seventy-six per cent. poorer than the laborer in England, which is a degree of poverty beyond our conception—yet he affirms that the Revolution was started by the upper classes, and could have been checked by them at any moment; nay, he puts the blame of setting it in motion on such dreamers as Voltaire and Rousseau, who uttered fine sentiments about liberty, equality, etc. In making a statement so opposed to

facts, he doubtless has in his mind such men as Carlyle, Thomas Hood, and others, whose writings are telling with such wonderful effect upon the English people. It needs but a glance to see where the grand difficulty lay. The leaders of the mobs knew it well, and wrote epigrammatically, "tout va bien ici, le pain manque," all goes well—there is a lack of bread. The first attack of the populace was on one who said a man could live on seven sous a day. Then followed attacks on tax-gatherers and bakers. The first man hung at the lamp-post, Foulon, was hung for replying to the people's cry of distress, "*let them eat grass.*" Watch the army of women swarming around Versailles, crying, "Bread! bread!" See them gathered around their watch-fire at midnight, devouring the remains of a horse. Hear them screaming back to the National Assembly, whither they had forced themselves, "du pain pas tant de long discours"—"bread, and not long speeches." There lies the cause of the disease, and not all the aristocracy of France could have prevented the outbreak. Yield they must, but submission came too late. They themselves had backed the waters, till, when the barriers gave way, the flood must sweep every thing under. But to acknowledge this was to admit the danger that now threatens England, and sanction the Chartists in their ceaseless petitions to the throne and Parliament for reform.

Carrying out his monarchial sympathies, Mr. Alison also charges on democracy the blood and devastation that followed in the wake of the Revolution. He gives

us a synopsis of the declaration of the "Rights of Man," by the Assembly, in which he says, "it declares the original equality of mankind; that the ends of the social union are liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression; that sovereignty resides in the nation, and every power emanates from them; that freedom consists in doing everything which does not injure another; that law is the expression of the general will; that public burdens should be borne by all the members of the state in proportion to their fortunes; that the elective franchise should be extended to all; and that the exercise of natural rights has no other limits but their interference with the rights of others." "In these positions, considered abstractly," says Mr. Alison, "there is much in which every reasonable man must acquiesce." We say, on the contrary, that every "reasonable man must acquiesce" in *the whole*, "abstractly." There are no plainer principles in human logic. They are axioms, considered "*abstractly*," no man can doubt, while we believe they are not only "abstractly" but practically true. They rest at the very foundation of our government, and if they be not true our government is a lie. The want of means in carrying them out does not prove their falsity, but the power of man to turn his greatest blessings into evils. Yet, reasonable as he admits some of them to be, considered "abstractly," he calls them, in another place, "a digest of anarchy." Then the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, is "a digest of anarchy;" an assertion which

the history of our country, for the last fifty years, fully contradicts. To this "digest of anarchy," this explosion of democracy, he attributes all the horrors of the Revolution. He devotes whole pages to very grave and very sad reflections upon it; and at the end of almost every chapter on this period, he pours forth his "note of woe" on the acts of republicanism. Now, no one doubts the danger of suddenly giving too much power and freedom to slaves. The eye long accustomed to darkness, cannot bear immediately the full splendor of noonday. The oppression of centuries, when suddenly broken, does not end in calm and intelligent action. We do not find fault with Mr. Alison for preaching this doctrine, but for preaching *this* alone. There are three other great truths to be considered in connection with this, before we can form a correct judgment upon it. In the first place, if democracy *did* start this long array of ills, is that its *natural* action, or is it the *re*-action of something else? Was it not human nature, long chained, and scourged, and trampled on, suddenly taking vengeance on its oppressors, and wiping out with one bloody stroke the long arrears of guilt? Were the horrors of the Revolution the result of democracy merely, or of vengeance? Is it to be wondered at, that the captive, so long bound and goaded to madness, should fling abroad his arms a little too wildly at the first recovery of his freedom, and shake the bars of his cage a little too roughly? We believe the great truth, after all, to be drawn from that bloody tragedy, is the evils of long oppression, and not

the evil of giving man his rights. The grand prima. cause is the one that should have engaged Mr. Alison's attention and reflections, and not the secondary proximate one. The youth of the world should learn a different lesson from that taught by his history.

In the second place, granting that the crimes and violence of the Revolution *did* naturally and entirely grow out of republicanism, we believe they did not begin to compare with the misery and suffering caused by the tyranny that preceded it. Nearly a million is supposed to have perished during the Reign of Terror. Frightful as this waste of life and happiness is, we do not believe it is the half of that produced by the reign of despotism. The guillotine loaded with human victims—whole crowds of men, women, and children shot down in the public streets, and the murders and massacres on every side, that deluged France in blood, make the world stand aghast—for the spectacle is open and public. We have seen every one of that million cut down by the sword of violence, but the thrice one million that have perished, one by one, during the antecedent ages, under the grinding hand of oppression, and slow torture of famine; and all the horrors of a starved people, dying silently, and in every hovel of the land, we know nothing of. Generation after generation melted away, whose cries of distress no ear ever heard but that of Him who in the end avenges the helpless. Let Mr. Alison utter his lamentations over these millions who died none the less

painfully because they perished silently, as well as over the victims of the Revolution.

But, in the third place, we deny the former supposition to be true, believing that the great danger of giving the ignorant masses sudden freedom arises from two causes. The first, in the strong sense of retributive justice in the human bosom. Assuming the doctrine, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," to be just, they will at once turn round and spoil their spoilers. The desperation of famine, guided by this feeling, shed the first blood in Paris. The second and continuing cause arises from tyranny itself. The love of power may be as dominant in the heart of a peasant as of a prince. There are multitudes that want only the opportunity to become despots. They are not all tyrants who by nature are fitted to be. All they need to make them enact the same follies and crimes the titled and legalized tyrants are committing before them, is the means of doing it. These men flourish in revolution. If possessed with energy and skill, they will lead the blind and ignorant masses where they please. Appealing to their prejudices and passions, and fears of renewed oppression, they excite them to renewed massacres and bloodshed. This was the case in Paris, and the horrors enacted during the Reign of Terror were not so much the work of democrats as aristocrats. We are to look for the causes of actions, not in *men*, but the principles that guide them. Who looks upon Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Couthon, and Barrére, as true republicans. They were such men as

the despots of the world are made of. Seeking the same ends with those who had crushed France so long—namely, power at whatever cost—they made use of the passions of the mob to elevate themselves. By inciting their revenge and fears, and feeding their baser desires, they both ruled and trampled on them. It was ambition and tyranny that drenched France in blood—the same that had reduced it to starvation, only by different means. In the one case they were manifested through the steady action of an oppressive government, in the other through the passions of a mob. The love of equality and the love of power are two very different things. Tyranny is no less tyranny because it puts on the cap of liberty; and despotism is just the same, whether it seeks its ends through authority or violence.

This inability on the part of Mr. Alison to see any virtue in republicanism, forces him into statements that are calculated to mislead his readers in that most important truth now before the world—the progress and tendency of the democratic spirit among men. Wrong may be done to individuals in belying their motives, and injustice to military leaders by depriving them of their just reward of praise; but these are small errors compared to the wrong of charging on liberty crimes she never committed, and loading her with epithets she never deserved. It is for this reason our remarks seem to be aimed at one point. This is the great error of Mr. Alison's work, and there could be no greater. He incurs a heavier responsibility who

teaches us wrong on the great doctrine of human freedom, than he who errs on all other points beside. Were this sympathy of his for monarchical institutions kept within ordinary bounds, we should say nothing; but he travels out of his way to strike republicanism; and whenever the plain facts he relates might be construed contrary to his wishes, he obtrudes on us a long list of reflections, often, it is true, very stupid, but sometimes exceedingly plausible. This tendency of his is a matter of feeling, rather than judgment, and hence leads him into endless blunders and contradictions.

After devoting one chapter to the disastrous campaign of 1793, the first under the Republic, he closes with six reflections, among which (No. 2) is the following: "These considerations are calculated to dispel the popular illusions as to the capability of an enthusiastic population alone to withstand the attacks of a powerful regular army." And what is the ground of this sage conclusion? Why, this campaign, planned and appointed while France was heaving like the breast of a volcano to the fires that raged within her, badly conducted, and feebly prosecuted, had been disastrous to the French army. It is a hasty conclusion, not only groundless in this case, but false in every way. There can be no rule laid down in such matters; but as far as history can settle it, it proves directly the reverse. Look at the wars of the Tyrol and Switzerland, in which rude peasants led on by such men as Tell and Winkelried, overthrew the best-

disciplined armies on the continent. Go over our own battle-fields, where valor and enthusiasm triumphed over troops that had stood the shock of the firmest battalions of Europe. But it is not with the principle we quarrel, so much as the inference he wishes to have drawn from it. In the very next chapter, devoted to an account of the Vendean war, he gives us a most thrilling description of the valor and enthusiasm of the peasants. Army after army sent to subdue them were utterly annihilated. The peasants of Vendee, according to Mr. Alison, were rude and "illiterate, ignorant of military discipline," and of the most ordinary rules of war, yet they fought six hundred battles before they were subdued. Occupied on their farms, they continued their peaceful labors till it was announced an army was on their borders. Then the tocsin sounded in every village, and the church bells rang out their alarum, and the peasants, armed with pikes, pitchforks, muskets, and whatever they could lay their hands on, flocked from every quarter to the place of rendezvous. Thus armed and organized, they offered up their vows to the Supreme Being, and while the priests and women were assembled in prayer, fell with the might of a brave and enthusiastic people on their foes, and crushed them to pieces. Astonished at these victories, the French government gathered its best armies round this resolute province till 100,000 men hemmed it in, some of them composing the choicest troops of France. The tocsin again was sounded, and the alarm bells rang, and the peasants

assembled, and the armies were routed. Without cannon, without discipline, they boldly advanced against the oldest battalions of France. On the open field they marched up in front of the artillery, and, as they saw the first flash, prostrated themselves on their faces, and when the storm of grape had passed by, rose and fell like an avalanche on their foes, charging the cannoniers at their own pieces, and trampling down the steady ranks like grass beneath their feet. Prodigies of valor were wrought, and acts of heroism exhibited in this war, to which the history of the world scarcely furnishes a parallel. The population, men, women, and children, turned out *en masse* at the first alarm. Every hut sent forth a soldier, till an army of forty or fifty thousand men stood ready to march in any direction. Yet so undisciplined were they, that, as soon as the enemy were routed and driven from their province, they disbanded to their homes till another army made its appearance.

Speaking of their bravery and success, Mr. Alisón says: "Thus was the invasion of six armies, amounting to 100,000 troops, part of whom were the best soldiers of France, defeated, and losses inflicted on the republicans, incomparably greater than they had suffered from *all the allies put together* since the commencement of the war—a memorable instance of what can be effected by *resolute men, even without the advantages of regular organization*, if ably conducted against the most formidable *superiority of military force*." And in speaking of the expedition of the

Vendean army beyond the Loire, whither they had gone expecting to meet the English under Lord Moria, he says this army, before it fell—"without magazines or provisions, at the distance of forty leagues from its home, and surrounded by three hostile armies, marched one hundred and seventy leagues in sixty days, took twelve cities, gained seven battles, killed twenty thousand of the republicans, and took from them one hundred pieces of cannon, *trophies greater* than were gained by the vast allied armies in Flanders during the whole campaign." This war of peasants with veteran troops, marked by such bravery and enthusiasm on the one side, and such atrocities on the other, furnishes Mr. Alison with excellent materials for his accustomed quota of reflections; and what are they? —"Such," he says, "were the astonishing results of the enthusiastic valor which the strong feelings of *loyalty and religion* produced in this gallant people; such the magnitude of the result, when, *instead of cold calculation, vehement passion was brought into action.*" Place this philosophic and moral reflection beside the one first quoted, as made at the close of the first campaign of the Republic against the allied forces on the Rhine, viz: "*These considerations are calculated to dispel the popular illusion, as to the capability of an enthusiastic population alone to withstand the attacks of a powerful regular army.*" We hardly know which to admire most here, the awkward look of this Janus-headed philosophy, or the solemn assurance with which the contradictory faces look down on us.

But what is the reason of this strange twist in his logic? Simply this: when speaking of the defeat of the Republicans in their contests with the allied forces, it was the enthusiasm of *democrats* against disciplined *royalists;* in the other case, the enthusiasm of *royalists* against disciplined *democrats.* A "popular illusion" becomes a grave fact with Mr. Alison, in the short space of one chapter, and the "enthusiasm and valor" of republicans and royalists has an entirely different effect on the serried ranks of a veteran army. But the flat contradiction he here gives himself is of no great consequence, only as it illustrates our first statement, that he cannot be relied on in those cases where monarchial and republican principles or men come in collision. The deductions of such a man are false and injurious, and the same spirit that can make *them,* will purposely or involuntarily alter facts.

But his sympathy with monarchy is not stronger than his sympathy with England; and we find that no trust can be placed in him, whenever, in his narrative, his own government and country are contrasted with others. His account of the Irish rebellion during this period, and indeed his whole description of the affairs of that unhappy country, are shamefully false; and we must believe, in charity, that Mr. Alison never thoroughly studied the history of Ireland. He was too much occupied in tracing the marches and battles of those armies that shook Europe with their tread, to devote much time or space to the struggles of a few millions of Irishmen. We should be indignant with

the heartlessness evinced in his opening paragraph on the history of Ireland, were it not for the ludicrous solemnity with which the words are uttered. He says: "In surveying the annals of this unhappy country, it appears impossible, at first sight, to explain the causes of its suffering, by any of the known principles of human nature. Severe and conciliatory policy seems to have been equally unavailing to heal its wounds—*conquest has failed in producing submission, severity in enforcing tranquillity, indulgence in awaking gratitude.*" There spoke the self-complacent Englishman. With what a patronizing air, and deploring tone, he refers to this "unhappy country," and how utterly unable to account for its ill-will. We cannot sympathize with Mr. Alison in his surprise; for, in all our knowledge of the history of nations, we have never read of such national perfidy, and oppression, and cruelty, so long continued, as the whole history of the English and Irish connection presents. How England could have heaped more insults, and wrong, and misery on Ireland than she has, without exterminating her, we are unable to see.

"The first British sovereign," says Mr. Alison, "who directed his attention to the improvement of Ireland, was James I. He *justly* boasted that there would be found the true theatre of his glory, and that he *had done more* in a single reign for the improvement of that important part of the empire than all his predecessors, from the days of Henry II." And what was the result of all this kindness on the part of

James I. "Instead of increased tranquillity and augmented gratitude, there broke out, shortly after, the dreadful Rebellion of 1641, which was only extinguished in oceans of blood." Poor return this for the kindness of the indulgent monarch. But in what consisted the kindness of King James, that it so outshone all that had been done by his predecessors since Henry II., and which, instead of awakening gratitude, exasperated the Irish into rebellion? Elizabeth had commenced an extensive scheme of confiscating Irish estates; but as she approached her grave her injustice alarmed her fears, for she thought of that tribunal above all earthly tribunals, and immediately gave order to have the confiscation stopped, and some of the estates restored. The very first act of kind King James was to recommence this plan of confiscation. The Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel first fell beneath his hand. Under the pretext that they were engaged in a Catholic conspiracy, which was not only never proved, but never *attempted* to be proved, all the land of which they were chiefs, to the amount of 500,000 acres, fell to King James. Having accomplished this benevolent act, he undertook to establish an English colony there; but fearing the Irish Parliament would defeat his plans, he created *forty boroughs at once* in order to have a majority in the House. This was very kind of the king, but his kindness did not stop here. His next act was to appoint a commission "for the discovery of defective titles" in Irish estates. A band of "discoverers," who were rewarded according to

their success, went through the country prying into the private affairs of the nobility, and wringing from them large sums as fees to pay for not being robbed. But witnesses had also to be suborned, bribes and tortures and violence used, till the annual expense of carrying out this kingly robbery amounted to £16,000, or nearly $80,000. The next kind act of this king of blessed memory, was to start a scheme to get the whole province of Connaught into his royal hands. The proprietors of the land becoming alarmed, offered to the covetous monarch £10,000 to let them alone; and while he was balancing between the money in hand and the whole province of Connaught in prospect, the "King of kings" summoned him away from the throne he had stained with injustice and blood.

We confess the Irish were not eminently grateful for the espionage, confiscation, and robbery, that James graciously granted them, and it is difficult for us to see on what "principles of human nature" they should be. It is equally untrue that the Rebellion followed this extraordinary generosity of James. The Rebellion did not take place till after the accession of Charles I. To save themselves in future, a large meeting of gentlemen was held in Dublin, at which a bill of rights was drawn up, entitled "Graces." The king's signature to this was asked, and a promise given, if it was granted, of £50,000 for the use of the crown. The king acceded, *took the money*, and then refused to grant the "Graces." On the top of this

falsehood, the Earl of Strafford began to carry out James' plan of the settlement of Connaught. This was followed by robberies and injustice in the shape of confiscations, backed by 500 horsemen, until the indignation of the people broke over all bounds; and then the Rebellion commenced, and not till then. We charge Mr. Alison here with more than ignorance. He has misstated some of the most obvious facts in English history. There is not a tyro in history unacquainted with the perfidy of the English government towards Ireland, and that she has never granted her any privileges until they were wrung out by stern necessity and the threatened horrors of a civil war. If Lord Castlereagh could rise from his suicidal grave, he could whisper some truths in Mr. Alison's ear, that might enlighten his conscience, if not affect his narrative.

To go over the mere enactments against Ireland, would be the severest argument against all that Mr. Alison has said. From the statute of Kilkenny, in 1367, which declared "that if any of English descent should use an Irish name, the Irish language, or observe Irish customs, he should forfeit his estates until security was given for his conformity to English habits;" and in which it was forbidden "to entertain any native minstrel or story-teller, or to admit an *Irish horse to graze in the pasture of an English subject;*" to the carrying of the Union by 50,000 troops, and bribes to the amount of $5,000,000, under the infamous Castlereagh, and the breaking of the solemn

promise that the exchequers should be kept separate, the acts of the government of England have been worthy the worst days of the Inquisition. The barbarous massacres that have been perpetrated by successive monarchs, the repeated confiscations of a large portion of the entire island, the robbing her of her legislature by fraud and violence, the oppressive action of the tithe system, and the drainage of nearly six millions annually, by absenteeism; and the scorn, and injustice, and contumely, heaped on her for centuries, have so exasperated the people, that there is constant and terrible danger of outbreaks. As a conclusion of all this, Mr. Alison declares it to be an incontestable fact, that Ireland is unfit for a popular government, and that a "wise philanthropy" dictates that she should now "*receive, for half a century, a wise, humane, but despotic government.*" Were the English statesmen such fools as to believe this, we should have one of the bloodiest massacres that ever stained the pages of history. He seems utterly unconscious of the progress of the human mind towards its rights; and imagines that it needs only a few bayonets to arrest all its inquiries, and check all its impulses.

He speaks in the same manner of the Catholic Emancipation Bill; and though he acknowledges the principle to be true in the abstract that religious opinions should not subject a man to civil disabilities, yet the result has proved that, in the case of Ireland, this act of simple justice was unwise; for, instead of pacifying the country, it has only taught it to increase its demands, till

now the cry of repeal swells over the land. It may have been unwise; but all the aristocracy of England could not delay it, without commencing a massacre that would have loaded England with endless infamy, and brought down on her the curses of the civilized world. Is Lord Brougham's history of this fearful excitement a fiction? The petition accompanying this bill was rejected by Parliament on the very grounds Mr. Alison presents at this late day. This was in the winter; but during the summer, agitation and excitement increased to such an alarming extent, and the petition came back multiplied by so many voices, and with so stern and fierce an aspect, that noble lords began to balance between a civil war and an act of the plainest justice. The next winter passed away in uttering just such arguments as Mr. Alison now claims to be so weighty; but, on the return of spring, it became evident that a revolution was inevitable without the passage of the bill, and it passed. There was no other choice in the case.

We remarked the same unconsciousness of the inevitable tendency of the spirit of the age in which he lived, when speaking of the French Revolution. Again and again he puts his finger on the very point where the Revolution could have been arrested with the utmost ease—nay, in one instance, he asserts that the Vendean peasantry could have marched into Paris and re-erected the Bourbon throne. He seems to have about the same idea of the providence of God in this struggle of man for his rights,

that a French Marshal had of it in battle, when he said he usually found it favored the strong battalions.

A revolution in France was as inevitable as fate itself. Oppression and suffering had reached the point of despair. *Beyond* that they *never* go. In the same spirit, and in the same ignorance, he speaks of the Reform Bill. Starting with the principle, that the true idea of government is to have the "greatest amount of freedom with the least minimum of democracy," and that clamors for reform should never be granted except when there are real grievances, he condemns the expediency of the passage of the Reform Bill. It was, he declares, a mere aggression of the democratic spirit, which should have been met and stifled at once; for to yield to its demands, was only teaching it to make greater demands, as subsequent history has shown. This theory is correct, when applied to a feudal government. We do not object to the logic, but to the belief that it could be practically carried out. The aristocracy of England reasoned precisely in the same way, and soundly, too; but they found a spirit abroad stronger than their logic. The foe they had to contend with was not one of bone and muscle, that could be thrust through with the bayonet, or suffocated in a prison. Macaulay knew it, when he thundered forth in the House of Commons, "*through* Parliament, or *over* Parliament this bill will pass." Earl Grey knew it, when he resigned the premiership because the bill could not pass; and when recalled, made its passage the condition of his return, declaring that otherwise

he could not save England from a civil war. Of this stern necessity, this absolute omnipotence of the spirit that is now abroad in the world, Mr. Alison seems entirely unconscious. His remedy for democracy, in all its stages and movements, is physical force ; and, so far as his doctrines have influence on the continent of Europe, they will augment the present evils, and hence increase the violence of their ultimate cure.

It is a relief to turn from these events, in the narrative of which Mr. Alison's prejudiced feelings so bias his judgment and truth, to those stirring scenes which made Europe for nearly thirty years one wide battle-field. While Mr. Alison stands and looks off on the continent, after Bonaparte's star arose in the troubled heaven, his English sympathies do not put such obstacles in the way of relating facts. Especially after Bonaparte shows his aristocratic tendencies, does he exhibit for him a high admiration. The heroic character of the conqueror of so many battles, necessarily awakens, in one of Mr. Alison's poetic temperament, an interest which is quite strong enough to secure fair treatment from him. He does Napoleon full justice as a man of intellect; and if he errs at all, does so in making him too unlike ordinary mortals. In the description of a battle, we have never seen Mr. Alison's superior. Before his excited imagination the field rises again with all its magnificent array. He looks on the formation of the line, the moving of the columns, the charge of the cavalry, and all the uproar and thunder of a great conflict, with the eye of a

poet. He beholds nothing but heroism in the commonest soldier, if he but fights bravely, and the *trade* of war is to him a splendid tragedy. This vividness of imagination and excitement of feeling, give to his descriptions a life, that, for the time, makes them passing realities. They throw over his narrative also the charm of freshness; and his style, which, when he endeavors merely to write elegantly is bombastic, becomes clear and vigorous. How much allowance is to be made for his imagination is not so easy to say, and we suspect that most of his readers would rather be wrong on some details than lose the vividness of the picture. The mere historic parts being only a compilation from other works, they owe their chief excellence to the charm of Mr. Alison's style. The work also is the only English one devoted to those thirty years that witnessed the rise and glory and downfall of the French empire. Perhaps no better will be written; yet Mr. Alison owes more than is generally conceded, to the period he has chosen for his history. Thirty years of such stirring scenes, lofty achievements, and awful disaster, the earth never before witnessed. First comes the French Revolution, that terrific explosion that buried the king, the throne, the aristocracy, and a million of men in one bloody grave. Its scenes of violence and massacre, its exhibitions of valor and affection, and desperation and ferocity, make the difficulty of the historian to consist in knowing what to reject rather than what to choose.

Next rises before us that strange being, so powerful

for evil or for good, Napoleon Bonaparte, who afterwards scarcely leaves the field of vision, till he disappears for ever in the war-cloud of Waterloo. The campaign of Italy follows in quick succession, with its bloody fields of Novi, and Arcola, and Lodi. Scarcely has the battle-cloud swept from the empire of the Cæsars, revealing a new dynasty there, before the gleaming of French lances is seen around the pyramids of Egypt. Spain is covered with battle-fields—the Alps with mighty armies, struggling where the foot of the chamois scarce dares to tread. Jena, and Austerlitz, and Wagram, and Borodino, rise, one after another, before our astonished sight, and Moscow's towers blaze over the army of the empire. Never before were such materials furnished, ready made, to the historian. All varieties of war—from the ferocious and headlong violence of the mob round the palaces of Paris, to the encounter of the steadiest armies of Europe—from the wild charge of the Cossack on the plains of Russia, to the fiery valor of the Turkish cavalry in the deserts of Egypt, we see every shade and degree and quality of combat. The same is true of the scenery amid which all this is laid. Amid the glaciers of the Alps and the vineyards of Italy—on the sierras of Spain and the sands of Egypt—amid the heat of the desert and the snows of a Russian winter—on the Niemen, and Danube, and Rhine, and Tiber, and ancient Nile, is seen the march of armies and heard the thunder of battle. And seldom does the world witness such distinguished men as moved

amid these scenes. There were Pitt, and Burke, and Fox, and Talleyrand, and Ney, and Murat, and Moreau, and Lannes, and Macdonald, and Wellington, and Bonaparte. And never, in modern history, were such results accomplished. A common soldier rises to the empire of half of Europe—thrones are overthrown, kings discrowned, dynasties changed, and the oldest monarchies of Europe on their knees before a single adventurer. The strange spectacle of kings searching round their overturned thrones for their fallen crowns —princes begging for bread through the civilized world, and Europe shaking to the tread of a single man, is here presented for the first time to our astonished view. We behold the power of kings broken and hear the final knell of tyranny rung. And all this is seen amid the tumult of battle, where prodigies of valor are performed, unparalleled in the history of man. The peasants of Vendee fight and fall about their homes with the heroism of the Spartan band at Thermopylæ. Bonaparte drags his artillery over the Alpine pass that Hannibal trod before him. Macdonald fights with the avalanche that bears down whole companies by his side, or leads his mighty column straight into the murderous fire of the enemy, leaving in his path a swath of his dead followers, as he moves, till only fifteen hundred are left around him. Murat and the fiery Ney lead on their strong battalions where the bravest shrink; and, last of all, come the heroic courage, the reckless daring, and awful carnage of Waterloo. These scenes no pen can paint better than Mr. Ali-

son's; and had he but shown himself superior to the narrow prejudices of a bigot, and taken the trouble to inform himself on some points where his feelings made his facts, his history would have been as reliable as it is entertaining.

We might select from these pages descriptions that are perfect pictures, remaining among the distinct things of memory. There is Arcola; and Bonaparte standing on the bridge with the standard in his hand, refusing to stir from the storm of shot that swept where he stood, till borne back by his own grenadiers. There is Wagram; with the island in the Danube, converted for a while into a theatre, where genius wrought like magic; and beside it the battle-field, with Bonaparte on his milk-white charger, slowly riding backwards and forwards before his lines that winced to the murderous fire of the enemy's artillery—himself undaunted and unharmed, though the grapeshot rattled like hailstones around him. There, too, are Eylau, Borodino, and Austerlitz, and there the mighty columns of France disappearing, one after another, in the heavy snow-drifts of Russia. These are vivid sketches; so also is the last interview of Bonaparte with Metternich, before the latter joined the allies. We see the bonfires kindled along the Bohemian mountains, announcing the joyful intelligence to the host that lay encamped in the valley beyond. The mad ride of Bonaparte to Paris, to save the city, that had already fallen inte the hands of the enemy; his uncontrollable impetuosity that drove on his carriage till

the axletrees took fire; his fiery and characteristic soliloquy on the way, are all admirably drawn.

But the campaign in Egypt brings out again his English sympathies, and his statistics differ, of course, from those of the French. So in the peninsular campaign, he looks at the deeds and achievements of the English through a magnifying glass of huge dimensions, and at those of the French through the *same glass inverted.* He may think, however, he compensates for this by reversing the process, when he surveys the numbers, position, and comparative strength of the two armies. This double method of magnifying and dwindling makes quite a difference in the impression conveyed of this whole campaign. The same bias of his judgment by his feelings is exhibited in his account of the battle of Waterloo. No one but an Englishman ever stood on that battle-field with the map of it in his hand—and even the English account of it before him—without being convinced that, but for the timely arrival of Blucher, Wellington would have been defeated. Yet Mr. Alison declares that Bonaparte would have been repulsed had not Blucher arrived, and all that the latter accomplished was to convert the defeat into a total rout. The only fact he predicates this assertion on, is the repulse of the imperial guard before the juncture of Blucher. But in the first place, Bonaparte would not have made that desperate charge at the time he did, but for the approach of the Prussians. It was done to force the English lines, and place himself between the two

armies, that he might fight them separate, as he did at Novi. If Grouchy had kept Blucher in check, Bonaparte would have soon broke down the already exhausted English squares, and at a later moment led on his fresh indomitable guard to complete the victory. In the second place, although the guard was routed, they formed again into two immense squares, and endeavored to stay the reversed tide of battle; and if Blucher had not been there, with his fifty thousand fresh troops, Wellington could not have followed up his success, and would have been compelled to remain, as he had done all day, on the defensive. Wellington himself, in his dispatches, says: "I should not do justice to my feelings, or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them." (Wellington *versus* Alison.) If there is one thing clear to the impartial mind, when standing on that field, it is that, if Blucher had stayed away, as did Grouchy, or Grouchy came up, as did Blucher, Wellington would have been utterly routed. It was a desperate movement of the British general to make the stand he did, and he knew it, and nothing but unforeseen circumstances saved him from ruin. The "stars" fought against Bonaparte on that day; his career was run, and the hour of retribution had come. But with the whole continental struggle we have nothing to do. That Mr. Alison should often disagree with Jomini and other French historians, is natural. We do not profess to have his

knowledge of military tactics; for there is not a battle lost by the allies in which he does not place his finger on the very point where the issue turned, and where ordinary clear-sightedness could not have redeemed the day. In reading his reflections on every engagement, the reader is forced constantly to exclaim, "What a pity Mr. Alison could not have been there—he could have so easily changed the result!"

But we wish to speak simply of the impressions conveyed by this history—its philosophy and logic concerning the great question of republicanism; for it would be impossible to embrace the whole work in the limits of a single article. Besides, the struggles of armies and nations may be falsified with comparative impunity; but to be untrue when treating of the conflict between the two great principles of democracy and despotism, whose results are to reach remotest ages and affect the most intimate relations of society, is the worst crime a historian can commit in the present crisis of the world. We have gone over the history of Ireland and the French Revolution to show the strength of Mr. Alison's bigoted monarchical feelings, and how utterly unable or unwilling he is to see the truth when it conflicts with his prejudices. If his sympathies plunge him thus into inextricable blunders when writing of those nations, we are prepared for almost any amount of error in his accounts of the United States and the Last War.

The chapter which opens our history is a specimen of his attempt at fine writing when he is not really

excited. The whole of it is fitter for a popular declamation, or second-rate magazine, than grave history. Does he wish to say that the waters of the Mexican gulf are clear, he declares, "the extraordinary clearness of the water reveals to the astonished mariner the magnitude of its abysses, and discloses, even at the depth of thirty fathoms, the gigantic vegetation which, even so far beneath the surface, is drawn forth by the attraction of a vertical sun." Does he wish to state that beautiful islands are sprinkled over its bosom, he says, "in the midst of these glassy waves, rarely disturbed by a ruder breath than the zephyrs of spring [wholly untrue, by the way] an archipelago of perfumed islands is placed, which repose like baskets of flowers on the tranquil surface of the ocean." Does he wish to inform us that grapes grow in profusion on its shores, he says, "grapes are so plenty upon every shrub, that the surge of the ocean, as it lazily rolls in upon the shore with the quiet winds of summer, *dashes its spray upon the clusters.*" This might adorn the maiden speech of a college sophomore, or be a very fine paragraph with which to open a chapter of a novel, but in *this place* it is the merest "prose run mad."

Alike inappropriate is his long description of our continent, and equally long dissertation upon its early inhabitants. Such a duty belongs to one who writes our history from the beginning, and not to him who simply cuts out the Last War for his topic. Indeed, Mr. Alison seems so profoundly impressed with the

magnitude and importance of his views on matters entirely irrelevant to his main purpose, that he takes vast semi-circles to bring them all in. After dilating with more poetry than profundity on our savages, and describing our vast primeval forests, where, to use his own words, "the *hatchet* of the civilized man has never been heard," he comes to our present characteristics. At first, he endeavors to account for the vast difference between the condition of the inhabitants of the Canadian provinces and those of our Northern States. We should expect here to find something said of our different forms of government, and the different character of those who landed on Plymouth Rock and those who first settled along the northern shores of the St. Lawrence. Not a bit of it—the *chief cause* of our pre-eminence in the States, he declares to be owing to our "*paper credit.*" And yet he makes this very "paper credit," that has wrought such wonders in our political and social condition, one of the great inherent evils of our republican institutions. His philosophy is as flexible as his facts, and bends to any absurdity, however great, if it will only teach the one great lesson he is so profoundly impressed with—the evils of republicanism. Scarcely is he delivered of this sage remark, before he tells us that labor is so much in demand here and so liberally rewarded, "*that a widow with eight children is sought after and married as an heiress.*" The reader has scarcely time to awake from this new and astounding fact, before he goes on to state that the American agriculturist is wholly un-

like that of all other lands, in that he has no attachment to the soil he occupies. The wandering propensities of our farmers are so strong, that he calls our social system "THE NOMADE AGRICULTURAL STATE!" If he made this assertion so strongly, in order to justify him in applying the new title which he puts in capitals, we have nothing to say. But if he intended it for a fact he has been very unfortunate in the authorities he has consulted. Hereditary feeling is also "unknown," so that there is no attachment to the old homestead or the old fixtures of our birthplace. So "wholly unknown," Mr. Alison declares it to be, that "*even family portraits, pictures of beloved parents*, are often *not framed;* as it is well understood that, at the death of the head of the family, they will be sold and turned into dollars to be divided among the children!" We doubt whether even Mrs. Trollope would swear to this statement, and Basil Hall himself would refuse to stand as authority for it.

But having proved this deplorable state of our country by his own assertion, he adduces Mungo Park as evidence that even the most degraded and savage negro tribes of Africa possess, and in an eminent degree, this attachment so "wholly unknown" among us. This is truly a distressing picture of our condition. Our large farming population is only a slightly improved breed of the Arabs, and go wandering about without a home—without any of those local attachments which make certain spots "Palestines and Meccas of the mind;"—carrying their unframed pictures

in their hands, haunted by the fear of the "dollars." Yet not wholly destitute of natural affection, which even the tiger and jackal have in common with us, we *do* afford "the *pictures* of our beloved parents," running the dreadful risk o the final partition—but the *frames*, the plain *cherry-wood frames*, costing *four and sixpence*, we refuse to buy, lest *they be lost at last*, by being divided among some "widow and eight children." There is, doubtless, some profound philosophic principle lying at the bottom of the distinction to be made between the cost of the *pictures* and the cost of the *frames*, which Mr. Alison discovered by applying his monarchical stethescope to the breast of democracy, and he has wronged us, and wronged the world, by not incorporating it in his history. It is fortunate the two facts, of a "widow and eight children" being an "heiress," and our strong Arabic tendencies, are put together; otherwise, we might be overrun with poor English widows and their numerous progeny. Some few of these, from Leeds, Manchester, and Birmingham, we have seen in our manufacturing districts, with even more than "eight children," and, heaven knows, they looked like anything but "heiresses." Tribe after tribe of our nomadic farmers had wandered past them without grasping the fortune When our history becomes as old as the Roman history now is, with what astonishment will men read of a state of society where a "widow and eight children" were looked upon as some "rich-freighted argosy."

But notwithstanding the high price of labor, and the

general competence that prevails in the rural districts, he adds, as an offset, that "pauperism exists to a distressing extent in many of the first-peopled States along the sea-coast, and nearly all the great commercial towns of the Union; poor-rates are in consequence generally established, and *benevolence* is *taxed* nearly as *severely* as in the old monarchies and *dense population* of the *European nations*." This statement, standing alone and without explanation is untrue; for though as much money may be *paid* by the benevolent to relieve the poor in some of our cities, as in the cities of Europe, there is not a fourth part of the demand for it. Besides, poor-rates are not established at all, in the sense conveyed by the passage. The poor-rates of England are a thing unknown here. But, granting it all, from whence come these paupers? From "the old monarchies, and out of the dense population of the European nations;"—a fact Mr. Alison did not find it convenient to state. To say nothing of the continental nations that make a system of dispatching their paupers and criminals to the United States, it needs but to look at England herself to find ample cause for the pauperism that is forced upon us. In *one year*, between June of 1835 and July of 1836, the Law Commissioners of England reported that *seven thousand and seventy-five paupers* were expatriated at the cost of $196,000. The proportion that came here it is not difficult to conjecture. Lord Stanley declared, not long since, in the English Parliament, that for five years, excepting 1838, the average

amount of emigration to British America alone was from 75,000 to 80,000 annually. In 1840, there were 90,700 left England. In 1841, there were 118,475. In 1842, 15,000 left in April alone, and during the three months ending last June, 25,008 arrived in New York city. The whole number, for the past year, is estimated at 59,000 to New York city alone.* How many of these are paupers, or become so, may be inferred from the fact, that out of 47,571 aliens arrived in one year, 38,057, soon after they landed, had no occupation. Place these facts beside the following table published in the American Quarterly Review of 1838: "In the city of New York, the following extracts have been obtained, illustrative of the comparative amount of poverty and crime, as existing among native Americans and foreigners, from all parts of the United States.

	Total.	Foreigners.
Penitentiary	593	203 over one third.
Almshouse, adults,	1355	969 " two thirds.
" children,	772	579 " "
Bellevue Hospital, sick,	238	170 " "
Bellevue Hospital, maniac,	177	101 near two thirds.
City Hospital, 1833,	1983	908 " one third.
" " actual state	2034	1000 " "
City Dispensary, male indoor patients	1126	563 one half.
" " female " "	1670	917 near three fifths.
" " male outdoor "	5555	3666 over "
" " female " "	7876	4748 " "

We have taken this table, ready furnished to our hands, to save the trouble of compiling one ourselves, and because it refers to that period on which Mr. Alison is supposed to have had his eye more particularly,

* This emigration has greatly increased since.

when he wrote his history. It is inevitable that pauperism should exist in our country, so long as England is allowed to deposit her tens of thousands of poor annually on our shore. The vessels from that land of liberty, where property and life are secure, and monarchy and aristocracy shower down their blessings on the people, and the wealthy church provides for the "gratuitous instruction of the poor," are like Alpine torrents, which descend in spring and deposit their mud in the fair valleys below. Vessels have arrived filled with *paupers alone*, and "the amount expended during seven years by the authorities of New York, for the support of foreign paupers, was $975,016 10,"* while our own countrymen received but a third of that sum. "More than $50,000 is annually paid, by tax on the citizens of New York, for the support of foreign pauperism;" and, of the 2790 white adults in the Almshouse, Asylum, and Penitentiary this year,†1881, or more than two thirds are foreigners.

Let this ceaseless flow of paupers continue towards our shore a little longer, and Mr. Alison's words will be true, that "benevolence is as heavily taxed as in some of the old monarchies of Europe." He must, or should have known this state of things before speaking of pauperism in this country, and given us *credit* for that which he now places upon us as a *stigma*. They are *your* paupers, Mr. Alison, that "tax our benevolence" so heavily—*Englishmen*, filled with all the noble aspirations of British subjects, brought up under

* *Vid.* The Crisis † 1850.

the blessed influence of a monarchy, aristocracy, and church establishment, that choke our almshouses, live on our money, and darken our prospects. Your church, with its "gratuitous provision for the instruction of the poor," leaves to our voluntary system to educate the tens of thousands she sends here in ignorance.*

And here, we would remark a great objection to the notes added in Mr. Harper's edition. They lack manliness and independence. For instance, the laughable assertion of Mr. Alison respecting our slight hereditary feeling is gravely met, and the division of family estates accounted for on the ground that we have seen the evils of primogeniture. So also is the charge that we have no literature, etc., refuted by a catalogue of our colleges, published books, &c. If Mr. Alison sees fit to make assertions so utterly destitute of delicacy and truth as these, they should be put in the catalogue of Trollopiana, and treated as such. He can, if he likes, gravely declare that we are the original types on which Lord Monboddo formed his theory of the human race; but it does not follow that we are soberly to set to work to prove that we are not monkeys, and hairy; and give measurements and affidavits to show that we correspond to ordinary men. The historian is ridiculed in such cases, more than those he slanders.

In farther speaking of the evils of republicanism, he

* This statement is not made in a spirit of complaint, for we are glad to give of our abundance to the poor of every land, but to show the heartlessness and falsehood of Mr. Alison's deductions.

draws still more largely on his fancy for facts, and says, "as a natural consequence of this state of things (refering to the practical action of the principle of equality), "there is, in opposition to the will or passions of the majority, no *security whatever*, either for life or property, in America;" and again, "is life secure in the United States, when property is placed in such imminent peril? Experience, terrible experience, proves the reverse; and demonstrates, that not only is existence endangered, but law is powerless against the once excited passions or violence of the people. *The atrocities of the French Revolution, cruel and heart-rending* as they were, have been *exceeded* on the other side of the Atlantic." Much is to be allowed for the extravagant assertions of a man of Mr. Alison's peculiarly excitable temperament and strong anti-republican feeling; and we should feel inclined to put this down as one of his wild statements, made in a moment of irritability, did we not find the same declaration repeated and amplified in the concluding reflections of his work. He states there, "that deeds of violence have been perpetrated in many parts of the United States, by the tyrant majority, with entire impunity; of so frightful a character, that they exceed in cruelty all the savage atrocity of the French Revolution, and have made the Americans fain to seek a parallel for them in the hideous persecutions and iniquities which have for ever disgraced the Roman Catholic religion." This reiteration and enlargement of the first assertion, destroys our charity; and we charge on Mr. Alison

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here a deliberate and downright falsehood. We will not dwell a moment on the miserable subterfuge, that a negro has been burned alive, by a mob of excited men, for a crime almost unparalleled in its atrocity. The statement, as it stands, with the impression intended to be conveyed by it, is utterly destitute of truth: and Mr. Alison knew it when he made it. It was an ebullition of passion and fancy together, unworthy the writer of a pretended impartial history. Besides, he is testimony against himself in the case; for in repeated instances, when describing the atrocities of the French Revolution, he declares them *without a parallel* in the history of the world.

Against the declaration that life and property are insecure we will make no defence, because it is mere assertion, which any one could have made just as easily, and no one left more unsustained by any proof; but this we do say—*for every man killed in this country the last twenty years, by the violence of the mob, we will find ten killed in England by the same cause; and for every dollar of property destroyed in the United States, by popular fury, we will show one hundred thus wasted in England.* If he could have for once consented to leave the regions of fancy and gone into statistics, we would have offset them with an account of the riots in Birmingham, Manchester, and Bristol; the mob in the Bull Ring, swaying like a forest to the tempest, the night the Reform Bill was struggling through Parliament, and the "torch and dagger meetings" in every part of the kingdom.

We might read "The People's Charter" aloud, striking at the very foundation of the English government; and yet was rolled into Parliament by 4000 determined men, signed by 3,500,000 petitioners. We might describe the midnight heavens made lurid with the incendiary's torch over Birmingham; the burning of the Parliament House and Guildhall; the firing of York Cathedral, and the conflagration of the Armory of the Tower. We might point to the Duke of Wellington's house, still standing dilapidated, just as the mob left it; the meeting of 10,000 men in Manchester, solemnly pledging themselves to pay no more taxes; the convocation of 26,000 on the hills of Acerington, swearing "they will never petition Parliament again, but will take redress into their own hands." We might quote Mr. Macaulay himself, when at midnight, while the confused sound of the mob was without, he concluded his thrilling speech on the Reform Bill with "*through* Parliament or *over* Parliament it must pass;" or Lord Brougham, when he says, "those portentious appearances—the growth of later times—those figments that stalk abroad, of unknown stature and strange form—union of leagues and mustering of men in myriads, and conspiracies against the exchequers—whence do they spring, and how come they to haunt our shore? What power engendered those uncouth shapes? What multiplied the monstrous births, till they people our land? Trust me, the same power which called into frightful existence and carried with resistless force the Irish volunteers of 1782; the

same power which rent in twain your empire and raised up thirteen Republics; the same power which created the Catholic Association and gave it Ireland for a portion. What power is that? Justice deserted, rights withheld, wrongs perpetrated, the force which common injuries lend to millions." We might speak in detail of these things, and show where the balance lay of "security of life and property." We might describe the burning of the haystacks of the country, and the public edifices of the cities, all of which was "*secure property.*" We might point to the deadly conflict of the populace with the soldiery, strewing the street with corpses; the threats to assassinate the Duke of Wellington; the murder of the Prime Minister's Secretary in the streets of London; the pistol-shot of Francis, that well-nigh rid England of her queen, to show how much more "*secure*" life was in England than here. If we could not with all these facts make good our assertion, we would throw in the massacres of Ireland, and the riots of Wales, to fill up the measure; and show, by parity of reasoning, how insecure life and property were under a *monarchy.*

If these evils were simply pointed out as things to be deprecated and remedied, we would take the correction with becoming humility; but they are exaggerated a thousand fold, and then all charged over to Liberty. They are not given as simple facts of history, but to show the peculiar working of democracy, and are declared the natural and monstrous offspring of our form of government. This we deny, and point to

England to substantiate our denial. There are the same "uncouth shapes," multiplied and enlarged to a fearful extent; and if it be just to make the government responsible for their existence, how stands the English monarchy. After thus gathering up all the gossip and scattered rumors within his reach, and subjecting them to the coloring process of his own imagination, he triumphantly exclaims, "Here, then, is a country in which, if they ever had on earth, republican principles have enjoyed the fairest grounds for trial, and the best opportunity for establishing their benefits. They had neither a territorial aristocracy, nor a sovereign on the throne, nor a hereditary nobility, nor a national debt, nor an established church, which are usually held out as the impediments to the blessings of freedom in the Old World. How, then, has the republican system worked in this, the garden of the world and the land of promise?" The question is answered in the asking, if his assertions be true; without the trouble of stating, as he does, that it is an utter failure, and that freedom here is only a name with which to conjure up horrible shapes of evil. But looking at England with the evils of our own country multiplied and enlarged, and with superadded diseases and miseries, under which she sickens and staggers like falling greatness, we, also, may put the question Mr. Alison deems so annihilating. To employ his own expression (though we beg pardon for writing so ungrammatical a sentence), Here, then, is a country in which, if they ever had on earth, *monarchical*

principles have enjoyed the fairest ground for trial and the best opportunity for establishing their benefits—they have had an aristocracy, a sovereign, a throne, a hereditary nobility, a national debt, an established church, which are held out to be "*no*" impediments to freedom in the Old World. And how has the monarchical system worked here? Let the Report of the Commissioners appointed to investigate the state of Ireland; of those sent to inquire into the condition of children employed in the mines and in the factories; let the national debt itself, the starvation and suffering in every part of the land, forcing the inhabitants to other and freer states; let the speeches of Brougham and Macaulay, and the writings of Carlyle, answer. As for ourselves, we believe this mode of reasoning on governments is unsafe, unless taken with great limitations. But if it be sound in one case it is in the other; and Mr. Alison will find that his logic, like Saturn, devours its own children. If pauperism, suffering, popular outbreaks, agitation, and universal disquiet, are substantial arguments against the principles on which a government is established, then the monarchy he declares to be a model for the world stands condemned for ever.

As another instance of his novel mode of reasoning, we give the following paragraph, designed as a backer to the assertion, "there is no independence of thought in America." "It is as usual," he exclaims, "to see candidates for popular favor there, at public meetings, maintain monarchical and aristocratical opinions, as

it is in Great Britain to see them support republicanism? Does the hall of Congress resound with arguments in favor of a mixed monarchy in preference to a republic, in like manner as the English House of Commons does with declarations in favor of democratic and republican institutions?" After putting several questions of this sort in his eager way, he answers them himself, and declares, till this thing does happen, there is no "real freedom or independence of thought" in America. We hardly know which astonishes us most, the absolute want of common sense in this whole paragraph, or the stupidity of Mr. Alison in allowing it to be placed where it could throw such ridicule on himself. Does he not know that in every republican government, as well as limited monarchy, there are two parties, the more conservative and the more liberal? and that those who uphold a democratic form of government in England are advocating a great party measure in the kingdom, and it has no more to do with independence of thought or freedom of debate, than the discussion of the Reform Bill? To adopt Mr. Alison's novel mode of reasoning, we might ask, Do we hear an unmixed despotism advocated in England, as we do conservatism here? Do the halls of Parliament "resound with arguments in favor" of a pure tyranny? Till this does occur, there can be no real "freedom and independence of thought" in the British nation. Yet this question might have some force in the latter case; for there are those in England who believe in a despotism,

while there are none here who believe in a mixed monarchy. But until there are men found in the United States to admit what they believe a lie, and members of Congress plead for a doctrine, the very first attempt to carry out which by others they would resist with their blood, there can be no "independence of thought." He seems destitute of the ordinary sense of ordinary men, when speaking of this country. His want of judgment is only equaled by his want of knowledge, and it surprises us how any literary man could be so ignorant of those things with which the English school children are familiar. How a man could so expose himself to ridicule by writing on topics he knows nothing of, is stranger than falsehood. He gravely speaks of the "two States of Massachusetts and New England.' This he repeats twice, exhibiting an ignorance of geography that would have secured a pupil of one of our district schools a seat on the dunce block. Of the powers of the President, the manner of electing judges, and the Constitution itself, all of which he discourses about with the profoundest gravity, he knows nothing. He makes Washington give his casting vote in Congress at the time he was President of the United States; and, speaking of the separate States of the Confederacy, and their powers, he says, "So extensive and undefined are their powers, that it may be doubted whether they do not amount to those of declaring peace and war, and acting in all respects as independent States." It "may not be doubted" that they have power

to rebel against the Union—so has Cornwall or Yorkshire to resist the English government; but their powers are as well defined in this respect as words can make them; and if Mr. Alison had taken the trouble to read our Constitution (as we must in charity think he never has done), he would have found it expressly stated that this power is vested in the President and Congress alone. If one had said that, because there had been insurrections in Ireland, and resistance to authority in Wales and Birmingham, it "might be doubted" whether these separate portions of the kingdom had not power of declaring war, he would have made just as ridiculous a statement as Mr. Alison has done, and no more so. But he evidently thought he was declaiming against the evils of republicanism before an assembly of ignorant Chartists—for, not content with ludicrous fiction, he seeks after the horrible, declaring "that murders and assassinations, in open day, are not unfrequent among the members of Congress themselves." Mr. Alison would put even an Italian editor to the blush—since the latter is careful only to leave out every item of news bearing favorably on our institutions, and give every account of a riot or misfortune; but the former makes facts to order, while he orders his own facts. But that we should be in so deplorable a state, Mr. Alison makes out to be most natural: "The American," says he, "has no sovereign; in him, the aspirations of loyalty are lost; the glow of patriotic devotion is diffused over so immense a surface as to be well-nigh evaporated.

In the Canadian, on the other hand, patriotism is, in general, mingled with chivalry; the lustre of British descent, the glories of British renown, animate every bosom, at least in the British race," so that "*their character bears the same relation to the Americans, that the Tyrolese do to the Swiss*"—that is, they are a far more noble, brave, and patriotic race. These great and commanding features of the Canadian character are working such wonderous effects in the race, that (he continues) they "may in some future period, come to counterbalance all the riches of the basin of the Mississippi, and *re-assert, in America, the wonted superiority of Northern valor over southern opulence.*" We are glad Mr. Alison has opened our eyes to this impending danger, so that Congress may immediately set about strengthening the posts on our northern frontier. The irruption of these "Tyrolese of America," has not, heretofore, been considered as a very proximate danger, and we trust that our representatives in Washington will attend to it, before they destroy themselves by mutual assassination.

Our clergy and religious institutions fall also under his sweeping assertions. "Religion," he says, "has descended from its functions of denouncing and correcting the national vices, and become little more, with a few noble exceptions, of which Channing is an illustrious example, than the re-echo of public opinion." He adopts the sentiments of Miss Martineau (whose rambling sketches of society in the United States is, we verily believe, about the only book he has ever

thoroughly read on our country), in which she says that "the American clergy are the most backward and timid class in the society in which they live; the least informed with true knowledge; the least conscious of that Christian and republican freedom, which, as the natural atmosphere of piety and holiness, it is their prime duty to cherish and diffuse." This is not all: "The difficulties of the American church are yet to come." Now, the defence of the *character* of our religious institutions, as of our government, is one thing; the defence of the principles on which they are based, is another. These evils are not mentioned as historical facts, but brought in to prove his charges against a republican form of government, and to illustrate the evils of the voluntary system, and the necessity of an established church. They are condemned as a part of the "republican system;" and he asks in triumph how it has worked in this respect, "in the land of promise." Very poorly, to be sure, if Mr. Alison and a gossiping, garrulous woman are to be received as authority. Evil is inseparable from all institutions, and we do not claim exemption from the general law of nature, nor shall we attempt to disprove these allegations, but the argument he builds on them. We say that evils are attached to all systems. Mr. Alison declares that in this country, at least, they grow out of the system itself, and the form of government to which it is adapted. Before we try the other—the English system—which he affirms to be necessary, let us see how *it* works, and what sort of a church and

clergy it gives us under a monarchy. The two great evils Mr. Alison charges on the American church are: first, want of independence and faithfulness on the part of the clergy, in rebuking national sins; and, second, that it has no "gratuitous provision for the instruction of the poor." Both of these grow out of the voluntary system. The minister deriving his support from the voluntary contributions of his parish, he dare not do otherwise than re-echo their sentiments; while the poor, having nothing wherewith to pay, are bereft of the gospel.

We might show how false are the impressions in this statement; but, in order to see the beauty of Mr. Alison's conclusions, we will grant for the time being their truth, and inquire how much we should gain by adopting the English plan, which, we will allow, is not founded on republicanism or subject to its mutations. In the first place, the character of the English clergy, as a mass, is known, the world over, to be anything but apostolic; and we cannot see how it could well be otherwise. The aristocracy of England hold *half the livings of the Church* in their own hands, giving them to whom they please, and *their* spirituality and love of plain, unpalatable truth, are known not to be peculiarly strong. No clergyman, who values his place, will offend his patron, by showing the abuses of the aristocracy and the tremendous tax it levies on the working classes. Besides, the fattest of these livings are given to the younger sons of nobility, through family or ministerial influence, who

hire a curate, for a few hundred dollars, to perform the labor, while they spend the income on the continent or in London. So generally does this custom prevail, that we find it stated in Hansard's Debates (authority which Mr. Alison will not presume to question), that out of 10,496 clergymen of the Established Church, only 4,416 reside and labor among their people, while 6,080 are out of their places. This naked fact more than offsets all he alleges against us, even if true; for if the clergy are non-residents, it matters not what their character may be; England and the world are none the wiser or better for it. Their *thoughts* may be free, but their "speech is never heard." These livings are sometimes sold at auction to the highest bidder. We have seen one advertised for sale in the London Times; and, to increase its value, it was added that it was in the "immediate neighborhood of one or two of the first packs of fox-hounds in the kingdom." The annual income was about one thousand dollars per year. With this and the fox-hounds, the clergyman could, doubtless, be sufficiently independent. Every one knows what the fox-hunting non-resident clergy of England are. If he does not, we refer him to the columns of the Court Journal, where he will find what they are about, while the nation reels under suffering and oppression, and her own clear-sighted statesmen look grave as they contemplate the future. More than *one-third* of the incumbents of the established church in Ireland never reside in their parishes, while the revenues of some of the bishops are upwards of three

hundred thousand dollars per annum. The Beresford family receive nearly *half a million* per annum from the church, army, and navy, but chiefly from the church. The archbishops of Canterbury and York, have incomes of over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The bishops of Derry, Cloyne, Cashel, Cork and Ferns, have an annual income to which the salary of the President of the United States is a mere fraction. That of the Bishop of London will soon be three hundred thousand dollars per annum. All these are the independent clergy, under an established church and a monarchy. The annual revenues to the church have been shown in a printed table, and they amount to the enormous sum of £9,459,565, or $45,405,912. The manner in which this is collected, proves that it is anything but a *voluntary* contribution. The helpless widow, and the poor dissenting clergyman, and his conscientious parishioner, who have suffered distraint on property, and imprisonment, will bear witness it is not a *voluntary* system. Nay, the cost and danger of collecting tithes in Ireland became so great that they have been commuted, that is, *charged to the landlord*, who must collect them without cost or danger to the government. This immense revenue does certainly afford a rare opportunity for the "gratuitous instruction of the poor;" but the *poor* of England feel that *such religion* is a poor return for famine. Untaught, unfed, and unclothed, how can they be instructed by that church which plunders them. We have read the Reports of the British and Foreign

School Society, and have been astounded at the developments it makes of the ignorance of the lower classes. Out of 22,000 inhabitants in one parish of the city of Durham, only *one in thirty* receives instruction. Out of 6,000 children in Wolverhampton, there is provision for the education of only *one out of every nine.* In Worcestershire, in sixty-six parishes, containing 14,000 inhabitants, there are only *twelve schoolmasters*, while in a territory of thirteen miles by seven, in Buckinghamshire, there was only *one school* where the poor could be taught. The same deplorable state of things existed in Bucks County, Berkshire, and Kent. This is "gratuitous provision" for the religious instruction of the poor, with a vengeance. The truth is, the laborer of England is forced to the starving point, to furnish the very money by which he is able to have this "gratuitous provision," which, after all, never reaches him. *Half the money forced out of England by her tithe system would supply every parish with a clergyman and schoolmaster*, and leave an ample fund for the poor. If republicanism saddled such a burden on us as the established church places on the neck of the British people, we should certainly cease to be republicans; and if Mr. Alison wishes to convince the world of the evils of free government, and slander it beyond recovery, let it be charged with the curses which England inflicts on her subjects through her church. Her "gratuitous provision" for the poor, is like the generosity of him, who

With one hand puts
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other takes a shilling out."

What the future may be, destiny alone will reveal; but if the present state of the church and clergy in the two countries are conclusive arguments on the character and action of the respective governments, we tremble for Mr. Alison's model government. *We* believe the logic is unsound, applied in this unlimited way; but we will abide the conclusions, and then ask, as before, How stands the English monarchy?

As to the stereotyped charge, that there is no literature in America, it has been so often refuted that we will not repeat the arguments furnished against it by the mere list of the works of American authors. England has been gathering up the treasures of her great minds for centuries—the noblest legacy she will leave to coming ages. To offer these by way of comparison to what we have been able to accumulate in sixty or seventy years may be very flattering to egotism, but it is very poor justice. We are to be judged not merely by what we have done, but the time we have had to do it in. This is the only just rule that can be applied to any nation, and yet it is a rule which no English critic has ever yet applied to us.

The authority Mr. Alison often quotes is as laughable as his facts. Captain Marryatt, who never wrote anything *but fiction;* Miss Martineau, who, with her ear-trumpet to her ear, went gossiping over the country, and, like Pickwick, put down as truth every mon-

strous story that a "Mississippi roarer saw fit to entertain her with; Basil Hall, another captain, who was set ashore in a Mississippi swamp for his want of manners; and, finally, the story of the little daughter of a milliner, boasting of her *rank*, and that she never "*associated with a haberdasher's daughter;*" these are given to substantiate the gravest assertions. We should not be surprised to find him quoting Mr. Gulliver, to prove some singular notion he may have of the inhabitants of Lilliput. The reason Mrs. Trollope does not figure more largely in this mass of nonsense —made up of blunders, falsehoods, ignorance, and simplicity, called history—is doubtless owing to the fact that Mr. Alison has incorporated her principal statements into the body of the work.

But when he approaches the war of 1812, the subject assumes a more serious aspect. Routed armies and conquered frigates cannot be swept away by an extravagant assertion; and he exhibits by his contortions, sudden admissions, and as sudden denials, his inward repugnance to so unpoetic a theme. We were prepared for the grossest misrepresentations here, but not, we confess, for the operations of a *reversed fancy.* His imagination is not only able to sleep, while by brief and dry statistics he converts a brilliant action of ours into a common-place affair; but, reaching a certain point, it, like gravitation,

"—— turns the other way,"

creating, grouping, and coloring with its wonted vigor.

He starts by boldly asserting, what no intelligent man in Europe believes, namely, that "America, the greatest republic in existence, had the disgrace of going to war with Great Britain, then the last refuge of liberty in the civilized world, when *their only ground of complaint against it had been removed.*" There must have been some strange infatuation on the part of our people, with a fleet of a few ships, and an army of a few thousand men, to provoke hostilities with the strongest nation on the globe. But Mr. Alison has discovered a profound and philosophic reason for this madness, which we will allow him to give in his own words: "*On war she was determined, and to war she went.*"

After running over our naval and military force, making our whole army about as large as one of Napoleon's divisions, and giving to our militia only one good quality, that of being fast runners, he expresses the most unfeigned astonishment at our temerity at measuring swords with Great Britain, but finally consoles himself with the reflection that it only "proves the *insouciance* of democracy." He is not hard to please, and democracy is the "open sesame" to all his difficulties. But, perhaps, the most remarkable allegation in the whole work—remarkable, not so much for its falseness, as the utter incredulity with which it must he received by the civilized world—is the declaration that "the system of government in the United States has *been proved* to be wholly unequal to the *external security* of the nation." His assertion that

we are so weak that we should be "conquered in three months if located among the powers of Europe," was natural; and if he had stated that in any future war we should be frightened into submission at the first cannon shot, it would have been in perfect harmony with the rest of his facts; but to say that it *had been* proved that we are "unequal" to protect ourselves, affects us with profounder astonishment even, than our temerity in declaring war seems to have filled him. We are not surprised at the statement because it is untrue, but that he should put his reputation as a historian at such hazard among Europeans as to declare what the history of sixty years, and the glorious termination of two bloody wars, so openly and palpably contradict. What the *future* may be, we leave to Mr. Alison's fruitful imagination to point out; but "the *past* is secure." If the long and wasting war of the Revolution, and its termination, with the brave struggles on sea and land of the war of 1812, do not prove that we *have been* able to "protect" ourselves, will the historian say what *can* prove it? If the flag of the States left floating over a conquered enemy after almost every sea fight, the steadiest armies of Europe routed and hurled from our shores, are not satisfactory arguments, we confess ourselves unable to furnish them. There are Bunker Hill and Yorktown, Champlain and Erie, and Plattsburgh and New Orleans; and yonder goes the Macedonian, firing her salutes in honor of the Republic; if these do not flash back the ridiculous falsehood in Mr. Alison's face,

they are unmeaning things. But these rash statements spring from the same cause which prompts him to depreciate our present military strength, classing our navy and army under the denomination of "Lilliputian forces"—from a slight soreness in view of the result of our struggle with the parent country. He tells us our men are fit only for a bush fight, and cannot stand fire in the open field. Whether this be true or false, it is paying the British soldiers a poor compliment. It reminds us of an anecdote of an American sailor, who happened to be in the pit of a London theatre when King William was present. During the play, a company of men dressed as tailors, cobblers, blacksmiths, farmers, without uniform, and swinging around their heads, pitchforks, hammers, fowling-pieces, and muskets, were introduced on the stage to represent the American army. Jack looked awhile on the tatterdemalion company until the boisterous laugh had died away, then shouted out "Hurra! Old England beat by blacksmiths and cobblers." The laugh raised at our undisciplined forces has a *double meaning*. *We* can afford the laugh. It reminds us of his stricture on our manners. "The Americans," says he, "are vain on all national subjects, and excessively sensitive to censure, however slight, and most of all to ridicule. The English not only no way resent, but positively enjoy, the ludicrous exhibitions made of their manners on the French stage: such burlesques would flay the Americans alive. The English recollect that the French learned these peculiarities when

the British troops occupied Paris." However true this may be, as a general remark, ridicule of our "Lilliputian forces" we are able to bear with becoming composure, for *we* also "recollect" *where* the "English" learned these peculiarities "of our army." The *first* view obtained of them, in the revolutionary war, was at *Bunker Hill*, and the *last* at Yorktown, and the last review that a Briton ever made of our troops was at New Orleans. The English have had a good opportunity to witness the discipline of our soldiers and the character of their uniform. They have been near enough to see their faces, and the manner they wheel, and especially how they *fire*. The laugh raised at these specimens we can "positively enjoy."

When Mr. Alison comes to our naval battles, his descriptive powers suddenly fail him. The fancy that could bring before us every action between an English and French vessel, describe the beautiful manœuvring of the ships, the fluttering of the canvas, the blazing broadsides, the uproar of battle, the carnage and the victory, becomes suddenly wingless. Those fierce, single-handed fights of ship with ship, and frigate with frigate, are dismissed almost as rapidly as their broadsides were. One would think he was writing dispatches on the field of battle. The only occasion that calls forth his descriptive powers, is the capture of the Chesapeake by the Shannon; an action that lasted about fifteen minutes, and was fought by a half drunken and undisciplined crew. He devotes more space to this single battle—which Captain Lawrence

never should have fought, and whose reputation has escaped injury only by his glorious death—than he does to the actions between the Guerriere and Constitution, Frolic and Wasp, Macedonian and United States, Java and Constitution, Peacock and Hornet, altogether. These five naval engagements, in which the American vessels were victorious, each deserved as lengthened a notice as the action between the Chesapeake and Shannon; and yet they are all crammed together, as if belonging to one dispatch, and dismissed with the everlasting "in this as in the previous instances where the Americans had proved successful, the superiority on their side was very decided." If the American vessel, as in the case of the Peacock and Hornet, had but *one more gun* than the English, and fifty-two more men, Mr. Alison calls it a "decided superiority." The difference of two or three guns and fifty or a hundred men, in a battle between two of the first-class frigates, we never supposed to constitute such a decided superiority as to account for almost universal defeat.

But it is not true that the Americans always had the superiority, either in numbers or weight of metal. It would be tedious to go into the details of each engagement; but one will stand for the rest. In Mr. Alison's very minute account of the capture of the President, he says, "an action more prosperous, but not more glorious for the British arms, than that between the Reindeer and Wasp, took place next spring, which terminated in the capture of the noble American frigate

President, one of the largest vessels of that class in the world, by the Endymion, Captain Hope, slightly aided by the Pomona." And in the conclusion, he adds, "the Endymion having fallen astern, the Pomona came up and gave the President two broadsides, with little or no effect, owing to the darkness of the night, but this circumstance saved the American's honor, as two vessels had now opened their fire upon her, and he accordingly hauled down his colors." This account, though entirely erroneous, is not more so than many of the others. We have selected it merely because we wish to let English officers themselves bear testimony against Mr. Alison. The President was compelled to fight the Endymion at disadvantage, because she had to run for it, or find herself enveloped in the fire of four ships. We are indebted to a friend for a document, which, we believe, has never before been published in this country. It is an account of this engagement, by the officers of the two vessels, Pomona and Tenedos, to which the President surrendered, written immediately after they arrived with their prize at Bermuda. Accompanying it is a deposition of Commodore Decatur, taken at St. George's at the same time.

HIS MAJESTY'S FRIGATE POMONA,
Bermuda, 29th January, 1815.

"About an hour before daylight of the 15th instant, two strange sail (a ship and brig) were discovered on our lee bow, standing to the eastward, under a press of sail, wind N. W. by N. Majestic and Endymion in company—all sail was made in chase, by the

three ships, and it was soon evident we gained on them. As day dawned, another ship was seen, hull down, to leeward, and the commodore, imagining her also to be an enemy, detached the Pomona in chase; we immediately bore right up before the wind, and in three quarters of an hour, ascertaining her to be the Tenedos, again hauled up to the east, being by this circumstance thrown seven or eight miles more astern of the original chase. However, we soon again began to approach the enemy, as did also the Endymion; which, from the above event, was now far ahead of the Pomona. At one P. M. we passed the Majestic; President and Endymion, at two, occasionally exchanging stern and bow guns; the wind began to fall light, and the Pomona was yet too far off to render any assistance, but still coming up. At 5,30, the President bore up, closing with the Endymion, and fired her starboard broadside, which was promptly returned by the Endymion's larboard. A running fight then continued for some time, which gradually slackened; and at half-past eight ceased, the Endymion falling astern—Pomona passing her at half-past eight. At this time she was observed to fire two guns, which the President returned with one. At eleven, being within gun-shot of the President, who was still steering to the eastward, under a press of sail, with royal top-gallant topmast and lower studding-sails set, and finding how much we outsailed her, our studding-sails were taken in, and immediately afterwards we luffed to port and fired our starboard broadside. The enemy then also luffed to port, bringing his larboard broadside to bear, which was momentarily expected, as, a few minutes previous to our closing her, she hoisted a light abaft, which in night actions substituted the ensign. Our second broadside was fired; and the President still luffing up, as if intent to lay us on board, we hauled close to port, bracing the yard up and setting the main-sail. The broadside was again ready to be fired into his bows raking, when she hauled down the light, and we hailed, demanding if she had surrendered. The reply was in the affirmative, and the firing instantly ceased. The Tenedos, which was not more than

three miles off, soon afterwards* came up, and assisted in securing the prize and removing the prisoners. At three-quarters past twelve, the Endymion came up, and the Majestic at three in the morning."

Commodore Decatur's Deposition, taken at St. Georges, Bermuda.

"The President was taken on the 15th of January, being under American colors. Resistance was not made against the Endymion for two and a half hours—she having dropped out of the fight. The next ships coming up two and a half hours after the action with the Endymion, were the Pomona and Tenedos; to these two ships the President surrendered; the Pomona had commenced her firing within musket shot."

The testimony Mr. Alison's countrymen utter against him here, is, first, that the President was not taken by the Endymion at all; second, that instead of the American having "saved her honor," by the "fortunate" arrival of two other vessels, she had so thoroughly beaten the Endymion, that the latter was forced to retire from the fight "two and a half hours" before the Pomona arrived, and did not come up with the prize till *two hours and three-quarters after she struck.* This is called being "*slightly* aided" by the Pomona. The officers of the two ships that boarded the President, after she struck, state that the Endymion and President commenced exchanging shots at half-past two in the afternoon, and came to close engagement at half-past five. At half-past eight, the action having continued

*This alludes to the time the Pomona commenced firing; the President was boarded precisely at the same time, by the boats of the Tenedos and Pomona.

with more or less severity three hours, the Endymion fell astern, fairly beaten off, while the President was walking away under a press of canvas, to escape the rest of the fleet that were now rapidly coming up. At this time the Pomona passed the Endymion, so crippled as to be unable longer to sustain the action. At eleven, she overhauled the President, also crippled from her long engagement, and opened her broadsides. The Tenedos now rapidly approaching, the contest became hopeless, and the noble frigate was compelled to surrender. At a quarter before one, or at least *four hours* after the Endymion dropped out of the action, she came up. It took *two hours and three-quarters* steady sailing to reach the President, after she had struck her colors.

This is a new mode of capturing a vessel. Those guns must be like Mr. Alison's imagination, to reach a ship at such a distance that it required two hours' sailing to overtake her after she had surrendered. The truth is, as evinced by the statement of the English officers and the deposition of Commodore Decatur, the President beat the Endymion, and then was beaten by the rest of the fleet; and she could not have considered her honor in particular danger from a crippled vessel, left by her four hours before, mending her rigging. If Captain Hope considers the heavy broadsides of a fresh vessel, firing within musket shot, and the rapid approach of another ship to the combat, while he was out of sight, "slight assistance," his gratitude will never be severely taxed in this world.

But the repeated victories gained by us, could not be swept away by assertion, and the world would not reason as Mr. Alison contends it ought to have done, so their "moral effect," he is compelled to admit, "was astounding." Well it might be. We know of nothing in the annals of civilized warfare that will compare with the boldness and success of our little fleet during that war. The battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, which had covered the English navy with glory—the undisputed triumph with which the British flag was borne over every sea, had been for years ringing over our land. Flushed with victory, and confident of success, that fleet now bore down on our coast. With only a handful of ships to offer against this superior force, our commanders, nevertheless, stood boldly out to sea, and flung their flags of defiance to the breeze. The civilized world looked with amazement on the rashness that could provoke so unequal a strife; but while it waited to hear that our little navy was blown out of the water, the news came of the loss of the Guerriere. Report after report of victories gained by us followed with stunning rapidity. "The English were defeated on their own element," and her hitherto undisputed claim to the mastery of the seas broken for ever. The courage that could bear up against such fearful odds, and pluck the wreaths of victory from the English navy, has covered the commanders of that time with abiding honors. Our rights were restored—our commerce protected—and the haughty bearing of England towards us, caused by

the memory that we were rebels, was chastised from her. The British flag had been lowered so frequently to the "stars and stripes," that respect and fear had usurped the place of contempt and pride.

The war on land was prosecuted with equal success. Yet this war, so triumphantly carried through, Mr. Alison makes equivalent to a defeat. We never gained, if his account of the matter is to be taken, except where all the advantage was on our side; while in all our losses, we were on the average equal to our opponents. Our hazarding a war, in the first place, was the unparalleled rashness of a reckless democracy—our partial success, mere good luck, not to be anticipated again; the result on the whole, "advantageous to England, while the United States emerged worsted from the fight," and the final treaty was highly honorable to Great Britain. His conclusions are, that "the triumps of Plattsburgh and New Orleans, with which the war terminated, have so elated the inhabitants of the United States, and blinded them to the real weakness of their situation, that little doubt remains that, out of this premature and incomplete pacification, the germs of a future and calamitous war between the two countries will spring,"—that the Americans are aggressive, like all republican governments, and that they are not to become a great naval power. To attempt gravely to refute these declarations, is to acknowledge their force.

The statement at the outset, that we sought an unprovoked war with England, is not more erroneous

than his account of the manner it was carried on. Instead of all grounds of dissatisfaction being removed previous to hostilities, grievances had accumulated, the half of which would now precipitate a war between us and any other country on the globe. And nstead of our vessels being greatly the superior in those naval engagements where we came off victorious, there is not one sea-fight in fifty, where the combatants were more equally matched. If a battle is never to be considered equal until both ships have the same tonnage to a pound, the same number of cannon, and the muster-roll of the crews equal, to a man, we are inclined to suspect there never will be one fought. There was not a naval action during the whole war where the real, effective, practical force was so disproportionate as in the battle between the Chesapeake and Shannon; yet this last, Mr. Alison makes one of the most brilliant engagements that occurred. So the battle of the Thames, Plattsburgh, and New Orleans, were the necessary results of overpowering advantages, either in position or number, while the battle of Bladensburgh, and the almost bloodless capture of Washington, was, to use his own words, "one of the most brilliant expeditions ever carried into execution by any nation." An army of some four thousand regular troops, with two three-pounders, put to flight five or six thousand raw militia, and, with the loss of five dozen men, marched into a small unfortified town, occupied as the Capitol of the United States, and set fire, like a band of robbers to the Capitol, Arsenal, Dockyard,

Treasury, War Office, President's House, a ropewalk, and a bridge. Such an affair the historian of Lodi, and Marengo, and Waterloo—of the terrible conflicts of the Peninsula, and the sublime sea-fights of Aboukir and Trafalgar—calls "one of the most brilliant expeditions ever carried into execution by any nation."

The truth of the whole matter is, that the war, abating the usual vicissitudes, was carried on successfully to its termination, and a peace concluded securing to us our rights and protecting our commerce. The plain conclusions that a man of common sense would draw from it all, are, that we are disinclined to a war, except in self defence, and then we are equal to our own protection. But Mr. Alison is always *diving* after truth, and a foolish reason is better than an old one, even if good. He is, also, perpetually discovering awful crises where the fate of the world depends on a single move. Thus he hinges Europe a score of times on the movements of a single column. If this had happened here or there, the fate of the continent and of the world would have been changed. Very probable; so if Bonaparte had been shot in some of his countless battles, or broken his neck by a fall from his horse at some grand review, or fallen overboard on his voyage from Elba, when the vessel was going ten knots an hour, or caught a death cold in some of his night marches, the history of the world would have been changed. A different result to any battle might have done it, and yet many often turned on the charge of a single body of cavalry. But history

is nothing to Mr. Alison unless it is tragedy, and we believe the reputation of his work rests far more upon its dramatic character than upon its facts. To us, history is important chiefly for the philosophy it teaches, and in this respect Mr. Alison has done the world more hurt than good. He is incapable of philosophizing correctly, because he sets out with the conviction that his *feelings* are right in all cases. Utterly unable to escape from his prejudices and occupy a high stand-point, from whence he can survey the world with the clear eye of an impartial historian, he goes plunging on, endeavoring to make everything bend to his philosophy of monarchy. In all the good wrought out by man, he thinks he discovers the workings of royalty; and in all the evil done under the sun, the cloven foot of democracy. Is there an unjust war commenced, it is done by republicans; is there any climax to oppression, it is that of the majority; and is there any atrocity rivaling the horrors of the Inquisition, it is committed by democracy. All that is firm and useful in the world owes its place to monarchy—all that is unsettled and dangerous, to republicanism. Religion itself can flourish nowhere but under a monarchy, and literature descends to the capacities of a mob in a republic. All nations are wrong but England, and true liberty is a stranger to any other land. "No community," says he, "need be afraid of going far astray which treads in the footsteps of Rome and England." Lord Brougham may ask, "What mean those portentous shapes that stalk through England?" and Macaulay

and Earl Grey bid the throne and nation stop and feel the first throb of the coming earthquake. Sir Robert Peel may say that the "necessaries of life can be no farther taxed," and, in a time of peace, resort to the extraordinary measures of war to keep the nation above water; the most pitiful sight of strong-bodied men wandering over the land, begging for work that they may not starve, may meet one at every turn; "torch and dagger meetings" may occur almost every night in the week, and the muttered curse of millions of suffering men and women swell like distant thunder around the throne—it all matters nothing to Mr. Alison. The conclusion is, "follow England." Heaven keep us from that path, and its issue. We have looked down that gulf, and have no desire to try its depths. When we feel the first step of an approaching earthquake, let us know it is not human suffering and human despair on the march, and we can abide the rest.

Follow England and monarchy, and shun the French Revolution and American Democracy, are the two great lessons Mr. Alison attempts to impress on the mind from the four volumes of his history. He had better belied every military leader and falsified every battle, than done this. He ought to have known the omnipotence of the rising strength of the masses, and instead of urging the glory of a monarchy and aristocracy, to have pleaded the necessity of yielding betimes, and guiding the spirit which is now awake and will not be laid, and which otherwise will rend its oppres-

sors, though it then turn and rend itself. If there is one thing clear and fearful to the thoughtful man, it is that the American Rebellion, the French Revolution, and English Chartism are but the commencement of a struggle destined to be universal. The theories of Rousseau and Voltaire never raised it in 1789, nor can the theories of Mr. Alison lay it now. The masses that create and carry it on argue from experience, and the only effect of such a history is to delay, and hence increase the intensity and violence of the conflict.

The conclusion of this history is worse than the commencement, and worthy of severe censure. Independent of the radical error taught by its philosophy, it is laid down as an inevitable result that war must take place between us and England. Having established this fact, Mr. Alison marks out the plan of the next campaign in all its details, and speaks of the necessity of suddenly precipitating vast armies upon our coasts, at the outset, with the coolness of a man whose trade is war. Not satisfied with the incitements to bad feeling furnished by his history alone, he inflames the passions still more by the outlines of the coming war, and renders the catastrophe familiar and probable by declaring it to be inevitable. No such necessity as he pretends exists; and if so great a calamity to both nations should befal them, it will be brought about by such men and writers as Mr. Alison. One would think he had fallen in love with battles, from the fine materials for description they furnish him. Indeed, it harmonizes perfectly with another

branch of his theory, drawn from the long and bloody wars of the continent, which is, that "war is necessary for the moral purification of mankind." He acknowledges that it is the cause of unparalleled suffering, "but," he asks, "is not suffering necessary to the purification of the human heart? Have we not been told, by the highest authority, that man is made perfect through suffering? Is not misfortune, anxiety and distress, the severe but salutary school of individual improvement? And what is war but anxiety, distress, and often agony, to nations?" The philanthropist will be angry at such absurdity, and the philosopher laugh at such stupid sophistry. We venture to say the apostle never dreamed that human ingenuity could ever so distort his divine precept, as to make it prove the purifying effect of war.

Mr. Alison certainly has the credit of being the first discoverer of this entirely original application of the text. Murder and massacre, the torch of civil war blazing over human dwellings, mothers and children trampled down as the car of war rolls in carnage over the land; churches pillaged, congregations scattered, education neglected, cities sacked, women ravished, and all the brutal passions of man, inflamed to the utmost, let loose on society, are necessary in order to purify it. They are to a nation what a sick bed is to a man; making it thoughtful, calm, and prayerful. Afflictions loosen us from the world by teaching us that nothing is stable here. War has the same effect on nations, lifting their thoughts to God. To close up

a history of twenty-six years of most bloody and wasting wars, during which religion was forgotten and education neglected, and life wasted like water, with the grave assertion that war is "necessary to the moral purification of mankind," and base the assertion on the divine precept that "man is made perfect by suffering," is the absurdest thing that ever found its way into the pages of history. Europe must have been very near the millenium at ths summing up of her long purification at the battle of Waterloo, and Spain will soon be "perfect by suffering." The Roman empire ought to have grown very pure as it grew older, and the incessant conflicts of South America and Mexico must end in a high state of moral culture. The excitement to military glory, the recklessness of life and principle a war creates, the influence of an army quartered in a city or country, the licentiousness of the camp, and the husbands and sons the scythe of battle mows down, are all so many causes of purification. So says Mr. Alison; while the history of the world, the experience of mankind, the spirit of the gospel, and the indignant response of the human heart brand it as false and calumnious. That there is no evil without some corresponding good, or, in other words, that we may learn some lessons from every event, all men admit;—but that war is a purifier of society, just as affliction purifies the Christian, is the most preposterous idea a Christian man ever entertained. Deeds of heroism are performed, and patriotism and affection and the martyr spirit often exhibited

in war, as they never are in peace; nay, self defence is a duty, and the battling and dying for one's country worthy to be recorded in characters of light; but we thought it had been adopted as a maxim, long ago, that the physical evils of war, terrible as they are, were small compared to its moral evils.

But Mr. Alison has *one* peculiarity, which, other things being equal, would place him high above ordinary historians—he recognizes a God in history. The hand of Providence is seen in the course of human events, and the principle that the Almighty visits the sins of nations upon themselves, fully recognized. It is a standing objection to the best histories of our race, that secondary causes have been put for ultimate ones. Even the Pagan writers allow their gods to have some design in the changes that visit nations, while those of a more enlightened age see nothing in the mutations around them but the work of human passions. This belief in an overruling Deity, however, is almost neutralized by the very aristocratic sort of a being he puts in heaven to preside over human affairs. He is a high Tory, like Mr. Alison, and has not the remotest sympathy with republicanism or republicans. Indeed, we find it expressly stated, that religion and democracy are antagonisms, and that the one cannot exist without the distruction of the other. The infidelity, the cruelty, the meanness, and utter ruin connected by necessity with a republican form of government, are repeated on almost every page of this history. He has coupled the French Revolution and Democracy to-

gether in his mind, and neither facts nor argument can sunder them. The word "revolution," seems to have the same effect on his mind, that it might be supposed to have on one who had just passed through the Reign of Terror. But the Reformation of Luther was a revolution unshackling the world, and pouring daylight on its darkness. The Cromwellian Rebellion was a revolution, doing more for English liberty than all antecedent ages had done for it. The American Rebellion was a revolution, breaking the spell of tyranny, and sending hope and light to the farthest limits of the earth. The French Revolution did also its share of good, in holding up before despots a mirror in which they might read their own fate, and teaching the world that oppression has a limit, and buried freedom its resurrection day; and that just so deep as human rights and hopes are sunk, just so high will the tide of vengeance swell at last.

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
> The eternal years of God are hers."

The fate of our own republic, which Mr. Alison reads so prophetically, is by no means yet decided; and even should we fall, we do not consider the question of the durability of a republican form of government settled. Had our population been suffered to increase by the natural laws which govern it, and all those who control our interests been educated in the principles of true freedom, and been bound together by the common ties of kindred and country, and the

whole glorious fabric of our constitution steadily strengthened as bulwark after bulwark was reared around it by the jealous watchfulness of an intelligent people; had we been left to try out the experiment, by ourselves, on our own soil, then we should consider the question of the expedieney of a republican form of government fixed for ever.

But now we are compelled not only to struggle with the evils that gather around every new undertaking, but to blend and incorporate into the very heart of our system the ignorance and degradation and crime of the despotisms of Europe. From such materials as tyranny sends us we are asked to rear our structure; and if it ever sways and totters, from the heterogeneous mass we are compelled to pile so hastily into it, we are tauntingly asked—How goes the doctrine of equality? The tens of thousands of hungry, half naked, and miserable beings, that are precipitated yearly upon our bosom, and enter almost immediately upon the work of reforming our system, come from a government where all their sorrows have sprung from the oppression of the upper classes. Knowing the "wormwood and the gall," and retaining the old hatred against the rich that has strengthened with their sufferings, they are easily led, like the mobs of Paris, by unscrupulous leaders, to act against their own permanent interests. So, also, the convicts and famine-struck wretches that the prisons and almshouses of Europe disgorge yearly on our shores, swell the records of crime and pauperism in our land, while

the acts they commit, and the sufferings they engender, are charged over to republicanism. *Laissez faire* is a just request; and could the world but have granted it to us we should be content to have republicanism judged by its results among us.

ALFIERI.*

Alfieri was a great favorite with Lord Byron, and his volume of tragedies was one of the four books the English bard always kept on his table. Their characters indeed presented many points of likeness. Both were born to rank—both possessed wealth and personal accomplishments—yet both gloried chiefly in their mental endowments, and were prouder as poets than as noblemen. Both were fiery and impetuous creatures, scorning restraint, defying their own age, trampling on the critics that could not understand them, and building for themselves a fame in spite of the prevailing taste and literature of their times. Both were restless beings, scouring the world to rid themselves of the uncontrollable passions that raged within. Both were gloomy and excitable in youth, and even in boyhood exhibited those strange extremes of feeling which so often mastered them in maturer years. But though their characters present such strong points of resemblance, yet in many things they were totally unlike. And what is stranger still, the moment the

* Autobiography of Alfieri, translated and edited by C. Edwards Lester. Paine & Burgess, N. York.

resemblance ceases, Alfieri becomes more like an Englishman, and Byron more like an Italian. Alfieri was a more earnest, sincere man, than Byron. He had greater strength of character, more firmness and steadiness of will, and a bolder heart. His impetuosity was not passion, but the steady action of a most vehement nature. Byron's paroxysms of anger were splendid poetry, terrible to look upon, but harmless as the dagger strokes of Macbeth on the boards of a theatre; Alfieri's were fearful facts, and his own life and the life of others were forgotten in them. Byron was always *acting*, and studied effect in everything he did; Alfieri *never*. The former was often reckless, sometimes desperate, but not steadily brave; the latter scarcely knew the sensation of fear. One *wished* to be thought brave, and endeavored to act as he imagined a hero should act; the other gave himself no thought on the subject, but when bravest, seemed to think he was doing nothing more than any man would do in similar circumstances. Byron wished to be thought proud and solitary as Lara, or Conrad, or Childe Harold; Alfieri, on the contrary, was so proud and solitary, that he was too much occupied with his own feelings to care what others thought about it. Thus we find Byron making a whole tragedy about the threats of a miserable lazzaroni; writing to half a dozen different friends of the same wonderful event, telling how he dressed, what arms he wore, and how he bore himself through it all. And yet, with all his vaporing and romance, it leaks out that he and some

three or four others were barricaded for some time in their house by this miserable wretch, whose terrible threats ended after all in the pitiful sycophancy of an Italian beggar. Alfieri, on the contrary, goes out alone in the night, and encounters an enraged husband, where the chances are that he will be killed, and, with a sword-cut in his arm, returns to his friends, concealing both the reckless adventure and the pain under which he suffered. Byron is a misanthrope, who is ever telling us how weary he is of life, and yet very careful never to rid himself of his burden. Alfieri scarcely speaks of his recklessness of life, except in explanation of his rash yet ineffectual attempts to take his own. Byron was gloomy because he would analyse his own feelings—scornful because he was perfectly conscious that half the world were fools, and quite a proportion of the other half villains—and savagely defiant because he found himself in the midst of moral mysteries and contradictions he could not solve, and yet which held him fast and forced him irresistibly on. Alfieri was gloomy from the same cause, as deeply poetic natures always must be, while his scorn arose from seeing one half of mankind degraded sycophantic slaves, and the other half ignorant feeble-minded tyrants, and his defiance was towards man alone, not God. The former was penurious, and yet succeeded in making half the world believe he was generous and prodigal to a fault; the other records with shame the only two instances in which avarice had any control over him. Byron, when in

Genoa, by unpardonable importunity, prevailed on Lady Blessington to sell him a favorite horse she had brought into Italy for her own use; and then refused to give the price (the *least* that *could* be named) she paid in England. Alfieri, on the contrary, was constantly giving away his fine blood-horses, and often to those who were mere acquaintances, and scarcely thanked him for the gift. The former loaned money to the Greeks to aid them in their struggles for freedom, but took good care to have ample security for the debt; while the latter gave away for ever his entire fortune, reserving to himself only a moderate income, that he might be personally free from all allegiance to the petty tyrant of Piedmont.

Both were men of great mental power, and of volcanic passions, yet the Italian alone was a downright sincere man. He raged over the world, intent only on getting rid of himself, and thinking of scarcely anything else at the time. The Englishman did the same thing, but resolved the while the world should know all about it. One was hurried on—lashed by his fierce passions as with a whip of scorpion, and finding no vent to his feelings save in stifled curses; the other went proudly into voluntary exile, yet making rhymes all the time, to let the men he despised know how much after all he thought about them.

Such were these two strange beings, and such their points of resemblance and difference; and in thus contrasting them together, we think we have given the best outline of Alfieri's character. He was so silent

on his own affairs, that we should have known little of him but for his autobiography, found among his papers after his death. It is seldom that a proud and passionate man leaves us a plain and simple history of himself, both mentally and outwardly as he has done. To coolly and faithfully record his own follies and disgraces, and draw the knife across his own nerves in laying bare his deepest mortifications when he was under no obligation to do it, shows an amount of sincerity that should cover a multitude of sins. Had Byron thus exposed all the secret motives that prompted him; revealed the miserable trickery to which he often resorted, and torn away the mask he always wore, many of his poems would draw tears of laughter rather than tears of sorrow.

Alfieri, according to his own account, was born in Asti, Piedmont, on the 17th of January, 1749, "of noble, opulent, and respectable parents." Of feeble health, and passionate temperament, we find in his childhood the germ of his after melancholy and recklessness. When he was but seven years of age, he attempted, in a fit of despondency, to destroy himself. At ten, we find him at the Academy in Turin, laying the foundations, as he termed it, of his "no education." Though not tortured with a club foot like Lord Byron, he was afflicted with what seemed equally bad—dreadful eruptions, which drew on him the most disgusting nicknames, and drove him into solitude, and fed with bitter food his already growing melancholy. At the age of thirteen, he was allowed to go to the opera,

where his strangely sensitive and passionate nature felt for the first time, the full power of music. The tones that ravished his ear and heart, struck the finest chord of his being, which kept vibrating on to the harmonies within, so that for weeks he wandered around buried in a profound, yet pleasing melancholy. In this dreamy state, the fancies of the poet crowded thick and fast on his vision, but finding no language in which to speak out these new emotions that struggled for utterance, he sought relief in solitude. Though weak in body, and violent in his feelings, yet so great was his candor and love of truth, that he escaped those quarrels to which boys of his temperament are always liable. Yet even at the age of fifteen, he exhibited the indomitable nature of his will, and his unconquerable resolution in bearing confinement for months, rather than yield to what he considered an unjust demand. At seventeen, he entered as ensign in the provincial army, and soon after commenced his roving life, which lasted for nine years. Having by degrees got rid of his "curator" and everything but his faithful servant Elia, he passed through the south of Italy, staying at the different cities, according as the mood was on him. Having finally determined to visit the more northern countries of Europe, and finding the allowance furnished him not equal to the expenditures he anticipated, he suddenly became exceedingly parsimonious, denying himself all places of public amusement. and even withholding from his servant his just dues. Attempting to go from Rome to

Venice by Vettura, instead of post, to save expense, he became so exasperated by the slow progress he made, that he forgot his avarice, paid his Vetturino, took post, and became a free man again. Disgusted with Paris, he went over to London, to which he seemed to take a sudden fancy. But after a while becoming tired of the heartless assemblies, and suppers, and banquets, to which he was constantly invited, he turned coachman, driving his friend up to the door of places of amusement, and showing his skill in bringing his carriage out safely from the jam that blocked up the entrance. All winter long he rode on horseback four or five hours in the morning, and sat on the coach-box two or three in the evening, without regard to weather or temperature. From England he went to Holland, and at the Hague first fell seriously in love. True to his Italian origin, the object of his passion was a married woman—the young bride of the Portuguese ambassador to Holland. This affection was returned, and Alfieri felt for the first time the full strength and power of his passions. Lapped in this first dream of love, he gave way to its intoxicating power, and was lifted for awhile into the third heaven of happiness. But the guilty dream had its waking, and he was forced to separate from his mistress for ever. She departed for Switzerland to join her husband, and he gave himself up to despair. Feigning sickness to escape the society of his friends, he sent for a surgeon, and requested to be bled. A vein was opened, and after a slight blood-letting, the arm was bandaged, and Alfieri left alone. Struck

down by the violence of his grief, he determined to die and tearing off his bandages, he re-opened the vein with the design of bleeding himself to death. A little longer and it would have been over with him, but his faithful servant, Elia, who had seen the desperation of his master, kept a constant watch on him, and entered the room just in time to save his life. Thus, at twenty years of age, he found his first great sorrow, and burdened down with a gloom that shadowed all his future, he turned his steps homeward. He had scarcely arrived at Turin, before he set about with the energy of an unconquerable will to shake off his settled melancholy. But what could he do? Full of passion, sentiment, fire and intellect, he undoubtedly was, but ignorant as a peasant. In this crisis of his life and feelings, Plutarch's Lives fell into his hand, and he fed his youthful imagination on Timoleon, Cæsar, Brutus, Pelopidas, Cato, and others, till fired with their high patriotism, or lofty achievements, he would spring to his feet, and rave round his room like a madman, weeping and cursing the day he was born in Piedmont.

About this time his friends wishing him to become a diplomatist, prevailed on him to offer himself to a lady of wealth and influence, thinking such an alliance would aid his prospects in obtaining a situation. Fortunately for him she rejected his proposal; and happy in his deliverance he started again on his travels, and visited Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, Holland and England. The restless feeling within

him found not even momentary relief except in motion. It would not allow him to stop long in any place, but spurred him on from one new scene to another, and sometimes well nigh out of existence. A second love intrigue in London, the termination of which we should think might have cured him for ever of unlawful passion, kindled into a blaze all the exciting elements of his nature. We find him, from mere desperation, spurring his horse over a high fence; and though in the fall that followed the mad attempt, he dislocated his shoulder and broke his collar-bone, yet so raging were his passions that he was wholly unconscious of the injury, and remounting his horse, forced him to the same leap again. This is Saturday evening; yet Sunday evening he is in his carriage driving to the villa of his mistress, nay, walking two miles on foot with one arm in a sling and the other holding a drawn sword, in order to keep an appointment with her. But all the passions that had heretofore scourged him were calm emotions compared to his maniac fury and rage on learning that this worthless woman whom he loved with such absorbing passion, had given him but the second place in her favor —the first being reserved for her husband's *groom*. Guilty as his love had been, he had resolved to marry her the moment she was free from her husband. But now all the fury of a fiend was roused in him. He raved and tore and screamed, a prey to the consciousness of wasted affection, mortified pride, merited de-

Broken down in spirit, the ferocity of the man gave way for awhile to settled melancholy, and he commenced again his travels. Spain alone remained to be seen, and he turned his restless footsteps thither. But change of scenery could no longer charm him. He visited Madrid without becoming acquainted with a single being there but an artist and a watch-maker. Here occurred one of those outbreaks of passion which so often proved nearly fatal to himself and others. His servant Elia, in dressing his hair, accidentally pulled one of his curls a little too strongly. Alfieri sprang upon him like a tiger, and inflicted a ghastly wound on his head. The enraged servant fell on his master to kill him, and would have done it but for the interposition of others. After the quarrel was over, Alfieri told Elia he would have done perfectly right to have killed him; and though the servant's anger was not wholly cleared up, went to bed, leaving the door open between their rooms. After he had been in bed some time he called out to Elia, bidding him come and kill him, for he was now defenceless, and he richly merited death. Such was this man, carrying a volcano in his bosom, yet, in his sane moments, just and true.

At length, at twenty-three years of age, we behold him again bending his footsteps homeward. Satiated with travel, disgusted with everything, and more than all with himself, he endeavored to compose himself at Turin. A third love entanglement more disgraceful and longer continued than the others, trans-

formed him for awhile into a half brute. A severe illness brought on by his miserable life, dispelled this dream, and he awoke to more serious thought. Soon after his mistress was also taken ill; and watching by her side, he commenced without purpose or plan, and solely to occupy the silent hours, his first tragedy. It was a miserable thing enough, but it awoke a new passion within him, and he felt at once that he had found a full vent to the fires that were consuming him, viz.: VERSE. He resolved on a new life, and the first thing was, to break the guilty chain that had degraded him. After days and weeks of torture and suffering, compelling his servant to tie him down in his chair that his wavering resolution might not carry him back to his low bondage, he finally conquered.

From this moment the history of Alfieri begins to brighten. He celebrated his victory in a sonnet, the first he ever wrote. It is full of feeling, and is entitled "Primo Sonetto." It commences

"Ho vinto alfin si non m'inganno, ho vinto
Spenta e la fiamma che vorace ardeva."
Questo mio cuor da indigni lacci avvinto
I cui moti l'amor cieco reggeva.
Prima d'amarti, O Donna io ben Sapeva
Ch'era iniquo tal foco e tal respinto
L'ho mille fiate, e mille Amor vinceva
Si che vivo non era, e non estinto.
Il lungo duol, e gli affammosi pianti
Li aspri tormenti, e i creidei dubbij amari
Onde s'intesse il viver degli amanti
Fisso con occhi non di pianto avari

Stolto, che dissi? é la virtu fra 'tante
Sogni la sola i cui pensier sian cari.

Which the translator renders thus into English verse:

"I've conquered at last, if I do not deceive me,
And spent is the flame which burned up my heart,
I've broken the fetters of iron which gave thee
The power of a Demon—I've rent them apart.

"Ere I loved thee, base one, I knew that the fire
That burned on thine altar was passion's fierce flame;
I swore I would quench it, I swore on my lyre,
But thy conquest still lives in my deep blush of shame.

"It still burns on my cheek—while the tears are still falling,
And torments still tear me—no ray from above
Breaks in to dispel this gloom so appalling,
Which broods o'er the soul of the victim of love

"But these tears shall be dried—the daylight shall gleam,
And who shall deride me when once I am free,
Or tell me that virtue is only a dream?
Be it so—it's the only bright dream for me."

The fierce struggle was at last ended and a new life opened on the poet. The passion, the melancholy, the indomitable will even in things wrong, had shown that he was no ordinary man. The disgust with everything that satisfies most men proved him to be worthy and capable of better things. He seized the Lyre, and though its strings made at first strange discords under his fierce strokes, yet he loved the power of its tone, and prepared at once and for ever to un-

burden the feelings that had lashed him over the world. At this time, he was unable to read the Italian poets, so ignorant was he of the Italian language. The miserable *patois* of Piedmont could never be made classic language, and so he wrote his first two tragedies, *Il Felippo* and *Il Polenice*, in French prose. But he immediately set about learning his own language, and the better to prosecute his studies retired for two months to the *mountains* of Piedmont. Thus, at the age of twenty-six, he first commenced his studies. The same energy, the same vehemence which had characterized all his actions were carried into them. Fierce and sudden both in his conceptions and his compositions, he yet was patient under criticism, and did not disdain to receive instruction from the humblest. His failures were constant, but he arose from each with fresh determination. He was compelled first to *master* a language, and then *mould* it, he *learned* it and then taught his countrymen its great power. The history of his trials, his toil, and success, is among the most interesting of literary biographies. Thus he went on for eight years, gaining laurels even from his defeats, and showing to the world the inherent greatness he possessed. At length a third and last passion enslaved him for ever. At Florence, while prosecuting his literary pursuits, he became acquainted with the Countess of Albany, the wife of the last Stuart that made pretensions to the throne of England; and became irrevocably attached to her. Not to dwell upon the moral character of this *liaison*, we

will only say that her husband was a brutal drunkard, who had long before destroyed all her affection for him, and that the connection between her and Alfieri, like that of husband and wife, lasted till death. His forced separation from her, till she was released from her husband, interrupted for awhile his literary pursuits, and brought back those strange paroxysms of feeling that had so blasted his early life.

About this time, weary with the restraints his own government placed on his actions, and resolved to be free at any sacrifice, he gave his entire property to a married sister, reserving to himself only a moderate income, and took up his residence at Florence. Prompted to this act by his hatred of tyranny and love of letters, it threw him more entirely upon his own genius, and his genius triumphed. He went on composing, till nineteen tragedies and six comedies were completed, to say nothing of his sonnets and satires. His love of liberty increased with his love of letters, and the revolutionary sentiments he uttered brought on him the displeasure of the Pope, and the jealous watchfulness of the petty tyrants of Italy. But secure in the freer state of Tuscany he learned to scorn alike the worthless criticism of his time, and the vengeance of despots. After having mastered perfectly his own literature, and gone back to the Latin classics, he at length, at the age of forty-seven, commenced the study of the Greek. At a period of life when most men shrink from becoming mere pupils, he cheerfully entered on the task of learning. There is nothing more beautiful

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in the history of literature than the severe expiation this young nobleman underwent for his early neglect of letters. The most untameable man that ever roamed the world becomes docile as a child before the spirit of literature. Casting from him the privileges of rank and the wealth of his ancestors, he embraces her with a vow of eternal devotion, and keeps it to the last. The scorner of the world sits down near the close of life and spells slowly out the alphabet of a new language. But his frame, strengthened though it had been by hardship and exposures, could not always endure the exhausting demands his tempestuous spirit and incessant toil made upon it; and at the age of fifty-six, after a short illness, he closed his career, and was buried in Santa Croce, that receptacle of the mighty dead. Over his remains the Countess of Albany has placed a beautiful statue made by Canova.

The *moral* character of Alfieri we will not discuss. It is difficult to "judge righteous judgment" of an Italian, and such an one as Alfieri was. With a better education, and under higher influences in his childhood, he would have been a very different man. But as he was—guilty of many crimes—we have no doubt he conquered more evil passions, resisted greater temptation, and came off victor in more moral struggles than the majority of those who condemn him. A man's moral worth is not to be graduated by his negative virtues—the evil he merely refrains from doing—but by the amount of temptation he overcomes. He is not to be judged by his defeats alone, but also by his vic-

tories. Many a man passes through life without a spot on his character, who, notwithstanding, never struggled so bravely as he who fell and was disgraced. The latter may have called to his aid more principle, resisted more evil, before he yielded, than the former, either from circumstances or his physical constitution, was ever called to do. It would be as unnatural, it would require as great an effort for the cold, phlegmatic and passionless being to be vehement, wild and headlong, as for the fiery and tempestuous man to be quiet and emotionless. *Victory* is nothing. It depends upon the nature of the conflict and the odds overcome. Greater generalship, cooler bravery and loftier effort may be shown in one defeat than in a hundred victories. We have no patience with those moralists of mere animal organization, who place the finest wrought spirits God ever let visit the earth on their iron bedstead, and stretch and clip according to the simple rule of long-measure. A higher and juster standard is needed. Such a passionate and highly strung nature as Alfieri's can be no more understood by the dealer in stocks and real estate, or the dull plodder in the routine of his daily duties, than the highest paroxysms of the poet can be comprehended by his dog.

We wished to speak of the separate works of Alfieri, but the length which this article has already reached forbids it. We will only say that Italian tragedy underwent an entire revolution by his works. The palmy days which the scholar saw who lived in the

16th century, had passed away in the 17th, and an effeminate literature, fit only for courts had taken its place. Mimics of Spanish and French levities, amateurs and farce makers occupied the Italian stage. Goldoni had scourged this degenerate taste with his keen satire, but not killed it. Martelli, who exchanged Greek and Roman verse for French—Maffei who succeeded him, and Antonio Conti, who came last, had all accomplished but little. The high and commanding power of Alfieri's genius was needed to arouse the degenerate Italians. The grand and the terrible, which entered so largely into his composition, swept away as with a tornado the whole race of mimics, sonnet makers and courtier poets.* The Italians crowded to the theatres, no longer to be pleased by fooleries, but stirred with lofty sentiments. Strong and fearful in his conceptions, he wielded the soft Italian with the energy and force of our stern Saxon tongue. Stirred in his inmost heart with love of liberty and hatred of farces and mockeries, he spoke to the nation's soul till it caught fire, and the petty despots of Italy trembled for their thrones.

Darkness has again settled on Italy, and the pulse that bounded in momentary freedom is once more chained up and perhaps forever. Alfieri, great as he was, mistook, if not his own mission, at least the mode of accomplishing it. For a long while unconscious of the power that was in him he roamed the world a restless and gloomy man. He knew of no way to pour out the thoughts and feelings that were consuming

* See Translator's Introduction.

him. The frenzy of love, the excitements of passion, all failed to reach the profoundest depths of his nature. He struck the lyre, and its tones were to him a voice by which he could give utterance to that within him. He had not only the soul of a poet but the spirit of a reformer. His heart was an altar on which burned not only the fire of passion, but the purer flame of freedom. He scorned the effeminacy and slavishness of his countrymen, and he spoke to them like a prophet. But, alas! he should have known that the stage is not the Tribune from which to harangue the people. Not in the theatre do republican principles take root and flourish. Action generated there is irregular and fitful. He should have been the *nation's bard*, and spoken to its heart in plain, earnest language. Not through the Greek or Roman patriot should the accents of freedom have come, but from Alfieri to Alfieri's countrymen. Then would he have breathed into the *mass* the breath of life, and not only maddened but redeemed his people.

The narrow, doubtful influence of the stage was not that which Alfieri should have wielded. His great and sincere heart should have accomplished more. He might have become an oracle, and his words been the language of the common people. If the scorn of tyranny and the love of freedom poured forth with such terrible impetuosity in the "*Tirannide*" alone had been spent in popular songs or earnest appeals to his countrymen, he would have accomplished more than he did in all his tragedies. Who cares for patriotism on the

stage? It ceases to be truth there, and is all *acting*. The quiver of an *earnest* lip, the tear of an *honest* eye, andthe fire of a stern and free soul, are needed to generate action. The truth is, Alfieri commenced wrong, and subsided away into the dramatist. He reformed the Italian stage and has ever since occupied it, and this is about all he has done.

To judge him merely as a scholar he deserves the highest praise; but to judge him as a *man* and scholar combined we say he did not *do* the great things the world had a right to expect from his great intellect. His style is accused of harshness; and justly, if it is compared with the mellifluous flow of Italian verse; but it is the harshness of strong feeling. When thoughts are wrenched out of a man's soul in the fever of excitement they are not usually clothed in the most euphoneous language. Indeed we believe strong-minded passionate men always think in the Saxon form, and never in Italian, Latin or French. Tacitus' Latin is Saxon in style, and so is Demosthenes' Greek and Bonaparte's French. There is a directness, simplicity and conciseness in strong and vehement thought common to all nations. This very asperity in Alfieri pleases us. His words are blows, and they have that which is far better than euphony, *power*. Like Byron Alfieri read the Bible a great deal. The lofty poetry of the prophet, and the stern magnificent style of the Hebrew harmonized with his feelings. Its earnestness and independence, nay, almost haughtiness, corresponded with his own nature. He thought stronger and felt

deeper than the rest of his countrymen, and hence necessarily spoke in a different language. It is always so; and the man who thus speaks and thinks is first condemned as an innovator and then exalted as the founder of a new school. The autobiography which formed the basis of this article is translated with great force, and deserves a much higher place in our literature than it has received.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

English historians have been laboring for a long time under what theologians call "moral inability," in their attempts to give a correct history of Oliver Cromwell. There are four things no English writer could treat of with the least justice or truth till Carlyle appeared. These are, the American Revolution—the English and Irish connection—Bonaparte and his career, and Cromwell and the rebellion he represents. He who relies on English history, or takes his impressions from English literature on these points, will believe a fable and run wide of the truth in the conclusions he adopts.

Cromwell, perhaps, has suffered more than all from the hands of his English historians. Having condemned to death a king, overthrown the Established Church, and put plebeians in all the high places in the kingdom, and himself sat quietly down on the throne of the British Empire,—he has stood for ages, a sort of monster, of such horrid aspect and nature, that, to touch him at all was revolting, and to disturb his bones, except to dig them up for the gallows, a crime. Not

* Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, with Elucidations by Thomas Carlyle. Wiley & Putnam, N. York.

only has the inveterate prejudice against him kept the light of truth from his character, but the deep and unparalleled obloquy that fell on him at the restoration of the Stuarts, prevented the preservation of papers and records so necessary to the formation of a correct judgment. The Great Rebellion has been a sort of indistinguishable chaos, out of which Cromwell arises in huge and clearly-defined proportions, only to be pelted with falsehoods and covered with scorn. Liberty, however, has kept her eye on him; and, amid the struggles for freedom which men have since passed through, her finger has pointed back to him in triumph.

Amid so many errors, so much prejudice and falsehood, these "Letters and Speeches" are the very best things that could be given to the world. Eulogies and defences would both be disbelieved, for English history constantly gives the lie to them—but here is authentic history against doubtful history—Oliver Cromwell, himself, rising up after this long silence, and appealing to every true man against his slanderers, and opening his innermost heart to the world. It is curious to observe the difference English writers make between the Great Rebellion, and the Revolution of 1688. Charles I. was executed for attempting to destroy the constitution of England—James II. driven from the throne for his invasion of English liberty—the father is tried and beheaded, and the son sent a returnless exile from his kingdom. James is charged with no crime of which Charles is not guilty—the Long Parliament exercised no prerogative the Convention of 1688 did not wield,

and yet the Rebellion is stigmatized as infamous and murderous; the Long Parliament accused of transgressing its power, and Cromwell called a usurper; while the Revolution of 1688 is termed the Glorious Revolution, and William and Mary are hailed monarchs by the grace of God. Now what lies at the bottom of this difference of views and feelings? Here is the father decapitated, and the son exiled—the former more criminal than the latter; and yet heaven and earth are not wider apart than English historians have put the revolutions that overthrew them. The cause of all this difference is simply this; the father was superseded by a commoner, and a thorough reformation made in the nobility and the Church; while the son was pushed out by royal blood. The Hanoverian line took the place of the Stuart line, so that the established order of things was respected and British blood had no stain put upon it. William could show kingly drops in his veins—Cromwell those only of a sturdy English farmer. This simple matter of blood makes William a benefactor and rightful sovereign, and Cromwell a curse and a usurper; though to us republicans, this side the water, the grounds of this distinction do not seem very rational or just.

But justice is at last come to Cromwell in this collection of his letters and speeches. This book will be a bitter pill for royalists and dainty nobility to swallow. While the commission appointed by Parliament are disputing whether they shall put Cromwell among the list of her great men, this work will place

him beyond the reach of their votes, and be a nobler and more enduring monument than all the parliaments of the world could rear.

But before we speak of the *subject* of the book, we have one word to say of the *manner* in which Mr. Carlyle has treated it. All the worst faults of his style are found here, joined to a self-conceit that would not be tolerated in any other man. His familiarity with the German Literature has very naturally affected his mode of expression. The German language is our own best Saxon inverted, and as one becomes acquainted with the deep and massive flow of its sentences, he unconsciously adapts his thoughts to their movement. Thus we imagine Carlyle's peculiarity of style originated; and what those, who disliked him termed affectation, was at first only the natural result of Germanizing a strong English mind. He has, however, nursed his oddities till they have grown into deformities, and in this work have reached, we trust, their full maturity. The quaintness of style we find in old Burton, Bunyan, and many of the Puritan fathers, was natural to them—growing out of their great simplicity and honesty of heart, and hence we love it —but in Mr. Carlyle it has become extravagance, *premeditated* oddity, and hence is affectation. Who can tolerate, for instance, such English as the following, which we find in the introductory chapter. Speaking of the confusion and chaos into which the historical events of Cromwell's time have been thrown, he says, "Behold here the final evanescence of formed human

things; they had form, but they are changing into sheer formlessness; ancient human speech itself has sunk into unintelligible maundering. This is the collapse—the etiolation of human features into mouldy, blank dissolution; progress towards utter silence and disappearance; disastrous, ever-deepening dusk of gods and men! Why has the living ventured thither, down from the cheerful light, across the Lethe-swamps and Tartarean Phlegethons, onward to those baleful halls of Dis and the three-headed dog? Some destiny drives him." If the history of those times was written in such jargon as this, no wonder it "has sunk into unintelligible maundering." A thought has tumbled out with this cartload of words, no doubt, and well worth digging after; but Carlyle has no right to put his readers to that trouble, when a straight-forward, good English sentence could so easily have expressed it.

There are also expressions scattered along, that have no place in English literature, and should be denounced at once, lest the support of a great name give them permanence there. Mr. Carlyle tells us of a man who was "no great shakes in rhyme," speaks of "Torpedo Dilettantism," and endeavors to make "Flunkey" and "Flunkeyism" classical words, and says that the Royalists shed tears enough at the death of Charles I. "to salt the whole herring fishery." He is constantly punning while treating of the gravest subjects—utters *bon mots* as he goes along, and plays upon words as if his mind was divided between the thought and the oddity he would couple with it,

But the greatest objection of manner in this work is the interjections and ejaculations with which he peppers all of Cromwell's speeches. In these grave and solemn addresses of the Protector to his parliaments, when England's welfare hung by a thread, Carlyle acts the part of a clown in the circus, keeping up a running commentary in a sort of half soliloquy, to his master's harangue—laughable at times, it must be confessed, but turning both into ridicule. The most serious words Cromwell ever uttered are interlarded with such phrases as, "Yes, your Highness," "Truly," "His Highness gets more emphatic," "The same tailor metaphor again," "Looks over his shoulder in the jungle and bethinks him," "I did think my first Protectorate a successful kind of a thing," "Somewhat animated, your Highness," "Poor Oliver!" "Style getting hasty hot," "Better not, your Highness," "Threatening to blaze up again," "Ends in a kind of a snort." Sometimes he throws in simply "ah?" "certainly," "truly," "ha?" "Yes, you said so, your Highness." Sometimes he condemns Cromwell's English in such parentheses as the following; ("Sentence involving an incurable Irish bull; the head of it eating the tail of it,") ("Damnable iteration,") &c. Anon he caresses patronizingly the massive head of Oliver, as if he were a great English mastiff, saying, "Yes, my brave one," "Try it again, your Highness," "Keep hold of them, your Highness," "Very well, your Highness," "No, we are not exactly their darlings," "Wait till the axles get warm a little."

These last sound to us very much like "Go it, your Highness!" "Stick to 'em, your Highness!" &c., and is more becoming the pit of a fourth-rate comic theatre than grave history. It is supremely disgusting, not only from the raillery it incorporates with such earnest, sincere language, but from the infinite self-conceit it exhibits by its gross familiarities. Who but Mr. Carlyle would presume to interrupt a man with such impertinent ejaculations; now gently twitching "His Highness" by the coat tail, and now patting him on the head, as much as to say, "Ah! my good fellow, exactly; we think alike." Conceive of these phrases thrown into speeches addressed to the Parliament of England, when England was rocking to and fro like a vessel in a storm, and you get some idea of the unblushing effrontery of their appearance. Mr. Carlyle, perhaps, is not aware of the relative position he establishes between himself and Cromwell by this process. It sounds to the reader very much as if he were constantly saying, "Yes, yes; I understand Oliver perfectly; he is a brave fellow—a little prolix, it is true, and sometimes muddy, but I like him, nevertheless, and am determined to help him through—he and I against the world." What we have said does not arise from prejudice, for Carlyle has no greater admirer than ourself. We have been enriched by the treasures of his exhaustless mind—excited and instructed by his burning thoughts, and borne away on those suggestions that leap from his brain, like sudden inspirations, and have reverently stood and listened as

he spoke. Still, his greatness does not convert his faults into virtues, or render them less worthy of condemnation. We do not object to interpolations which serve as notes of illustration, and clear up the sense of the text, but to those common vulgar expressions which are intended merely as wit.

Mr. Carlyle is alike above our praise or blame; he has passed through the trial state, and now occupies a place in English literature where the stroke of even the English critic cannot harm him. But the higher his position, and the wider his influence, the more carefully should his errors be pointed out and shunned; for, while few can imitate his great qualities, all men can appropriate his bad ones.

We have one other objection to Mr. Carlyle's part of this work, which we have, also to all his historical writings—he does not clearly give us the *philosophy* of history. His French Revolution conveys no definite idea of the connected course of the events he hurries us through. Huge summits rise out of the chaos, blazing with light, or equally visible from their blackness; scenes start into life before us, vivid as a passing reality, and great pictures come and go in fearful procession on the vision—while the wizard, who is working all these wonders in our presence, is talking in the meantime in strains of sublime eloquence, till the soul stands amazed at the thoughts that waken up equally strange thoughts within. Still, when it is all passed, the mind struggles in vain after the thread which connects them together. The *principle* that

lay at the bottom of the movement is developed clearly enough; but the causes which set that principle working, and *kept* it working so fearfully, are invisible or dimly seen. So in this work—no one, by reading it, would get a definite idea of the English Revolution Perhaps Mr. Carlyle, as he designs to write a history of that event, purposely omitted to give us a synopsis of it. But Oliver Cromwell is nothing without it. True, much of his life was taken up as an officer in the army; but the scattered threads of that Rebellion were finally gathered into his mighty hand, and he afterwards stood as the representative, or rather the embodiment of it. But not only does he omit to give us a synopsis of the Revolution itself, but states a palpable error. He more than once affirms that religion lay entirely at the bottom of it. Cromwell, doubtless, had very little idea of constitutional liberty, and religious feeling was the groundwork of all his actions; and Mr. Carlyle, being so deeply engrossed with his character, seems for the time to forget the events that preceded his appearance on the stage.

The English Revolution was the natural product of the growth of civilization; and aimed, like the French Revolution, against three distinct things—absolute monarchy, a privileged aristocracy, and a haughty and grasping clergy. The little liberty which the fifteenth century shed on man had well-nigh gone out in the beginning of the seventeenth. On the continent royalty had gradually subdued the proud nobility till it reigned supreme. In England, the feudal aristocracy

had not been conquered, but had gone to sleep before the throne. Royalty no longer set checks on its encroachments, and *it* no longer interfered with royalty in its aggressions on the liberties of the people. The clergy, too, blind and selfish, sought to retard rather than advance the human mind in its career. But the light of the Reformation could not be put out. The impulse given to free inquiry could not be checked; men dared to think and believe without the Church: and we see, even in the time of Elizabeth, the germs of the Rebellion. She, by the crown lands she had sold to country gentlemen, to avoid asking for subsidies, had gradually passed large wealth into the hands of those who were to be the future members of the House of Commons; so that, when Charles I. assembled Parliament in 1628, the Commons were twice as rich as the House of Lords. Commerce had also increased, and wealth was every day accumulating in the hands of the common people. This must be secured, and checks applied to preserve it from the grasping hand of tyranny.

The Parliament had no sooner assembled than it began to search every department of government. Past and future subsidies came under its cognizance; the state of religion, the repression of popery, and the protection of commerce. There was a host of complaints preferred, termed grievances, which the Parliament determined should be redressed. These being boldly presented to the king, he considered it an encroachment on his sovereignty—an incipient step to-

wards forcing him to submit to all their demands. As he, however, wanted subsidies to carry on the war in Spain, he swallowed his vexation, and asked for money.

A small subsidy was voted him, together with the custom duties for one year. The Lords refused to sanction this, as it had been the custom heretofore to vote these duties to a king during his reign. But the Commons, before they would grant more, demanded a redress of grievances. The king, indignant at this attempt, as he termed it, to compel him to act, thus encroaching on his sovereignty, dissolved the Parliament, determined to govern without it. Succeeding but poorly, however, in his efforts to raise money by loans, he in February again assembled it. The first Parliament asked for redress of grievances; the second immediately impeached the Duke of Buckingham, the king's favorite, as the *author* of their grievances. During the futile efforts to bring him to trial, Charles had two of the commissioners, appointed by the House to support the impeachment, arrested and locked up in the Tower for insolence of speech. The Commons indignant at this encroachment upon their privileges, refused to do anything until they were set at liberty, and the king yielded. Defeated and baffled on every side, he summarily dissolved this Parliament also. Determined to be an absolute sovereign, like the monarchs of Europe, he could not see the spirit that was abroad, and hence rushed blindly on his own ruin. A general loan was ordered; the seaports and

maritime districts commanded to furnish vessels (the first attempt at ship-money); passive obedience was preached up by direction of the king; those who refused to grant the money were thrown into prison; the military were distributed over the kingdom; the courts of justice were overawed, and Charles I. seemed resolved to carry his doctrine of tyranny by one grand *coup de main.* But he only awakened indignation and hostility, and nursed the fire he expected to quench. In the meantime, defeat had attended the armies abroad, and money must be raised; and another Parliament was called (March 7, 1628), and a tone of great conciliation adopted. But the friendly aspect with which it opened soon changed; the Commons, intent on having their liberties secured, and the rights of Englishmen defined, drew up the famous "Petition of Rights." This was simply a bill to guarantee acknowledged liberties, and check acknowledged abuses; but Charles thought his word was better than all guaranties, and refused, at first, to have anything to do with it. After a stormy time in the House, the bill passed, and the king was compelled to sign it. But reform on paper began to be followed by demands for reform in practice; and two remonstrances were drawn up, one against the Duke of Buckingham, and the other against having tonnage and poundage levied, except, like other taxes, by law. The king saw there was no end to this cry about grievances, and losing all patience—in June, three months from the time of its assembling—prorogued Parliament.

The second session of Parliament commenced in January of the next year. Grievances again appeared on the tapis, till the king could not endure the word. Reforms, both in religious and civil matters, were loudly demanded; and, at length, the tonnage and poundage duties came up again. A second remonstrance was about to be carried, when the Speaker informed the House that the king had ordered him not to put the motion, and rose to retire. "*God's wounds*," said the fierce Hollis, "*you shall sit till it please the House to rise.*" The king, hearing of the outbreak, sent the sergeant-at-arms to remove the mace, and thus arrest all business. But he, too, was kept firmly seated, and the doors of the House locked.

A second messenger came to dissolve the Parliament, but could not gain admission. Boiling with rage, at being thus defied on his very throne, he called the captain of his guards and ordered him to force the doors. But the vote had been carried, and the House of Commons declared to the world that the levying of tonnage and poundage "duties was illegal, and those guilty of high treason who should levy or even pay them." The Parliament was, of course, dissolved. It was a stormy session, and here Cromwell first appears on the stage, making a fierce speech against a priest, whom he terms no better than a Papist.

Charles—now fully resolved to govern alone—commenced his arbitrary career by imprisoning some of the most daring leaders of the last Parliament. Then commenced a long succession of illegal acts to raise

money—long-abolished imposts were re-established—illegal fines levied, and rights invaded. The courts were overawed, magistrates removed, and tyranny, unblushing and open, everywhere practised. The Church, too, came in for its share of power. It became concentrated in the hands of the bishops—the observance of the liturgy and cathedral rites were enforced, and Nonconformists turned out of their livings, and, forbidden to preach, were sent wandering over the country. Persecution commenced—a system of espionage was carried on, and a petty tyranny practised by that incarnation of all meanness and villany, Laud. The Puritans began to leave in crowds for other more tolerant countries. The people were enraged—even the country nobility and wealthy gentlemen took fire at these accumulated wrongs, and all was ripe for an explosion. Men were put in the stocks for circulating pamphlets that denounced the injustice of the times, and their ears cropped off in presence of the people. But the elements were only more deeply stirred by every act of tyranny, and at length they seemed to reach their full height when John Hampden, who had refused to pay the ship-money tax, and demanded a trial, was condemned.

In the meantime, the attempt to force the English liturgy down the throats of the sturdy Scotch Calvinists had raised a whirlwind in Scotland, and the self-conceited Laud found he had thrust his hand into a hornet's nest. Edinburgh was in a blaze, and the excited crowds from every part came thronging through

the streets—Highlander and Lowlander, noble and commoner, struck hands together, and old Scotland stood up in her might, with her solemn "Covenant" in her hand, and swore to defend it to the last. The fiery cross went flashing along the glens, through the valleys, and over the mountains, and, in six weeks, Scotland was ready to do battle for her rights. Poor Charles was frightened at the spirit he had raised, and strove to lay it; but, failing in this, he marched his armies against the Covenanters. Imbecile, like all Stuarts, the invasion ended in smoke, and the baffled king called another Parliament in order to raise some money. It met, April 13, 1640.

Charles had got along eleven years without a Parliament, but now was fairly driven to the wall. But during eleven years of dissolution, the Commons had not forgotten grievances, and when the king asked for supplies, he received in reply, "grievances." Nothing could be done with a Parliament that talked only of grievances, and in three weeks it was dissolved. This was in May; in October, Parliament again met—the famous Long Parliament. Exasperated at its dissolution—enraged at the falsehoods and tyranny of the king—perceiving, at last, that he, with his favorite, the Earl of Strafford, was bent on breaking down the Constitution of England—it met, with the stern purpose of taking the management of affairs in its own hands. The king saw, at a glance, that he had got to retreat or close in a mortal struggle with his Parliament. The respect they showed him at the opening speech,

was cold, and even haughty. The proud determination that sat on their countenances awed even the monarch, and the fierce indignation that broke forth after his departure told his friends that a crisis had come. Every member had some petition from his constituents to offer, and the eleven years of arbitrary rule that Charles had tried, and now was compelled to abandon, received a terrible review. Monopolies, ship-money, illegal arrests, the despotism of the bishops, and the action of arbitrary courts, came up in rapid succession, each adding to the torrent of indignation that was about to roll on the throne. One of the first acts of this Parliament was to declare every member who had taken part in any monopoly unfit to sit with them, and four were immediately excluded. This decision fell like a thunderbolt on the king and his party, and revived the hopes of the people. The Presbyterian preachers resumed their livings—suppressed pamphlets were again sent abroad on the wings of the wind—Church despotism dare not wag its head, and yet no legal steps had been taken to produce this change. The people felt that Parliament was on their side, and took confidence in resisting oppression. Strafford was impeached and sent to the Tower, and the next blow fell on the heartless Archbishop Laud. Things began to look significant —the head of civil oppression and the leader of religious despotism were struck within a short time of each other, and the character of the coming Revolution clearly pronounced. The next step was still more

significant. A bill was carried, making it necessary that a Parliament should assemble at least once in three years, and should not be dissolved till fifty days after its meeting. The king, though filled with rage, was compelled to sanction it. No sooner was this done, than the Star Chamber, ecclesiastical court of high commission, and all the extraordinary tribunals which the king had erected, were abolished. Last of all, Parliament declared it had power alone to terminate its sittings. Thus tumbled down stone after stone of England's huge feudal structure, and such men as Hampden, Pym, and Hollis, began to look toward the abolishment of kingly power altogether. Religious matters also came up, and petitions were poured in demanding the entire abolition of episcopacy.

The people had begun to think; and the quarrel which had commenced with Charles and his Parliament had been taken up by the people, and the struggle was between liberty and oppression in every department.

In the mean time, Strafford's head rolled on the scaffold. This was in 1641. In August, the king visited Scotland, and devoutly attended Presbyterian churches—heard the long prayers and longer sermons of Presbyterian preachers with becoming gravity, and Parliament adjourned. In the fall, however, it assembled again, and a general remonstrance was drawn up, setting forth the grievances of the kingdom, and defining all the privileges that freedom demanded. Amid a storm of excitement it passed. Cromwell backed it

with his stern and decided action. The king returned, and was again in collision with his Parliament. In the mean time, popular outbreaks commenced in London—the house of bishops was in danger of being mobbed, and Charles found himself on a wilder sea than he had ever dreamed of. The Parliament now began to reach out its hand after the control of the army, and there seemed no limit to the reforms proposed.

The next year, 1642, five members of the House were suddenly accused of high treason for the prominent part they had taken in the affairs of the kingdom. The king sent his sergeant-at-arms to take them in custody; but the House would not give them up, and declared that consideration was required before such a breach of privilege could be allowed. The next day the king came with an armed force to arrest them. At the news, swords flashed in the Hall of Parliament, and brows knit in stern defiance. But better counsel prevailed, and the five members were hurried away, before Charles with his armed guard approached. The birds had flown, but the king made a speech, declaring that he expected the accused, as soon as they returned would be sent to him, and departed. As he strode through the door, "Privilege! privilege!" smote his ear. The next day the citizens rushed to arms, and all was in commotion; and, as the king passed through the crowd, it was silent and cold, and a pamphlet was thrown into his carriage, headed, "*To your tents, O Israel!*"

Here is the beginning of the war The Parliament found that it must surround itself with armed force for self-protection. And armed force begat armed force, till civil war broke out in all its fury. Hitherto Charles had professed great affection and respect for the Parliament—made endless promises, and broke them, "on the word of a king." His duplicity was no longer of avail. The mask was off—hostilities had commenced; and though peace could be, and was, talked about, Parliament would never let power again rest in the hands of a monarch who seemed to have no moral sense respecting truth and falsehood. The word of a London pickpocket could be relied on as soon as his. Besides, the leaders of Parliament now lived with a halter about their necks; and, let Charles once gain the power he formerly wielded, he would make summary work with them.

With the departure of the king and the commencement of the civil war, Parliament proceeded to assume more and more power; and though negotiations were still kept up, reformation had yielded to revolution, and the elements were unbound. The battle of Edgehill opened the tragedy, which, in its bloody performance, was to see the throne of England go down, and the head of its king roll on the scaffold. Cromwell now presents himself on the stage to some purpose, and there is little danger of his being lost sight of again. The years of 1642 and 1643 were eventful ones, for the sword of civil war was drinking blood on every side. At the end of 1643, the reformation was

complete; Parliament had done all it wished; but things had gone too far to stop. The army had gradually acquired power, as it always does in war, and its leader was carried on towards the control of the kingdom. In 1648, Charles I. was executed, and kingship in England for the time ended.

The progress of things during the civil wars we design to take up again with Cromwell. But in this condensed synopsis the career and separate steps of the Revolution may be traced out. First, Parliament wished to place some restrictions on arbitrary power —nothing more. The resistance and madness of Charles aroused indignation, and boldness and discussion. The natural result was, clearer views of their own rights, and of the injustice of the king's arbitrary conduct. The king, instead of yielding with grace, multiplied his tyrannical acts, and incensed still more the Commons of England. Not satisfied with pleasing the imbecile and drivelling Laud, he undertook to fetter the consciences of the people, and force episcopacy down their throats. As if bent on his own ruin, he transferred, or rather extended, the quarrel from Parliament to every town in the land, and thus made the excitement and opposition universal. Slight reforms were sought in the first place; but the principles of justice, on which the demand for them was based, soon brought grievances to light whose removal would infringe on the sovereignty of the king. The king resisted, but the Commons stood firm; and, as soon as the people found they had a

strong ally, they brought in their grievances on religious matters. Broken promises, falsehoods, secret and open tyranny, practiced everywhere by the king or bishops, rendered the breach between the monarch and his subjects wider—until at last royal bayonets gleamed around the Parliament. Assailed by physical force, Parliament sought to protect itself by force also, and civil war took the place of discussion and remonstrance, and revolution succeeded reformation. There was nothing unnatural in this. The same result will follow in every despotism of Europe, so soon as there can be a representation of the people bold enough to ask justice.

For taking part in such a movement of the English people—fighting bravely for the English constitution and religious liberty, and finally bringing the Revolution to the only peaceful termination it could have had, Oliver Cromwell has been termed a regicide, a monster, and a tyrant. This work of Mr. Carlyle's puts the mark of falsehood on these accusations, and presents the man before us in his simple majesty and noble integrity. The speeches and letters of a man—both public and private—must reveal his character; and, if there be any hypocrisy in him, it will appear. But here we have a hundred and sixty-seven letters, written in various periods of his life, to persons of every description—even to his wife and children and relatives—and yet no inconsistency in his character is seen. Those who term him a hypocrite, would do well to explain this fact. Before the idea of power

had ever dawned on his mind, or he had ever dreamed a letter of his would be seen, except by his family, he utters the same religious sentiments, indulges in the same phrases which, repeated in public, bring down on him the charge of cant, hypocrisy, and design. These letters and speeches show him consistent throughout; and Mr. Carlyle has for ever removed the obloquy that covered him, and given him that place in history which should have been granted long ago. The triumph is the more complete, from its being effected not by eulogies, but by the man's self, lifted up in his simplicity and grandeur before the world. No one can read this work without obtaining a clear and definite view of Cromwell he never can forget. Perhaps some of the very faults we have mentioned in it have rendered the picture more complete. Mr. Carlyle has given us Cromwell as he was, and as he will be received by future generations. We see him in every step of his progress; there are the same massive features, and grave countenance, and serious air, with here and there indications of a volcano within. Whether wandering by the banks of the Ouse—gloomy and despondding, as he attempts to look into that mysterious eternity to which he is hastening—or riding all fierce and terrible amid his *Ironsides* through the smoke of battle—or with hat on his head standing on the floor of Parliament, and hurling defiance on all around—or praying in the midst of the midnight storm as life is receding—we still stand in his presence, live, move, speak with him. There is no English writer that

equals Carlyle in this pictorial power—revealing rather than describing things, and bidding us look on them, rather than conceive them.

Born in 1599, Cromwell was thirty-six years old when the first Parliament was convoked by Charles I. Unlike most distinguished characters, he entered on public life late, and was forty years of age before he took any part in the scenes in which he was afterwards to be the chief actor. His history is a forcible illustration of the effect of circumstances on a man's fortune. Had England remained quiet, Cromwell would have spent his energies in draining the fens on his farm, and improving his estate, and died a good, straightforward English gentleman. But the field which the Revolution opened to him soon scattered his plans for the improvement of his lands to the wind, and the too thoughtful, too contemplative religionist, entered on a life of action that left his disordered fancy little time to people his brain with gloomy forms.

Of Cromwell's early life very little is known; but Mr. Carlyle has doubtless given all that ever will be discovered, and traced his genealogy to the right source. Cromwell appears in the third Parliament of Charles, 1628–9, in which the famous Petition of Rights, before spoken of, was carried. He seems to have taken very little part in the stormy proceedings of the several parliaments, and during the first two years of the Long Parliament nothing is heard of him. He went home to his farm a few weeks at the adjourn-

ment of Parliament, during the king's visit to Scotland; but is found in his place again when it assembled. He witnessed the stormy debate on the "Grand Petition and Remonstrance," when the excitement waxed so high that members came near drawing their swords on each other; and gazed—one may guess with what feelings—on King Charles, as he came with his armed force to seize the five members accused of high treason. The lessons he learned in these agitated scenes, like those which Bonaparte received from the tragedies of the French Revolution, were not forgotten by him in his after career.

When the king and Parliament finally came into open collision, and both were struggling to raise an army, Cromwell's course for the first time becomes clearly pronounced. His arm is better than his tongue; and, as Parliament has passed from words into action, he immediately takes a prominent position, which he ever after maintains. Charles is still regarded as King of England, and the Parliament has sent to him to know if he will grant them "power of militia," and accept the list of Lord Lieutenants which they have furnished. "No, by God," he answers, "not for an hour;" and so militia must be raised in some other way than through royal permission.

This was in March, 1642; the next July we find Cromwell moving that the town of Cambridge be allowed to raise two companies of volunteers, and appoint captains over them, giving, himself, a hundred pounds towards the object.

Here is high treason at the outset; and, if the king shall conquer, loss of life and property will follow. But he has taken his course, and not all the kings in the world can turn him aside. The next month he has seized the magazine in the castle of Cambridge, and prevented the plate of the University from being carried off by the king's adherents.

The same volunteer system was carried out in every shire of England favorable to the course of Parliament. An army was organized, and the Earl of Essex was placed at its head. In the list of troops made out, with their officers, Cromwell's name is found as captain of *troop sixty-seven.* His son was cornet in a troop of horse under Earl Bedford. The battle of Edgehill was fought—the first appeal to arms—and Cromwell's sword was there first drawn for his country. The victory was doubtful, and both parties claimed it. The country was now fairly aroused, and associations were formed during the winter, in various counties, for mutual defence. Cromwell is found at the head of the "Eastern Association," the only one that survived and flourished, and is riding hither and thither to collect troops and enforce order, and repel invasion. The hidden energy of the man begins to develop itself, and his amazing practical power to be felt. At the battle of Edgehill, he saw the terror the royal cavalry carried through the parliamentry horse, and he spoke to Hampden about it after the conflict was over, saying, "How can it be otherwise, when your horse are for the most part superannuated domes-

tics, tapsters, and people of that sort, and theirs are the sons of gentlemen, men of quality. Do you think such vagabonds have soul enough to stand against men of resolution and honor?"

"You are right," replied Hampden; "but what can be done?"

"I can do something," said Cromwell; "and *I will.* I will raise men who have the fear of God before their eyes, and who will bring some conscience to what they do, and I promise you they shall not be beaten."

It was in this winter's efforts that the nucleus of that famous body of horse, to which he gave the name of Ironsides, was formed. He selected for it religious men, who fought for conscience' sake, and not for pay or plunder; and while he enforced the most rigid discipline, he inflamed them with the highest religious enthusiasm. Fighting under the especial protection of heaven, aud for God and religion, they would "rush to battle as to a banquet, and embrace death with rapture." Here were Napoleon's famous cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, under whose terrible charge the best infantry of the world went down. Borne up, however, by a higher sentiment than glory, they carried in their charge greater power, and *this body of a thousand horse was never beaten.* When, with the fearful war-cry "RELIGION!" Cromwell hurled them on the foe, the tide of battle was always turned.

Nothing shows the practical sagacity of Cromwell more than his introduction of the religious sentiment into the army. Bonaparte could not do this, and so

he did the next best thing—instilled the love of glory. The former made religion popular in the army and in the kingdom, and his bulletins to Parliament were more like the letters of a clergyman to his presbytery than the reports of a general to his government. Scripture phrases came into common use, and custom soon made proper and natural what now seems to us the mere cant of hypocrisy. It is not to be supposed that the solemn look, and nasal tone, and Bible language of the Puritans indicated, as a general thing, any piety. These things became the fashion—made common, it is true, by a strong religious sentiment, and fashion could make the people of New York talk in the same strain. Cromwell had deep religious feelings, and felt himself an instrument in the hands of God for the accomplishment of a great work. It is a little singular that all those great men who have effected sudden and unexpected changes in human affairs, have always regarded themselves as under the influence of a special destiny. If a heathen, he has been the favorite of the Gods; if a Christian, like Cromwell, the mere agent of Supreme Power; if an unbeliever, like Napoleon, under the influence of some star.

These Ironsides were religious men, who could hold prayer meetings in their tents, and sing psalms through their noses; and he who would walk over the tented field at evening, and witness their praying circles, and listen to their nasal chantings, might think himself in a conventicle of monks, and curl his lip at the

thought of their being warriors. But whoever saw them with their helmets on, and with their sabres shaking above their heads, and their flashing eyes bent in wrath on the enemy, sweeping like a thunder cloud to battle, would ever after tread softly by their prayer-meetings, and listen to their psalm-singing like one who hears music around the lip of a volcano.

From this time, the Revolution became essentially a religious one, and the Parliament and the army were both Presbyterian. The character of the latter did not change but once to the end, and that was when the Independents overcame the Presbyterians, and finally obtained the supreme control. The causes leading to both of these results were perfectly natural. After political reforms, religious questions came up; and the king and the Established Church banding together, it was natural they should go down together, and a different political and religious government be adopted. Hence, the former became a parliamentary government, and the latter a Presbyterian church. The religious character of this new church organization became still more clearly pronounced by the league which Parliament made with Scotland. Its help was sought in the effort to overthrow the king; but Scotland would not grant it, unless Parliament would subscribe to the Scotch Covenant. This was done, and Cromwell's voice was heard swearing to the Covenant. But in revolution every irregularity develops itself, the restraints are taken off from the mind; its old barriers are removed, and it is launched forth upon an un-

known sea. When each one is allowed to think for himself, men are sure not think alike; and there sprung up in England what is constantly seen here—numberless sects—each strenuous for its peculiar tenets. There were the Independents, who rejected the Scotch Covenant—demanded more freedom of belief—repudiated the Established Church organizations, and asked for the same republicanism in the Church that had been introduced in the State: the Brownists, and Anabaptists, and Levelers (your thorough Jacobins and modern Radicals): Fifth Monarchy Men (modern Millerites), and many still unsettled in their belief. All these, the natural growth of a Revolution that had become religious in its character, gradually concentrated their strength against the Presbyterians; and Cromwell himself taking sides with the Independents, the army was ranged on their side; and in time the army, as it always must in a revolution, ruled everything.

From 1642, when the first battle of Edgehill was fought, to 1653, when Cromwell annihilated with his musketeers the fag end (the rump) of the Long Parliament, were eleven years of trouble and uncertainty. But, whether fighting with the Scots against the king, or beleaguring Edinburgh with his little army; whether quelling insurrection in different parts of the kingdom, or bending his vast energies against his monarch in a pitched battle, Cromwell rises before us as the same determined, self-collected, and resolute man. Whether bowed in fasting and prayer before God, or

trampling down the ranks of the enemy under the hoofs of his cavalry—whether lost in a strange enthusiasm over a psalm of David, or standing alone, the rock around which the waves of the Revolution finally calmed themselves to rest, or sunk in fruitless rage—he exhibits the same lofty purpose and steadfast heart. Dismayed by no obstacle, disheartened by no reverses, he leans in solemn faith on the arm of the God of battles and of truth. Without the feverish anxiety which belongs to ambition, or the dread of defeat which accompanies love of glory, he is impelled onward by a feeling of duty, and loses himself in the noble cause for which he is struggling. Acting under the eye of Heaven, with his thoughts fixed on that dread judgment where he must render up a faithful record of his deeds, he vacillates only when he doubts what is right, and fears only when a pure God rises before him.

Nothing but lofty motives could have drawn him, at his age, into the career he followed. The fervor and enthusiasm of youth had fled, and he had reached a period of life when the call of ambition begins to sound faint and doubtful. A sober and religious farmer, he girded on the sword when *forty-three* years of age, and, taking his oldest son, who bore his name, entered the field where anything but glory seemed to be the promised reward. That beloved son he saw fall before the blow of the foeman; and, though he had a wife and family to bind him to life, he seemed to be unconscious he had a life to lose. By his bold and decided action, his rapid movements, his rigid discipline,

and boiling courage, he triumphed over the most overwhelming obstacles, performed prodigies of valor, and filled the world with the renown of his deeds—and yet he refused all praise to himself, referring everything to the goodness of God. Still there was no blind credulity in this reliance on Heaven, no sluggish dependence; for he strained every nerve, and employed every means, as if all rested on himself. That he carried his ideas of special Providence too far, few of the present day will doubt. He thought the glorious era, when the Israelites marched behind the pillar of fire and of cloud, and were guided in every step by the direct interposition of Heaven, might be restored. No one who has studied Cromwell's character deeply, can doubt that he contemplated establishing a kind of Theocracy, in which the nation should be a pure church, and God its head. His mind had got into this channel, and hence he was prevented from having those broad and expansive views of constitutional liberty which one is led to expect of him. That so thorough a political man should have nourished so visionary a theory seems strange enough; but the truth is, notwithstanding his stern, rugged, and unpoetic nature, Cromwell had a touch of superstition about him, which his matter-of-fact character and practical life could not remove. This did not turn him into a fanatic, or drive him into monkish habits or gloom, nor even fetter the free action of his mental powers; it only gave them a religious direction. He did not possess what is commonly termed genius, though he had

something very nearly akin to it. He never startled men by those sudden inspirations that sometimes flash forth from the soul of genius like foreshadowings of future events, yet he saw farther than the other great men of his time, and alone was capable of conducting the Revolution to the goal it reached. As a military man, he showed no depth of combination, adopted no new tactics of his own, and introduced no improvements in military science. Yet he beat the best generals of the kingdom, fought successfully against the most overwhelming numbers, and gained every battle he fought. It is idle to speak of such a man as a mere creature of circumstances. Facts are better than theories—and the power Cromwell obtained, the success that attended every effort, and the steady hand with which he held all the raging elements of the Revolution in check, show him to have possessed a character of amazing strength, even though it exhibited no single extraordinary quality. Sudden and great success may attend a weak mind in certain favorable circumstances; but, in a long, protracted and complicated struggle, the strong man alone wins. The plebeian who, in England under any circumstances, can bring successively to his feet, king, Parliament, and people—quietly and firmly seat himself down on the throne of the British empire—wield its vast destinies, control its amazing energies, and, after years of experience, die in peace and power, leaving a flourishing Commonwealth to his successor—must possess a grasp of thought and power seldom found in a single soul.

There is no difficulty in analyzing the career of Cromwell. His life, divided into two parts, military and civil, is exhibited clear as noonday in these letters. He commenced his military career as captain of a troop, and gradually fought his way up to commander-in-chief of the army. With a tenacity of will that nothing could shake, and courage that nothing could resist; simple and austere in his manners, given to no excesses, and claiming no share of the plunder; he soon gained such influence over the soldiers that they would follow him into any danger. In short, the success which attended all his efforts made him necessary to the army; so that we find, after the self-denying ordinance was passed, by which members of Parliament were forbidden to hold command in the army, Cromwell is retained by special permission month after month, till finally no one thinks of removing him.

The battle of Edgehill was fought in 1642; the next year Cromwell was busy subduing the country, fighting bravely at Gainsborough and Winceby, killing Cavendish at the former place. In 1644, the famous battle of Marston Moor took place. The king's army, of nearly 30,000 men, was utterly routed, and almost entirely by Cromwell and his Ironsides. The Scots fought bravely, and "delivered their fire with such constancy and swiftness, it was as if the whole air had become an element of fire in the summer gloaming there;" but Prince Rupert's cavalry rode down everything in their passage, and the whole right

wing of the Parliamentary army was routed. The royalists continued the pursuit, sabering down the fugitives, till, weary with the work of death, they returned to the victorious battle-field. But to their surprise, on coming up, they found Cromwell in possession of it with his brave Ironsides. Letting the routed army take care of itself, he fell with his cavalry on the enemy, riding straight through their divided ranks, and sweeping the field like a hurricane. His allies, the Scotch cavalry, had all been dispersed, yet he and his Ironsides dashed on Prince Rupert's horse, that had hitherto never been beaten, and rode them down with terrible slaughter.

The joy of the people was immense—the royalist cavalry had been broken for the first time; and Cromwell had done it.

The next year he is appointed commander-in-chief of the cavalry, and prostrates forever the king's cause at the battle of Naseby. A few hours before it began he arrived on the field, and the welcome the army gave him shows with what enthusiasm he was loved by the soldiers. As they saw him ride along their lines, they sent up a universal shout like the cry of "Vive l'Empereur," with which the French troops was wont to greet the appearance of Napoleon. Many a deed of personal prowess had been performed, and many an exhibition of high chivalric courage made, before his presence could send such exultation through the army.

Cromwell commanded the cavalry at the battle, and

new confidence visited every heart as they saw the favored child of victory casting his stern eye over the ranks of his Ironsides. It was on a cold January morning that the battle was fought, and the war-cry of the Puritans, that day, was, "*God is with us!*" It rolled along their lines in one majestic shout as they moved to the attack. The battle was the fiercest that had been fought. Prince Rupert, with his usual success, dashed down on the left wing of the Parliament army, and overthrew it. Cromwell did the same thing on the right, and broke the left wing of the royalists; but Rupert followed after the fugitives, while Cromwell, leaving a small company to prevent those he had routed from rallying, returned to the field to finish the victory. Here, as at Marston Moor, he exhibited the perfect command he had over himself and his followers in the heat of battle. Carried away by no success—beguiled into no pursuit, he stopped at the right point, and with wonderful self-possession and skill rallied his men, and poured them afresh on the dense masses of infantry. The severe discipline to which he subjected his soldiers, placed them at his control in the midst of the wildest confusion. This, doubtless, was one great cause of his success.

This battle finished the king, and he tried to make peace with his Parliament. Cromwell, in the mean time, overrun England, subduing the towns that still adhered to the royal cause. Now scattering the clubmen, and now storming Bristol, he marched from

point to point with a celerity that astonished his enemies, and soon reduced the whole country.

Civil war, then, for awhile ceased; and from 1646 to 1648 political and religious affairs were in inextricable confusion. Between the king and Parliament, and army, and Presbyterians, and Independents, everything got reduced to chaos. In Parliament, the Presbyterians and Independents struggled against each other like the Girondist and Mountain in the French Convention. The army was on the side of the Independents, and hence the Presbyterians undertook to crush Cromwell. The king in the meantime rejoiced in the divisions, hoping by them to benefit himself. But Cromwell, though frequently on the verge of ruin, maintained his position, nay, increased his power. The army, notwithstanding some defections, still clung to him. The confusion, however, into which it had fallen by tampering, now with the king, and now with the Parliament, has furnished us with a curious piece of history, illustrative of those times. The officers, and among them Cromwell, seeing the divided state the army was in, and scarcely knowing which way to turn, concluded to call a prayer meeting and pray over the subject. The prayer-meeting met at Windsor Castle, and the day was passed in fasting and supplication, but without bringing any answer from Heaven. It met again the next day, and ended with the same success. The third morning these stern warriors assembled for the last time to ask the Lord for his guidance. At length, according to Adjutant-General Al-

len, light broke in upon their darkness, and the cause of their troubles was revealed. "Which," says the Adjutant-General, "*we found to be those cursed carnal conferences*; our own conceited wisdom, fears, and want of faith had prompted us the year before to entertain with the king and his party." These honest-hearted men had hit the truth, without doubt. It was "*those cursed carnal conferences*" with the king, and nothing else, that had well-nigh ruined the cause of English liberty. But one would think that they might have stumbled on this plain fact without fasting and praying three days over it—especially Cromwell, we should suppose, might have understood it; for he well-nigh wrecked his vessel on that truthless monarch, whose fate it was to ruin all who attached themselves to his fortune. At all events, the "cursed carnal conferences" were broken up, and hence the three days of fasting and prayer had been well spent.

A short time after, in the beginning of 1648, a second civil war broke out. Royalist Presbyterians and Scotch Presbyterians, becoming alarmed at the disorders and dissensions that increased on every side, leagued together for the purpose of placing Charles, now a prisoner, again on the throne. The insurrection first showed itself in Wales, and thither Cromwell, glad to escape from the quarrels with Parliament, hastened with his army. Succeeding in restoring peace, he hurried to the North to meet the Scotch army that had invaded England, and utterly routed them at Preston. The next year he invaded Ireland, to quell

the insurrection there. Previous to his Irish campaign, however, he sits in judgment on Charles Stuart, and his name stands third in the list of those that signed his death-warrant.

In 1650, he again invaded Scotland, which was still intent on placing the Stuart line on the throne; and, after reducing it to subjection, returned to England, fought the battle of Worcester, and, after having subdued all his enemies, re-entered Parliament. Finding this rump of the Long Parliament to be utterly inadequate to the wants of England, he broke it up, as Bonaparte did the imbecile Directory, and took the governing power into his own hands.

During these years of toil and victory, Cromwell moves before us like some resistless power, crushing everything that would stay its progress. Simple, austere, and decided, he maintains his ascendancy over the army; and with the Psalms of David on his lips, and the sword of war in his hand, sweeps over his victorious battle-fields like some leader of the host of Israel. Like Bonaparte never cast down by reverses, or dismayed by danger, he meets every crisis with the coolness and self-possession of a great mind. We love to contemplate him in those trying circumstances which test so terribly the strongest characters.

Thus, at the battle of Dunbar does he appear in the simplicity and grandeur of his character. There fortune, at last, seemed about to desert him. His little army of twelve thousand men was compelled to retire before the superior forces of the Scotch, and finally

encamped on a small, barren tongue of land projecting out into the Frith of Forth. On this bleak and narrow peninsula, only a mile and a half wide, behold the white tents of Cromwell's army. In front of him, landward, is a desolate, impassable moor, with a low ridge of hills beyond, on which stands the Scotch army twenty-three thousand strong. At the base of these hills runs a small streamlet, furnishing only two passes over which troops can march. Cromwell's ships are in the offing, his now last remaining resource. The lion is at last caught, and the prey is deemed secure.

On the 2d of September, Cromwell looks forth from the desolate heath, on which his army is drawn up in order of battle, and lo! what a sight meets his gaze. Behind him is the sea, swept by a strong wind; and before him, blocking him in from shore to shore, a chosen army, outnumbering his own two to one. The white tents that are sprinkled over this low peninsula, rock to and fro in the storm of sleet and hail, and darkness and gloom hang over the Puritan host. This strip of land is all that Cromwell has left him in Scotland, while a powerful enemy stands ready to sweep him into the sea. But it is in such circumstances as these that his character shines out in its greatest splendor. Though his overthrow seems certain, he evinces no discouragement or fear, for "*he was a strong man in the dark perils of war; in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all others.*" A

letter he writes to the governor of Newcastle, on the eve of this battle, is so characteristic, and withal so sublime, that we give it entire :—

To Sir Arthur Hazelrig, Governor of Newcastle; these:

DEAR SIR: We are upon an engagement very difficult. The enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without a miracle. He lieth so upon the hills, that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination. I perceive your forces are not in a capacity for present relief. *Wherefore, whatever becomes of us*, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all Good People. If your forces had been in readiness to have fallen on the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for good. Our spirits are comfortable, praised be the Lord—though our present condition be as it is. And, indeed, we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience.

Indeed, do you get together what force you can against them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write. *I would not make it public, lest danger should accrue thereby.* You know what use to make thereof. Let me hear from you. I rest your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Nobly said. Indeed, it will be a miracle if he escapes; yet, calm and self-sustained, he waits the issue. "Whatever becomes of him," he is still anxious for the cause for which he is struggling. Forgetting himself, in the nobleness of his great heart, he says: "Let me fall in silence—let not the news of

my danger bring discouragement on our friends—God's will be done."

At four o'clock that evening, as Cromwell was watching the enemy's movements, he saw that Lesley, the Scotch commander, was bringing down his whole army from the hill to the brook at its base, to be ready next day to commence the assault.

In this movement, the quick eye of Cromwell detected an error, which, like Bonaparte, he determined to avail himself of. Lesley, in executing his manœuvre, had packed his main body into a narrow space, where it could not easily deploy, while the entire right wing stretched out into the plain. Cromwell saw that if he could rout this wing, and roll it back in disorder on the unwieldy mass, before it could draw up in order of battle on the plain, victory would be sure. That night, therefore, his twelve thousand men were placed in battle array, with orders, as soon as the morning dawned, to fall on the enemy. All night long the drenched army stood, without a tent to cover them, in the cold storm, while the moan of the sea, as it rolled heavily on the shore, seemed chanting a requiem beforehand, for the dead that should cumber the field. But amid the shriek of the blast and the steady roar of the waves, the voice of prayer was heard along the lines ; and many a brave heart, that before another night should beat no more, poured forth its earnest supplications to the God of battles.

Towards morning the clouds broke away, and the moon shone dimly down on the silent host. With the

first dawn, the trumpets sounded the charge—the artillery opened their fire; while, louder than all, rang the shout, "*The Lord of Hosts! the Lord of Hosts!*" as infantry and cavalry poured in one wild torrent together on the enemy. Over the brook and over the hostile ranks they went, trampling down the steady battalions like grass beneath their feet, and bearing three thousand souls to the next world in their fierce passage. In the midst of this terrible charge, on which Cromwell's eye rested with anxiety, the sun rose over the naked hills and struggling through the sea-mist that was slowly lifting from the battle field, sent his level beams athwart the struggling hosts. So did the sun rise on Napoleon at Borodino, as he stood and surveyed the field of battle, and the sublime exclamation burst from his lips, "Behold the Sun of Austerlitz!" But Cromwell, carried away by a higher sentiment than glory, gave vent to his emotions in sublimer language. As the blazing fire-ball rolled slowly into view and poured its light over the scene, he burst forth, "LET GOD ARISE, *and let his enemies be scattered!*" Ay, and they were scattered. The right wing, broken and disordered, was rolled in a confused mass upon the main body of the army—and the panic spreading, those twenty thousand men became a cloud of fugitives, sweeping hither and thither over the field. At the base of Doon Hill, on which the enemy had been encamped, Cromwell ordered a general halt, and while the horse could be rallied for the chase, sung the hundred and seventeenth psalm. "Hundred

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and seventeenth psalm at the foot of Doon Hill; there we uplift it to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky." As the mighty anthem died away on the field, the shout of battle was again heard, and the fierce cavalry drove amid the broken ranks, riding down the fugitives, and sabering them without mercy, till the ground was covered with the dead.

But there is one stain upon Cromwell's character, which Carlyle has failed to remove—the barbarous manner in which he conducted the Irish campaign. Indeed, the way Carlyle has treated this whole subject, has destroyed all our confidence in him as a historian He carries his hero-worship a little too far, when he not only refuses to condemn the bloody massacres of Cromwell in Ireland, but stigmatizes those who have some objections to this uncivilized mode of warfare, as "rose-water surgeons." The prejudice and cruelty that can make light of those atrocities, which to this day are remembered as the "Curse of Cromwell," render a man unfit to write history. We could unfold a tale of horror and cruelty—depict sufferings and cold-blooded massacres connected with this Irish war —which would make the stern face of Cromwell ever after appear streaked with blood. The blast of his bugle before the walls of a town, sounded to the terrified inhabitants like the peal of the last trumpet. Lips grew pale, and hearts stopped beating at the mention of his name. To us he does not in this campaign seem to be Cromwell, but some wrathful spirit from

the other world, sent to startle the inhabitants of this. Defying the pestilence that walked through his army at noonday, with gaunt famine in his rear, and mercy asleep in his breast, and slaughter written in terrific lines on his corrugated brow; he moves over the land, crushing cities, and castles and walled towns under his feet, as if they were but the playthings of an hour. But his own letters shall condemn him.

He made his first attack on the town of Drogheda, and put the entire garrison to the sword. In writing to the government an account of it, he says, after speaking of carrying the entrenchments, "Being thus entered, *we refused them quarter*, having the day before summoned the town. *I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendents. I do not think thirty of the number escaped with their lives.* Those that did, are in safe *custody for the Barbadoes.*" He closes this precious declaration with, "I wish that all honest men may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed, the praise of this mercy belongs." What a shocking expression this is to wind up a massacre with. The Lord, we opine, did not thank him for this compliment, and would much rather prefer "the unworthy instruments" should take all "the glory" to themselves.

He marches on Wexford, and enacts the same murderous scene over again. He will not even grant an armistice for a day, but sweeps over the walls of the town, putting all to the sword. The cry of helpless suffering, and the prayer for mercy, are of no avail.

With Mexican ferocity he bids his men hew the defenceless wretches down without pity. And this Carlyle defends, by calling those who denounce it "*rose-water surgeons*," and the plan *they* would adopt "rose-water surgery."

According to Cromwell's own letters, he opened his campaign by announcing the following conditions—those who surrender without fighting shall be treated as prisoners of war, but those who resist shall be refused quarter and slain without mercy. After the massacre of Drogheda and Wexford, he improved a little, it is true, on this Christian-like plan. He spared the soldiers, but put all the officers to the sword. A ray of justice flashed over him, and he bethought himself that it was hardly right to murder the soldiers for resisting, when acting under orders, and so he transferred his vengeance to the officers. Such an uncivilized mode of warfare has never been heard of, except among a barbarous people. The Irish were not rebels—they were fighting for their legitimate king, and entitled to civilized treatment. What right had Cromwell to make them an exception to his ordinary mode of warfare? Why did he not impose the same conditions on the English and Scotch towns that he invested? What if he had massacred the inhabitants of Bristol and Edinburgh because they put him to the trouble of storming them? In what respect were they different from Drogheda and Wexford? The simple truth is, his conduct of the Irish war was savage and ferocious—unworthy of a civilized man, much more

of a Christian, and will rest a spot on his name to the end of time. In sacking cities, massacres will sometimes occur, when a long and bloody resistance has so exasperated the soldiers, that all discipline is lost. Thus, during the Peninsular war, in the time of Napoleon, in the sacking of Badajos and St. Sebastian by the English, and the storming of Oporto by the French, the inhabitants were massacred, but the officers took no part in it, nay, exposed their lives in endeavoring to arrest the violence. But here we have a Puritan commander, who prays before going to battle, sings psalms in the midst of the fight, and writes pastoral letters to Parliament—not *permitting but ordering* massacres to be committed!

Mr. Carlyle seems to think the plan an excellent one, inasmuch as it prevented the effusion of blood. Yes, but supposing Cromwell had not always been victorious, and the Irish had retaliated on him the bloody warfare he adopted, what kind of a campaign would this have been? This "doing evil that good may come," and making "the end justify the means," is considered in our times rather doubtful morality.

We have spoken as condemnatory of the conduct of Cromwell towards the Irish, as if he had butchered the inhabitants in brutal ferocity or fiendish hate, because we wish not in any way to sanction the view which Carlyle takes. But though there can be no apology for such a a mode of warfare, there may be for the man. The character is indicated more by the *motive* than by the act. Now, we do not see the least

inconsistency in Cromwell's conduct from first to last. The very simplicity with which he gives his own account of the affair, shows that he imagines himself to be acting right. He makes no apology—offers no excuses—throws in no palliation, but tells the naked facts as if it were impossible to doubt his sincerity. These barbarous massacres, instead of furnishing any contradictions to his character, illustrate it. They prove clearly our first statements, that Cromwell was acting under a kind hallucination, and conceived himself a special agent of God, to destroy his foes and establish his Church. He fought battles precisely on the principles the Israelites did when they struggled to keep possession of the land of Canaan. The Old Testament was constantly in his mouth, and he killed men as coolly as Joshua. The Scotch and English being Protestants, he regarded them as Judah might Dan or Manasseh in a civil war; while the Irish Papists he considered as Amalekites or Moabites, who were to be destroyed as enemies of the Lord. He frankly says so, and puts on record with his own hands, deeds at which we in this day stand aghast.

If Cromwell had not been borne up by some such lofty sentiment as this, it is very doubtful whether he could have saved England from tyranny first, and from a war of factions afterwards. To such a man there is no wavering of purpose—no confusion of thought. The complicated motives and fears which distract the mere political leader he knows nothing of. With one grand object in view, he presses steadily towards

it—erring it may be in his means, but not in his motives. To make no allowance for the motives or impressions that guided Cromwell, and judge him by his acts alone, would be to condemn all the great warriors of the Old Testament as cut-throats. We have no doubt Cromwell considered himself as much commissioned by the Lord as ever David did. As he took no glory to himself from his victories, so he felt no blame in the slaughters that preceded them. It was the work of the Lord, from first to last, and he gave him all the glory, never doubting that he took all the responsibility. True, Cromwell had no right to this impression, for he had received no revelation from God. The warriors of Israel received their commission from heaven, through its own appointed medium; and hence, their bloody wars were no more nor less than divine justice. But Cromwell received no such divine direction in his Irish massacres; and to believe that he had, argues a want of moral sense and of the spirit of true religion, which mars very much the excellency of his character. Still it was an error of the intellect rather than of the heart, and sprung from that very belief without which he could not have saved England: and to those who will go over the details of the horrid massacres of the Protestants by the Irish, previous to this campaign, such a belief will not appear so strange.

We could wish to speak of the part he took in the condemnation of Charles, and defend him from the charge of injustice and cruelty which has been preferred against him, but we find we have not space.

His dissolution of the Rump Parliament by physical force, and assumption of the executive power of the kingdom, have been the basis on which a charge of ambition is attempted to be made out. But for nearly three years after England, Scotland, and Ireland were subdued, and rested quiet under the Parliament, the Parliament could not get along. The king was dead, and now who should rule—or rather, how should the Parliament rule. Endless suggestions—proposed and rejected bills—committees formed and disbanded—this was the history of the Rump Parliament, that evidently could not rule England. Everything was quivering in the balance; some wanted a republic—some a sort of mixed government, that no one knew anything about—some the restoration of the Stuarts. In this dilemma the army, all-powerful, looked to Cromwell for help; indeed, all England stretched her hands out to him for relief. He had saved it from outward foes, and now he was looked to as the complete deliverer from her internal feuds. Conference after conference was held with Parliament, and he struggled manfully to steady the tottering fabric of liberty he had helped to rear with so much effort. At length a bill, settling the basis of a new representation, was brought forward, one clause of which made the Rump Parliament a part of the new. But Cromwell saw, with his far-reaching glance, that clean work must be made, and this war of factions ended, or endless revolution would follow—and so he opposed the bill. On the day that it was expected to pass, he, accompanied

by some twenty or thirty of his musketeers whom he could trust, went to the House, and took his seat. After listening awhile to the discussion he arose to speak. Calm and respectful at first, he alluded to the great work that had been done, and gave them all honor for the part they had borne in it; but waxing warm as he proceeded, he began to speak also of their injustice, delays, strifes, and petty ambitions, hurling fiercely accusation after accusation in their faces, till, at length a member rose and rebuked him for his language. "Come, come," broke forth Cromwell, "we have had enough of this. I will put an end to your prating." He had now fairly got on his battle-face, and his large eyes seemed to emit fire as he strode forth on the floor of the house; and clapping his hat on his head, and stamping the floor with his feet, he poured forth a torrent of invective on the now thoroughly-alarmed Parliament. That speech is lost, but it scathed like fire. "You have sat here too long already," he exclaimed; "you shall now give place to better men;" and turning to his officer, Harrison, he gave a brief word of command, as he would on the field of battle, and his brave musketeers with levelled pieces, marched sternly in. As he stood amid the bayonets that had so often surrounded him on the field of death, he began to launch his thunderbolts on the right hand and on the left, and breaking over all ceremonies of speech, boldly named the crimes of which the members were guilty, and closed up with—"corrupt, unjust persons; scandalous to the profession of

the gospel. How can you be a Parliament for God's people. Depart, I say, and let us have done with you." "In the name of God, go!"

Thus ended the Rump Parliament, and England lay on Cromwell's shoulders. So did Bonaparte march into the Council of Five Hundred, with his brave grenadiers at his back.

But no sooner was this summary dissolution of Parliament effected, than Cromwell was heard to say, "It's you who have forced me to this. I have sought the Lord, night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work." But it was done; and when the first gust of passion had passed, Cromwell was himself again, and took the government on his brave heart as calmly as if he were born a king.

This assumption of power, and his after dissolutions of Parliament, when it would not act in accordance with his wishes, are called despotic and tyrannical acts, and so they were. But will any one tell us what else could have been done. To suppose that argument and reason would triumph, in that strife of factions and chaos of sentiments, is absurd. The truth is, England required some strong hand to steady her, and Cromwell's alone could do it. *Power* was needed to overawe the imbecile and ambitious spirits that were too ignorant to rule, and too selfish to be united. Cromwell's measures were high-handed, but we cannot see what else could have been done, unless a Stuart had been called in. The people—the entire mind of the

nation—wanted something permanent around which to settle. The Rump Parliament imparted no confidence, and gave no security. Cromwell was the only man in England that could keep the Revolution from going backward instead of forward.

In great revolutions, the supreme power must always finally be lodged in the army, of which the successful leader is the representative. The strong arm of physical force is needed to mould the confused elements into form and permanent shape—discussion and conventions never can do it. True, Cromwell's course was despotic, but the cause of freedom and the ends of justice demanded it. There *is* a difference between the despotic act that crushes liberty, and the one that quells lawless violence. The *forms* of justice must sometimes be disregarded to save its spirit.

Of the five years of Cromwell's Protectorate, we shall say but little. He ruled England well, and showed a better title to reign than any Stuart that ever filled a throne. Mr. Carlyle has given us but little of these few years, except Cromwell's speeches. These are, for the most part, rambling, incoherent, and dull. They do not evince a single spark of genius, yet great practical common sense is visible throughout. Their incoherency of expression is owing, doubtless, to their having been delivered extempore, and taken from his lips by reporters. It is evident, however, that he wielded the sword better than the pen, and could win two battles easier than he could make one good speech.

England flourished under his sway, and his first measures indicated the leading trait of his character and the great object of his life. A commission was appointed to purify the Church of ungodly ministers, and religion received his first attention. Parliament was opened with prayer and a sermon, and Cromwell scarce made a speech without allusion to some Psalm of David. His feelings during the Spanish war, and the fierce energy with which he took part with the persecuted Waldenses, show the religious sentiment strong to the last.

In the revival of commerce—by his conquests in the West Indies, and the triumph of his fleets everywhere, he established the maritime ascendency of England; while in the administration of affairs at home, he exhibited a grasp of thought and a practical power combined with an earnestness and purity of purpose, which England may in vain look for in any other sovereign.

He sung psalms when he went into battle, and consulted the Bible in his campaigns as much as his maps, and quoted Scripture to Parliament—all of which may seem very weak in our day, but they detracted nothing from the strength and majesty of Cromwell's character. A strong, sincere, and religious man—a Christian of Moses' time, if we may use the term, rather than of ours—who read the Old Testament much, and the gospel little; pondered the dispensation of law more than that of grace; understood the lofty language of David better than the meek words of

John; loved the Commandments more than the Beatitudes; a fierce fighter, a good ruler, and a stern patriot, was Oliver Cromwell. He is outliving his traducers, and will be honored by man long after thrones have been cast aside as useless things. Had he lived longer, so as to have consolidated his government, and seen most of his restless cotemporaries safe under ground, or even left a son but half equal to himself, the destiny of England would have been different, and its after history, very possibly that of a republic.

But after five years of ceaseless anxiety—at war with his Parliament and surrounded by assassins—Cromwell, broken down by his efforts, at the age of fifty-nine rested from his labors. On his dying bed we hear the same phrases, the same sentiments, which, when uttered on the field of battle or in Parliament, have been called cant and hypocrisy. But did he, with his eyes fixed steadily on that dread eternity upon whose threshold he stood, speak of the covenants of God, and pray in tones that made the listener tremble, to sustain his character to the last? No; his death-struggle and glorious departure in full hope of a blessed immortality stamp the insinuation as false.

That was a solemn hour for England, and strong hearts were everywhere besieging Heaven to spare the Protector. But the King of kings had issued His decree, and the spirit that had toiled and endured so long was already gathering its pinions for eternity. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!" broke thrice from his pallid lips, and then he

fell in solemn faith on the covenant of grace. Just before his death a fearful storm arose, and amid the darkness, and tempest, and uproar of the elements, the dying Cromwell prayed. Bonaparte, dying in the midst of the storm, shouted forth, "*Tête d'armée*," as his eye fell once more on his mighty columns, disappearing in the smoke of battle; but Cromwell took a nobler departure. Not in the delirium of battle did his soul take its final leap, but with his gaze fixed steadfastly on the "Eternal kingdoms," he moved from the shore of Time, and sunk from sight for ever. He died at three o'clock—on the very day which eight years before saw his sword flashing over the tumultuous field of Dunbar—the same which seven years previous heard him shouting on the ramparts of Worcester. But this was the last and most terrible conflict of all. Yet he came off victorious, and triumphing over his last enemy, death, passed into that serene world where the sound of battle and the hatred and violence of men never disturb.

Carlyle has done Cromwell justice; still, we do not think he has fully appreciated his character. How such a neologist and German religionist as he, could ever be brought to tolerate what is called "a canting Puritan," is to us passing strange. To do it, he has had constantly to look at him through a false medium —to practice a sort of self-deception; and we sometimes imagine we can see him shutting up his eyes, and resolutely launching forth into praise against his own convictions, when some expression of Cromwell

crosses so abruptly his tastes and sentiments. But he needed this dogged determination to see no fault in his hero, to balance his natural dislike to "Puritan cant," in order to give Cromwell fair measure.

He has rendered history a service, and done a great man justice, in this work, which, we doubt not, will effect a permanent revolution in public opinion respecting the character of Oliver Cromwell.

THE CRUSADES.

THERE is, perhaps, no period in the history of the world, around which so much romance and interest gather as that of the CRUSADES. We are sometimes accused of dwelling too much on war; but shut this out from the historian and what remains. To a beholder on some distant planet watching this orbit of ours in its rapid sweep through space, what would he see but swarms of beings struggling for the mastery. The smoke of the onset has never ceased darkening the heavens. From the time that Moses, Joshua, and David led the hosts of Israel to battle until now, this earth has always shaken to the tread of armies. One cannot point to a single epoch in the world's history worth writing about, or the elimination of a single grand principle calculated to change the lot of man, or to a single step in his onward progress, around which there are not footprints of violence and of blood.

This is a sad truth, but a truth nevertheless. The most peaceful men have involuntarily been the heralds of terrible convulsions, while the inculcation of the

principles of human rights, and even of Christianity, has ended in the most wasting wars that ever deluged the earth. It seems impossible to obtain any great moral victory without involving an outward conflict. Blood is somehow sure to flow; the horrors of war and the horrors of martyrdom must be endured, and he who cannot look on either, must turn away from both sacred and profane history. In most cases the outward violence is a natural consequence—nay, in man's present state an inevitable result. The principles of human freedom no sooner start into life, than they are assailed by physical force, and hence, must either be yielded up at once, or bravely defended; while for no cause have the potentates of the earth unsheathed their swords so quickly, as for the defence of their religious systems. But in the Crusades no principle was involved—the whole was a matter of feeling, and so passing strange, not only in its fervor, extent, and continuance, but in the widely diverse and contradictory characters it swept within its influence, that while we trace their progress we seem to be dealing in fiction. The causes which produced them were slight, and at first seemed entirely inadequate to such a result. Commencing in a single pilgrim's sad complaint, the movement ended in the battle shout of a continent. On the single feeling that filled the bosom of the devotee, as he bowed in tears over the tomb of the Son of God, Europe was set afloat like a vessel on a stormy sea.

After the destruction of the second temple of Jerusalem, according to prophecy, the Romans, Arabians,

Egyptians, and Turks held possession of the sacred city by turns, till the eleventh century. Only once—in the ninth century—did the Christians control it.

But it mattered not who held it; the Christian looked with veneration towards its walls and hallowed spots; they possessed peculiar virtue to him, and a pilgrimage thither expiated a life of crime, and opened to the devotee the portals of heaven. Thus the road to it became thronged with pilgrims from every part of Europe. These palmers,—so called, it is said, because they always brought home a branch of the sacred palm tree, and deposited it over the altar, each of his church,—moved the sympathies of their friends by their recital of the disgrace heaped on the tomb of the Saviour. Whenever one started on his pilgrimage, his friends accompanied him to the next town, and with tears and lamentations bade him or her farewell.

Out of these grew the Crusades. The trials to which the Christians were subjected—their sufferings while dwelling in the holy city—the scorn of the pagan, and more than all, the ruins of the temple and the sepulchre which were thus kept ever fresh in the hearts of all, finally moved Europe to arms for their deliverance. *Their* character was a fair index to *that* of the Crusades generally—it contained the same mixture of good and evil—the same scorn of suffering and of comfort, and yet exhibited the same slavery to passion. The spirit of chivalry and of adventure mingled, also, with that of devotion. The

women of England made Europe ring with their amours while on their way to Palestine. The good prioress would sometimes wear on her bracelet, "*Amor vincet omnia*"—love conquers all things—and the poor monk plodding on his weary way in his coarse woollen garment, tied his hood with a *true lover's knot.*

The number of pilgrims kept increasing; till in the eleventh century we find the clergy of Germany, together with the Normans of England, to the number of 7000, departing together to the Holy Land, and with tears and prayers kneeling and kissing the spots consecrated by the footsteps of the Son of God. Under Pope Sylvester II., and afterwards Gregory VII., a crusade was set on foot but abandoned.

While Europe was in this state of ferment, it is evident it required but a trifle to convulse it. The combustibles were all laid, and it needed but a touch to make a conflagration, and this was given by Peter the Hermit. He was a native of Amiens, France, and was a military man in his youth. Afterwards, apparently weary of seeking after military honors, he married an old, poor, and ugly lady of rank. He next turned priest and anchorite, and lived a solitary and sombre life. Whether his old and ugly wife had anything to do with his turning recluse, we are not informed—however, his austere life nourished that inward fire which before had been ambition, and he resolved on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Let the eye rest for a moment on that solitary cloister in France—a single man

has stepped through its door, clad in a simple brown woollen garment. He is a small, lean man, made still more meagre by his fastings and watchings. His face is thin, wrinkled, and haggard, and his whole person mean and abject. There is but one redeeming feature in this unknown, fanatical man, and that is his eye. That is dark, deep, solemn, and full of slumbering fire. As he stands on the threshold and looks off on the road he is to travel, its glance is full of thought, enthusiasm and energy: and as he speaks to bid his brethren farewell, the deep, rich tones of his voice thrill every heart. He speaks of Jerusalem, of the sepulchre of the Saviour, of the heaven to be reached through much tribulation. That eye and that voice are to move Europe to arms, and hurl ten times ten thousand men clad in steel on the hosts of the infidel. That eye and that voice are to cover Asia with dead bodies, and decimate the civilized world. "PETER THE HERMIT," unheeded and uncared for, performs his weary pilgrimage—pays his piece of gold at the gates of Jerusalem, and threading barefoot its thronged streets, goes and kneels, and sobs, and prays at the door of the sepulchre. Mount Zion, Mount Olivet, the Garden of Gethsemane, and Mount Calvary he visits by turns, met at every step by the scoffs or whip of the infidel.

With his heart bursting with grief and indignation, he sought out the Greek Patriarch of the city, and though a heretic in his eyes, communed and prayed with him over the disgrace heaped on a common

Saviour. *There within that room those two penniless, powerless men planned the Crusades.*

After talking with this good prelate, Peter would retire to the Church of the Resurrection, and pray for help from on high. The shadows of evening gathered around him there, as with his forehead pressed to the cold marble floor, he poured out his anguish and his tears. On one of these occasions he fell asleep, and to his dreaming, excited spirit there came a vision, and lo the Son of God stood before him bidding him arise and depart. Solemn and pale, with his dark eye flashing fire, he communed for the last time with the Patriarch, and taking letters to the Pope and Princes of the West, set out on his great mission. Presenting himself before Pope Urban II., he drew such a picture of the wrongs and sufferings of the pilgrims, of the desecration of the holy city, and the disgrace heaped upon the tomb of the Saviour, that the aged prelate wept. He immediately caught the spirit of Peter, and sanctioning all his plans, sent him with authority to the princes of Europe. The enthusiastic hermit needed no more—he had obtained the Pope's sanction—his thrilling eloquence could do the rest. Going from province to province, and city to city, he entered the chambers and palaces of princes, and with words that burned, painted the condition of Jerusalem, and the humiliation of the Christians. He appealed not only to the zeal of the Christian and sympathy of the tender-hearted, but to the pride of the warrior, and the chivalry of the knight. To the former he spoke

of the spots made sacred by the sufferings of the Saviour, now desecrated by the infidel, and of the violence and wrong committed on the unoffending pilgrim. To the latter he spoke of the taunts of the infidel warrior, of the haughty pride with which he put his foot on the neck of a follower of the Cross; and kindling into frightful energy, the warlike spirit which then pervaded Europe, he raised the war-cry of vengeance against the Turks, and sent it like a peal of thunder the length and breadth of the continent. Swords flashed, and shields rang at the cry, and the land shook with the preparation of arms.

While Peter the Hermit was thus spreading the conflagration on every side, Pope Urban did not forget his promise, but called a council at Placencia, to deliberate on a crusade against the infidels. The report was favorable, and he then summoned another in France, at Clermont, to which, having been prepared by Peter, there came an unheard of multitude of priests, princes, and nobles. After the business of the council had been transacted, which took up sometime, the pope came forth, and lifting his voice over the immense throng congregated in one of the great public squares, roused them to the highest pitch of excitement. Like Peter, he spoke of the sufferings of their brethren in the Holy Land—told them that the women were ravished even at the door of the sepulchre—the men tortured, and despoiled, and slain, and the most sacred things trampled under foot. He then turned to the knights, and bade them think of the

brave deeds of their ancestors, and not let their brethren be the scorn of the infidel. He thus went on appealing to every passion by turns, and wound up by saying, "Go, then, in the road before you in expiation of your sins—go, assured that after the honor of this world shall have passed away, imperishable glory awaits you in the kingdom of heaven." A deep and ominous silence succeeded this impassioned appeal, and then the deafening shout of "*Deus vult, Deus vult!*" "*God wills it! God wills it!*" rolled over the crowd and shook the deep vault of heaven. Urban caught the words and told them that that simultaneous shout was the work of the Lord alone, for if he had not put those words in their mouths, they would not have pronounced them thus together. "Let them be, then," said he, "your war-cry in the combat. Let the army of the Lord, when it marches on his foes, shout but that one cry, "GOD WILLS IT! GOD WILLS IT!" That fearful war-cry, for more than a century after, carried terror to the hearts of the infidels. The knight shouted it as he spurred to the onset—it rose over the clash of arms and braying of trumpets in the midst of the deadly combat—with it the chieftain rallied his exhausted troops for the thirtieth time to the assault—it rolled from the pallid lips of the tens of thousands bleeding on the field where they had struggled for the cross. "Deus vult, Deus vult,"—what a battle-cry, and what wild work it made!

From this time the preparations for the Crusades commenced in good earnest. Rich and poor, princes

and priests, vied with each other in zeal. At this very time a famine was wasting the land. The rich had hoarded their grain, and the poor fed on the herbs of the field; but scarcity in a moment gave way to plenty. No one wanted grain; all sought money with which to commence their journey. Everything was sold for money, and that at any rate, so that provisions were scarcely worth the selling. All motives, it is true, were brought into play. "Zeal, and sympathy, and indignation, and chivalrous feeling, and the thirst for enterprise, and a thousand vague but great and noble aspirations, mingled in the complicated motive of the crusades. It increased by contagion—it grew by communion—it spread from house to house, and from bosom to bosom; it became a universal desire—an enthusiasm—a passion—a madness."

The council of Clermont assembled in November—the next year two armies were in motion. Whole families in a cart drawn by oxen started for the Holy Land—the children inquiring at every town through which they passed, if that were Jerusalem. The feuds which had existed between separate princes and nobles and provinces, and which had kept Europe in perpetual war, were all suddenly healed, and a peace called the "*Truce of God*" was everywhere solemnly sworn to. One thought filled every bosom—one desire animated every heart—the deliverance of the sepulchre from the hands of the infidel. From the north and middle and south of Europe, the excited thousands went pouring to the standard of their respective leaders, so that by

spring 6,000,000 of souls are estimated to have volunteered for the Holy War.

There is some dispute about who started with the first army, but it is generally conceded to Gautier Sans Avoir, or Walter the Penniless, a Burgundian gentleman, without fortune, but illustrious in arms. He led his followers through Germany and Hungary, but in the mountains of the latter country, famine overtook his troops, and they resorted to plunder, which brought the inhabitants upon them, who slew great numbers. Walter, however, by prodigious efforts, at length brought his wasted army to Constantinople, where he waited the arrival of Peter the Hermit, who was following after with an immense throng. The latter, whose excitement constantly fed by his own harangues, and made wilder by the whirlwind he had every where raised, and now amounted almost to madness, was marching in the footsteps of Walter, at the head of one of the strangest, most motley multitudes ever assembled for any purpose. The old and young, men and women, of every description and character, and thousands of children—in all 80,000, pressed after the red cross of the Hermit. They proceeded in safety through Germany and Hungary, but at Semlin, the sight of the crosses and armor taken from their brethren, who fell in the conflicts of Walter the Penniless, aroused their anger, and they carried the town by a furious assault, and gave up the inhabitants to rapine, lust and murder. The king of Hungary immediately marched his armies to revenge the out-

rage, and Peter's mighty rabble was scattered like chaff before the wind. Ten thousand corpses strewed the roads, and rivers, and fields. With the remainder, he at length reached Constantinople, and joined Walter. Here also were some Lombards and Italians, but of the same disorderly class, who, committing all manner of excesses, were hurried by the emperor Alexius over the Bosphorus, where they at length became so unmanageable that Peter retired in disgust to Constantinople. These advancing towards Palestine, were attacked by Soliman and cut to pieces. Walter fell, fighting bravely at the head of his troops, but of the whole army of near 60,000 men, only 3,000 returned to Constantinople. Peter, humbled and astounded at seeing his vast host so suddenly annihilated, gave way to tears of anguish and despair.

Other large bodies also started for Jerusalem, and among them an army of women, who gave themselves up to every species of debauchery, and practised all kinds of cruelty on the route, but they one after another fell victims to their European foes before they crossed the Asiatic border. Nearly 200,000 of these wretches fell in Hungary, and for days the Danube rolled purple with the blood of the slain who had struggled on its banks. Four divisions had rallied at the call of Peter the Hermit, and marched in separate bodies for the Holy Land—numbering in all 275,000 souls, almost all of whom perished in their passage through Hungary, whose king they had incensed, and whose people they had outraged. Nearly a quarter of a million were

sacrificed on the very threshold of the undertaking. But they were the offscourings of Europe—the mud and floodwood of humanity, and hence can scarcely claim a regret.

The first whirlwind had passed, carrying skyward such a mixture of materials as were never before seen, and leaving nothing but a blank where it had swept. But while we look in contempt on these vast motley crowds, we yet feel that there is a strange sublimity in their faith, fanatical as it was. In each of those almost numberless corpses that cumbered the sterile plains of Hungary, polluted and degraded, though the soul may have been, burned one lofty flame, bearing the being in which it shone above perils and sufferings, even above the fear of death.

But while these disorderly multitudes were melting away one after another, a more important movement was planned, to be carried forward, not by enthusiastic priests and fanatical women, but by the most illustrious princes and warriors of Europe. Six splendid armies under six chiefs started the next year for Palestine. Godfrey of Bouillon, the most distinguished man of his age, conducted one—Hugh the Great, brother of Philip, king of France, another—Robert, Duke of Normandy, a third—Robert, Count of Flanders, a fourth, and Boemond, prince of Tarentum, and Raimond, Count of Toulouse, the other two.

Godfrey shook off a fever, which had for a long time kept him prostrate, at the blast of the trumpet, and rallying a magnificent host under his banner, started

by way of Hungary, for Constantinople. The gallant, handsome, brave but rash Hugh the Great, went by way of Italy. Boemond, Prince of Tarentum, started from Italy, accompanied by that flower of European chivalry—the noblest where thousands were great—the upright, the high-minded and peerless Tancred, of whom Tasso could not speak in terms too eulogistic.

Passing over the details of the marches—the troubles and quarrels with the emperor Alexius at Constantinople—behold these magnificent armies at length over the Bosphorus, and encamped about Nice. Peter the Hermit, with the remnants of his half savages, is with them. Six hundred thousand warriors, beside a vast multitude of unarmed men and women, two hundred thousand of them mounted knights, clad in steel, and panting for the fray, composed this splendid array. On the plains of Nice their tents were spread, the gay standards erected, and their trumpets sounded. Such a fluttering of pennons and glittering of armor, and magnificent display of proud and gaily caparisoned steeds, 200,000 in number, were never before seen on the plain of Asia. With no fire-arms to drown the din of battle, their advance filled the air with the muffled tread of men—the clank of steel and music of trumpets.

We will not describe the siege of five weeks that followed, nor speak of the gallant feats performed. Nice, with its three hundred and fifty towers and lofty walls fell, and the army took up its line of march for Antioch, while Soliman, the Turkish commander, with his 200,000 horsemen, hung like a heavy storm cloud on its flank

and rear. Unfortnnately the Christian host became separated, Boemond and the Duke of Normandy taking by accident a route different from that pursued by Godfrey with the rest of the troops. The Turks took advantage of this; and while Boemond was encamped in the meadows of a beautiful valley, through which wandered a cool stream of water; suddenly appeared on the hills. Boemond immediately sent off messengers to find Godfrey and urge him to the rescue, and then prepared for battle. He had scarcely formed his troops, when, amid terrific cries and rattling armor and the braying of ten thousand trumpets, down came those 200,000 horses on a wild gallop, shaking the earth under their hoofs. The Christians threw themselves into a solid phalanx and lowered their lances to meet the charge, but the Turks, while still in full gallop, drew their bows. Suddenly the heavens were darkened as by a cloud, and nearly 200,000 arrows dropped amid the host, doing dreadful execution, rolling men and horses in confusion on the plain. Tancred and Boemond then led the knights to the charge, but the Turks avoiding the onset, kept shooting their arrows as they fled. The enraged knights then threw away their spears, and with their swords alone, spurred forward to meet the enemy. But all effort was in vain—the Turks closed in countless numbers about them, and though the strong-armed knights, like reapers in a harvest-field, mowed down the infidel at every step, others pressed forward, crushing by superior numbers alone, the flower of European chivalry. The noble and

beautiful brother of Tancred fell fighting like a lion, and Tancred himself, hemmed in by thousands, seemed to carry the strength of a hundred men in every blow. Though completely surrounded, his noble charger still struggled on, and his dripping sword swept in fiery circles about his head. But the banner of Otranto at length went down, and Tancred and Boemond with their brave knights were borne heavily backward.

In the meantime, Soliman had gained the rear with a body of troops, and immediately the camp was flowing in blood. The Christian army was now completely surrounded, and the whole in disorder, and nothing but a frightful massacre seemed to await them. But at this critical moment, Robert, of Normandy, who commanded the reserve, advanced to the charge. Lifting his helmet from his head, he gave forth his shrill battle-cry of "*Normandy! Normandy!*" and shouting, "whither fly you, Boemond?—your Apulia is afar—whither go you, Tancred?—Otranto is not near you. Turn, turn upon the enemy; God wills it, God wills it." Pouring his troops impetuously forward he checked the torrent that was sweeping onward, rallied the cavalry, and again restored order. It then became a hand to hand fight. Completely enveloped, the knights fought only to sell their lives dearly as possible. Soldier fell beside soldier, knight beside knight, and yet not a man retreated. Thus hour after hour, overcome with thirst, amid piles of their own dead, they continued to fight, while the wo-

men besieged heaven with prayers for deliverance. At length a cloud of dust was seen to rise behind the distant hills, and then banner, and pennon, and lance, and last of all the glorious cross of the Christian, appeared above the summit, sending joy to the hosts of Boemond. Godfrey was rushing to the rescue. As the knights looked off on the valley below, and saw their brethren hemmed in by the enemy, and struggling for life, all order was lost. Plunging their rowels in their steeds, they spurred forward as for life, and "rank after rank, troop after troop, banner after banner," came like successive waves to the onset, shouting as they came, "Deus vult, Deus vult," till the hills shook again, and the roar of battle was for a moment unheard. Normandy again shouted his war-cry; Tancred performed over his prodigies of valor, and the Turks, after bravely struggling to stem the reversed tide, broke and fled to the mountains, leaving all their camp, and stores, and gold, in the hands of the victors. This was a great victory, and exultation reigned in the Christian army.

After reposing his troops, Godfrey again took up his line of march. But in passing through the parched deserts of Phrygia, they got destitute of water, and the most frightful scenes followed. Under the agonies of consuming thirst, the women flung themselves on the earth, and baring their bosoms to the soldiers, prayed them to strike with their spears. New born infants were cast upon the ground and abandoned; beasts of burden moaned and died in multitudes, and

tens of thousands were left to bleach in the desert. When, at length, they came in sight of a river, they rushed into it so madly, and slaked their thirst so greedily, that almost as many perished from excess as had from inanition.

Never before did enthusiasm move, bind together, and carry so far, such a mighty mass. And although it could not wholly escape the mutations inseparable from everything human, it did not wholly sink under them. Thinned, wearied and fretful, the host at times gave way to discouragement, and worse than all, became thoroughly demoralized by the evils of a camp life. Rivalries of separate leaders, jealousies and hatreds sprung up, dividing the army, destroying not only unity in plans, but also in actions, thus producing innumerable delays, and eventually causing the failure of the Crusades. But generation after generation first passed away; for in the midst of difficulties and dissensions, this same overpowering enthusiasm would again suddenly burst forth, sweeping away all obstacles with its breath, and bearing the shattered hosts to victories that seemed miraculous. Thus, after the fall of Antioch, in capturing which the Crusaders had suffered all the horrors of extreme famine, such despondency and licentiousness seized them that their destruction seemed inevitable. They had exhausted what little provisions they found in the city, and at length were reduced to such extreme suffering that the foulest morsels were eaten as dainties,

while crime helped to swell the miseries that oppressed them. Virtue gave way to debauchery, order to confusion, bravery to cowardice, and the host soon looked like a multitude of beggars. Desertions were frequent, and utter annihilation threatened the army. Even the knights, but for the example and influence of a few brave spirits, such as Tancred, Boemond, Adhemar, the bishop of Raimond, and others, would have fled the city. These bound themselves by the most solemn oaths, never to abandon the holy cause in which they had embarked, and Tancred swore never to turn his back on Jerusalem so long as forty knights would follow his banner. Not only did the army contain the elements of *self* destruction, but at this critical juncture, the king of Persia despatched Kerboga, his favorite commander, with a choice army of 300,000 men to invest them in Antioch.

But that enthusiasm which had at first roused them, and afterwards carried them over so many difficulties, again came to their relief. The very spear which pierced the side of the Son of God, was miraculously found, and all was hope and confidence in the Christian camp. Peter the Hermit was sent to Kerboga, demanding his surrender. An insulting reply was of course returned, and then the Christians prepared for battle. It was on the 28th of June, a beautiful summer morning, that a black flag was hoisted on the highest tower of Antioch, the signal of defiance, and then the army took up its march for the Persian camp, and a sorry spectacle it presented. Ghastly, wan and ill clad, they looked more like a herd of pris-

oners going to punishment, than a victorious host. Of all the chivalry of Europe, of those 200,000 brave horsemen who had poured themselves on the plains of Asia, only two hundred knights had now horses on which to ride. Yet they went cheerfully forth against an army of more than 300,000 men, bearing crosses and holy emblems in their hands, and singing hymns of victory. The sacred lance was in their midst, and not a heart beat faintly. Disregarding all the arts of war, paying no heed to Kerboga's manœuvres, they moved steadily forward upon the dark masses of the enemy, and the battle commenced. Surrounded, almost overwhelmed by superior numbers, they struggled on hour after hour with almost superhuman exertions; but their ranks were fast thinning, when, suddenly, either by design, or resulting from their excited imaginations, the Christrians declared they saw white figures, mounted on white horses, coming over the mountains to their aid. In an instant the cry ran through the army that the saints were fighting on their side. The effect was frightful; the shout of "God wills it! God wills it!" rolled wildly over the din of battle. Every eye flashed fire, every arm seemed bent on the shoulder of a giant—all fear, all doubts were at an end, and bravely breasting the in-rolling tide, they burst like a falling rock on their foes, and rending them asunder, sent terror and dismay over the field. Nothing could withstand that overpowering enthusiasm, and the vast scattered host of the enemy was trampled to the earth by the Chris-

tians. The camp of the infidel was carried with terrific slaughter, and 60,000 corpses strewed the plain.

Such were the tremendous results of enthusiasm. No wonder the Christians believed that God was on their side, and that his right arm struck for them in the hour of imminent peril.

But this excitement subsiding away with the victory, the old dissensions and corruptions again consumed them. Yet onward through hostile ranks and over walled towns, they swept towards Jerusalem. As they approached near the sacred city, enthusiasm of a different kind seized them. At Emmaus, deputies met them from the Christians of Bethlehem. That word "Bethlehem" called up a thousand strange emotions in the hearts of the Crusaders. It was repeated in tremulous accents—it ran in murmurs from rank to rank—it swept like a sudden breeze over the forest, across the hearts of those mailed warriors. "*Bethlehem*," where the Saviour was born, was before them. There was no sleep in the weary Christian host that night, and by midnight the whole army was in motion, crowding hastily, in dead silence and on foot, towards Jerusalem. As they thus pressed forward, the sudden day which always follows an eastern dawn burst upon them, and there lay Jerusalem before them. Its towers and minarets glittered in the summer sunlight, and the murmuring breeze stole softly by. There was Mount Olivet, there the garden of suffering, and there too Mount Calvary. The tomb

of the Saviour, the glorious city of God—filled with the touching memories of the past—the object of all their toils and sufferings—that for which they had left home and friends, had battled and bled, endured the famine and the pestilence, and been mown down by the sword of the infidel—that for which they had prayed and wept—*the one* bright vision of their lives, shining in summer beauty at their feet. Ah who can describe the flood of feeling that then swept through the ranks of the Christian host. All sufferings, all weariness, all sacrifices were in a moment forgotten. *There was Jerusalem.* Whole ranks of mailed warriors fell on their faces and wept——the haughty knight knelt in prayer and tears, and thousands leaped shouting into the air. Then like the far off sound of the sea, began the murmur "Jerusalem, Jerusalem," gradually swelling to the full-voiced thunder till the shout "*Jerusalem, Jerusalem,*" filled all the air and rolled gloriously to the bright heavens above them. But soon that delirious joy and triumph gave way to wrath, at the thought that it was in the hands of the infidel, and the excited host went pressing forward by tens of thousands to the assault. But the strong walls and high battlements mocked the desperate daring of the knights, and the army rolled heavily back. The old and young, even women and children, pressed forward to the point of danger.

In the taking and sacking of Jerusalem afterwards was exhibited another feature in the character of the Crusaders. No mercy was shown, and the infuriated

fanatical army fell on the inhabitants in indiscriminate slaughter. The streets of Jerusalem flowed in blood. Ten thousand fled to the Mosque of St. Omar, where they were all butchered. Mutilated carcasses actually floated on the crimson tide that swept the floor. A dismembered arm or leg would drift against a body to which it did not belong, while to render the spectacle still more ghastly, the soldiers waded about in this torrent of human gore, themselves besmeared and stained in every part. This cruelty seems strange to us, but they not only did what they considered their duty, but believed they would meet the displeasure of God, if they spared those who had desecrated his city, cast dirt on the cross, butchered his children, and torn down his altars. We must not judge of one age by another. The Christians did precisely what the Israelites had frequently been commanded to do, and the circumstances to them seemed precisely the same, and the will of God just as apparent. On that very spot had God ordered his enemies to be slain, and they emulated the example.

The eight crusades that followed with various success were but repetitions of the first one, except that worldly motives and policy were more mingled up in them. The one set on foot by Fulk, in 1212, was characterized, if possible, by still greater madness and enthusiasm than that which Peter the Hermit led. In this, children also caught the excitement, and two armies actually set forth. The facts, almost too strange to

believe, are recorded in the history of Genoa by the Marquis of Serra.

Their pastimes were abandoned for stories of the cross and the sepulchre, and the single high purpose of manhood took the place of the weak and vascillating resolutions of childhood. In France, and Germany, during the long winter nights of this year, the old women were accustomed to collect the children together and inflame their imaginations with tales of the Holy Land, until wild with excitement, the boys and girls ran through the streets with the uplifted cross in their hands, calling on all to march for the tomb of Christ, and snatch it from sacriligious hands. The parents at first laughed at this outbreak of their children, until, assuming a more serious form, they endeavored to check it, first with threats, and finally with confinement. But it was all ineffectual. Their enthusiam arose with the obstacles they encountered, until their prisons rang with such lamentations and complaints that their parents were compelled to release them; and awed by the almost supernatural spirit they exhibited, to permit them to start on a crusade for Jerusalem. Those from Germany marched on foot across the Alps, to Genoa, in order to embark there. Without money and without provisions they passed through the country, their wants everywhere supplied by the astonished inhabitants. The cloud of dust which they raised on their march was seen seven miles from the city. When the authorities went out to meet this unannounced army they were struck

dumb with amazement on beholding a vast multitude of boys and girls, headed by a boy of only thirteen years of age, and bearing the emblematic cross before them. They were escorted into the city and furnished with lodgings; and when this baby general was summoned before the chief magistrate to explain his proceedings, he answered with the boldness and confidence of Peter the Hermit himself, and to the question how he expected to reach Palestine, replied, "The Mediterranean sea will open for us a passage, as the Red Sea did for the Israelites." They were treated kindly, and all their wants supplied for several days, while they patiently waited for the miracle. At length doubts began to rise in the minds of many about the propriety and the success of that expedition for the honor of God, which God himself cared so little about that he would not take even the trouble to open the sea to help it on. As time wore on, and still the blue Mediterranean threw its steady swell on the beach, in its old provoking regularity, those doubts were changed into murmurings and open rebellion, till the army of boys and girls was entirely broken up, and the strongest sent back the way they came, and the remainder retained in the city. The other expedition from France did not end quite so harmlessly. Embarking from Marseilles they suffered shipwreck on their passage, and many of them were sold by heartless merchantmen, to the infidels, for slaves. Thus terminated one of the strangest expeditions the world ever beheld. In remarking of it, the

pope said he wished the men would exhibit the zeal of the children. How deep and powerful must have been that enthusiasm when it reached even to infants, and impelled them not merely to conceive, but prosecute an undertaking from which veteran soldiers might have shrunk.

During the long period embraced in these nine Crusades, Jerusalem was taken and retaken several times, and but for the madness and dissensions of the Christians, it would have remained a part of the Western Empire to this day. But gradually they gave way before their enemies, and in 1274, "the last blaze of chivalrous valor lighted up the walls of Acre," in which the Christians were besieged, and then Palestine fell back into the hands of the infidel.

A hundred and eighty years had passed since Peter the Hermit started with his host to redeem the sepulchre. That hundred and eighty years fills a large space in human history, and every line of it is crimson with blood. As we pause here, a thousand things float over the memory like a strange dream. But one great fact lies impressed on the mind: it perceives what madness *can* seize the entire civilized world. The learned and the ignorant—rich and poor—princes and peasants—warriors and women—priests and profligates—the debauchee and the anchorite—the robber and the prelate—the foulest and noblest, swayed by one feeling—striking hands in one cause in rescuing the name of Christ from disgrace. That such a thing should be, might be termed impossible—that it *has been* is a stern fact. That priests and devotees should

be carried away by such fanaticism, was natural; but who could dream that men of war could lay aside their feuds—kings and emperors leave their thrones and undergo the most wasting fatigues, the deadliest peril, and all to save the tomb of the Saviour from insult and scorn. Millions of men—the noblest, the most powerful of Europe, as well as the most abject, offering themselves not cheerfully, but triumphantly up for the sepulchre of the Saviour. All Europe moving to arms at the name of *Christ*—tens of thousands of women and children, begirt with famine and death, streaming on foot towards the tomb of *Christ*—hundreds of thousands of mailed knights spurring joyously to the shock, with the *Cross of Christ* for their banner—the plains of Asia covered with magnificent armies, every lance set in rest for the honor of *Christ*. Through fearful sieges, across terrific battle fields, over trackless deserts, and mountain precipices—through famine, pestilence, and death, still onward to the tomb of *Christ*. The human blood that single, silent sepulchre set flowing would well nigh have floated the navy of the world. How strangely thwarted sometimes seem the designs of heaven. Christ came into the world to preach peace—he died to promote the peace and welfare of men, and yet his deserted tomb alone caused more blood to flow than for all other causes put together, has in the same time deluged the earth.

These thoughts naturally cause us to inquire what good the Crusades did to compensate for all this loss of life. We know the sufferings they occasioned—we

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know that the Christians in Palestine became by their vices more corrupt than the Saracens—what beneficial result, then, did they accomplish? It is hard to tell. If we knew what the state of the world would have been if they had not occurred—what path man would have pursued had he not been turned aside towards Palestine, we might answer. But the great Controller of human events alone knows this. They, however, disturbed the policy of Europe, weakened the power of the barons—expanded the views of the common people, and, doubtless, were one great cause of the movements towards civil liberty which afterwards shook feudalism to its foundations, and increasing with years, now makes every throne of Europe tremble. It also gave a resistless impulse to the spirit of enterprise and commerce, which has since changed the entire aspect of the world. Corporate towns first appear during the Crusades, and they were the most important steps taken in the middle ages towards civil liberty. How much the Crusades had to do with them it is impossible to tell. One political cause may produce another, but no one can trace the necessary connection between all the changes that occur in a new state of feeling and thought, and that state itself. The excited, enterprising, daring spirit originates a thousand things simply because it is excited and daring, which have a material influence on the destiny of the race, though we may never in this world know it. Life is a wheel within a wheel, and it is impossible to say what wheel or what revolution was unimportant to the grand result

an all wise Creator designs to bring about. Of the justice of the wars they created, we will not speak. They stand precisely on the same basis of other wars of those times. The conquests of England in the Mysore, belong to the same category, save that they were characterized by a more sordid spirit, and stand unredeemed by a single noble feeling.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

THE horrors of the French Revolution stand out in such terrible relief in the history of that great event, that the mind is often unable to see anything else, and the strong undercurrent is lost sight of. The whole Revolution is regarded as the lawless action of an excited mob, which having once grasped the power, hurled everything into chaos with the incoherency and madness of passion. The king, the aristocracy, and the clergy, are looked upon as silent sufferers, till borne under by this wild power which swept throne, crown, and titles into one bloody grave. We hear the tocsin sounded, the *gènèrale* beat, and see the flying crowds with pikes and lances, swarming around the royal palace, rending the air with shouts and curses, while human heads are rolled by hundreds into the gutters, and this we call "The Revolution." The waking up the human mind from the sleep of ages—the manner in which liberty grew step by step, till Europe shook on her feudal throne at the sudden daylight poured on her oppressions; and the immutable

* The history of the French Revolution, by Mr. A. Thiers, translated by Frederick Shoberl.

law of retributive justice working amid all those mutations, hold but a secondary place in our contemplations. We forget also to place the blame of the acts of violence and atrocity where it ought to rest—not considering that the agents themselves are not alone guilty, but those also who forced them by pride and tyranny to their execution.

The number of histories written of the French Revolution are legion, and yet we do not remember one which escapes the charge of prejudice or incompleteness. Scott wrote of it with a blindness and recklessness of truth wholly unworthy of him—Alison, with a love for the tragic and horrible, and hatred of republicanism, that sink him below even Sir Walter Scott. The different memoirs given us by those who were actors amid its scenes, or those whose friends suffered in prison or under the guillotine, are necessarily colored by the feelings of the writers. Mignet is perhaps an exception to the great class of authors who have written of this period, but he is a speculating Frenchman, thinking more of his theories than of facts. Thiers' work is a fair offset to this whole class of histories. The freezing details of crime and ferocity are left out, and he moves straight on through his narrative, with his one main object constantly in view, namely, the *progress of the struggle*. To him, the wholesale murders and massacres are accidents, while the history of the *Revolution* is a statement of its rise, progress, and termination. The causes leading to each step, and its result in effecting political

changes are the main thing—the disasters that accompanied these steps, but secondary matters. He is a statesman, and very naturally contemplates everything in a business-like spirit. He would follow the government, not the mob. Mr. Alison, on the contrary, is a romancer, when he is not a ridiculous philosopher. The great objection to M. Thiers' work, is, that were it the only one we possessed of that period, we should get no adequate idea of the horrors that were committed in the name of liberty. The matter of fact way he has of stating everything, prevents us from being excited where we should be, and leaves us in darkness respecting many of the details. His descriptive powers are evinced far more in sketching a spirited or riotous debate in the Assembly or National Convention, than in a guillotine scene. He is a cold-blooded man, whose feelings never run away with his judgment.

The editor of the work supplies, by frequent notes, the details M. Thiers has omitted; and though they are badly arranged, often confusing the reader as he attempts to keep the thread of the narrative, yet we would not do without them. In his long preface, he declares the history to exhibit "the adroit, keen, clear-headed man of the world," while, at the same time, it is of "an animated, practical, and dramatic character." We rather suspect the word "dramatic" was inserted for "descriptive." He draws pictures but in the simplest way. If one seeks a "dramatic"

history, let him read Alison. Plain "practical" men of the world, who state things in a "business"-like way, are not usually "dramatic." He says, also, that "it is to be regretted that an author so well versed in the annals of the country as M. Thiers, has not thought it worth his while to enter more into detail on the subject of the numerous secondary causes which helped to bring about the Revolution." Now we think it would "be regretted," had he taken that course. If any one wishes to be led blindfold down through the history of France, from the time of Clovis till the Revolution, let him read Mr. Alison. If M. Thiers possesses one merit above all others, it is the clearness of his narrative in tracing the great primary and continuing causes of the Revolution. We never read a history of that event which conveyed to us so plain and connected an account of the events that crowded so rapidly on each other in that awful drama. Under the smoke and tumult, that to an ordinary observer reduce everything to chaos, we are made to see clearly the groundwork and plan of the whole. We arise from the perusal of this history with entirely new views of the Revolution. Order is seen amid that disorder, and the steady workings of immutable laws traced through all those fierce mutations. Nay, we must confess we are compelled to think better of the authors of those atrocities that have for ever blackened the pages of human history. Danton, Robespierre, and even Barrère himself, are madmen and murderers, as much from circumstance as from nature. In the tre-

mendous struggle, of which they were a part, they found they must tread everything down in their path, or be themselves trodden under foot.

Another great merit of this work is, that it gives us the philosophy of the history of the Revolution by the mere consecutiveness of the narrative, and not by obtruding on us, every few pages, a long series of reflections. M. Thiers does not speculate, but puts facts together in such relations that we are forced to draw conclusions as we advance, and form our own philosophy, rather as spectators than listeners. The masterly manner in which he has performed this part of his work, proves him the true philosopher as well as statesman. Holding a firm rein on his imagination and desire to speculate, he loses sight of himself, and moves through his history with his eye fixed steadily on the great controlling causes lying at the bottom of that strange confusion and commingling of all good and bad human passions. And in doing this, he occupies, apparently, a neutral point of observation, seeing the evils both of untamed democracy and unbending aristocracy. In this respect, the work is of incalculable advantage to the world; and, if rightly studied by the despots of Europe, will enable them to shun the sanguinary scenes of Paris in the revolutions to which they are inevitably tending.

M. Thiers dashes boldly in *medias res*. We have to wait no long prologue; he lifts the curtain at once over Louis XVI., and his distracted kingdom, and the first act promptly commences. There was no need of

a long list of secondary causes, to show us the state of France at this period. The feudal system had gone on improving on its oppressions till it had reached a point where human endurance ceases. The exchequer was embarrassed, the coffers empty, while the people could not be more heavily taxed. The nobility, instead of submitting to a tax like that laid by Sir Robert Peel upon the aristocracy of England in a similar emergency, steadily refused to relieve the disordered state of the finances. There was a weight on the nation. The people had sunk under it till their faces were ground into the earth, and no more could be expected from them. The upper classes refused to sustain it, and hence a convulsion must follow. The following graphic picture by Theirs is sufficient to satisfy any mind of the necessity of a revolution: "The state of France, political and economical, was in truth intolerable. There was nothing but privileges belonging to individual classes, towns, provinces, and to trades themselves; nothing but shackles upon the industry and genius of man. Civil, ecclesiastical, and military dignities were exclusively reserved for certain classes, and in those classes for certain individuals. A man could not embrace a profession unless upon certain titles and certain pecuniary conditions. All was monopolized by a few hands, and the burdens bore upon a certain class. The nobility and clergy possessed nearly two-thirds of the landed property. The other third, belonging to the people, paid taxes to the king, a multitude of feudal dues to the nobility,

the tithe to the clergy, and was, moreover, liable to the devastations of noble sportsmen, and their game. The taxes on consumption weighed heavily on the great mass, and consequently on the people. The mode in which they were levied was vexatious; the gentry might be in arrears with impunity; the people, on the other hand, ill-treated and imprisoned, were doomed to suffer in body in default of goods. It subsisted, therefore, by the sweat of the brow; it defended with its blood the upper classes of society, without being able to subsist itself. Justice, administered in some of the provinces by the gentry, in the royal jurisdictions by the magistrates, who purchased their offices, was slow, partial, always ruinous, and particularly atrocious in criminal causes. Individual liberty was violated by *lettres de cachet*, and the liberty of the press by royal censors." Added to all this, there came a hailstorm, cutting off the crops, so that the winter of 1788–89 brought with it universal and intolerable suffering. Men and women, half-naked, roamed over the country crying for bread. Famine stared the people in the face, while those they had enriched, looked with a stony eye on their sufferings. The voice of despair rung through the kingdom, and still the infatuated nobility rioted in luxury. Slowly and darkly heaved the storm-cloud above the horizon, yet no one regarded its threatening aspect till the lightning began to fall. The successive thunder-claps that followed, succeeded at length in arousing the imbecile monarch.

These were causes sufficient; and we need no long disquisition on the feudal system, to teach us how the evils sprung up and increased till they could be no longer borne. This is the goal tyranny always reaches, and it cannot be helped; England reached it, and but for the spectacle of France just rising from her sea of blood would have plunged into the same vortex. She chose reform rather than revolution, and it is still to be her choice till her feudal system disappears entirely. There is no help for this, and there can be none, under the economy of nature and the providence of God. If a few will appropriate and spend the substance of the land, the mass must suffer till despair hurls them on their oppressors.

The court and nobility of France had become licentious as well as oppressive, and hence disgusting and imbecile, and quarreling among themselves. In the conflict between the Parliament, the clergy, and the throne, each called on the nation for aid, and thus enlightened it on the great principles of human government; and worse than all, respecting their own debaucheries and villanies. Mistresses of nobles decided great political questions, and bribes bought every man, from the king down to the masses. A haughty aristocracy added insult to oppression, and treated with contempt the men they defrauded. Suffering makes a people think, and a starving man learns his rights fast.

This was France; while the low rumbling of the coming earthquake swelled prophetically around the

throne. Added to all this, philosophers began to speculate on human rights; and while they were busy with theories, the starving people thought how they might put them in practice. The sudden rising of a republic on this side of the water, and the Declaration of Independence made and sustained by a handful of freemen, fell like fire on the hearts of the suffering millions. The days of Greece and Rome were talked of by the philosophers and dreamers—the inalienable rights of *man*, by the people. Thus, everything conspired to urge the nation towards a revolution. It must come in the shape of a complete and sudden reformation, almost equivalent to a revolution, or utter overthrow. The king and the court were at length roused, and began to look about them for relief from the pressing dangers and increasing clamor. The king tried successively through his ministers, Turgot, Necker, Callone, and the Archbishop of Toulouse, to relieve the pressure that was every day becoming more alarming. There was but one remedy —to tax the nobility and the clergy. Their consent to this measure was at length wrung from them, and the people shouted their applause. But the promise was broken as soon as made, and anger was added to the former discontent. What next? "The convocation of the States General!" was the cry.

The king determined to assemble the *tiers etat* (third order) as his predecessors had done, in order to check the power of the nobility. But the day had gone by when the deputies from the *tiers etat* would assemble

like the retainers of a feudal lord, at his summons to defend their master. Let the intelligent middling classes have a Parliament of their own, and they will in the end, no more tolerate a king than a nobility. After much quarreling, both in court and in Parliament, respecting both the mode of electing, the number and the powers of this *tiers etat*, it was decided that at least a thousand deputies should represent France in the approaching convention, and that the number should equal that of the other two orders united. In the midst of national suffering, popular outbreaks, and inflamed passions, the election took place. These *tiers etat* comprehended all the useful and enlightened middling class; and hence the deputies represented the real interests of the nation.

The election is at length over, and from every quarter of France these deputies of the people are swarming towards Paris. They arrive, and the *people* stand face to face with their monarch, and their aspect is found to be like anything but that of retainers. The parliament and the court, both of which thought to win the majority over to their side, begin to suspect they have both miscalculated. The simple-minded Louis alone imagines his embarrassments are over. The States General is opened with solemn pomp. On the 4th of May, the king and the three orders repair in grand procession to Notre Dame. Princes, nobles, and prelates, clad in purple, and nodding with plumes, are in advance. The deputies of the *tiers etat*, clothed in simple black cloaks, follow behind. The mag-

nificent cathedral receives the imposing procession, and strains of solemn music swell up through the lofty arches. The king—the nobility—the clergy, and the people's deputies are offering up their vows together, and the impressive scene awes every breast, and suffuses every eye. Enthusiasm lightens every countenance, and the sudden joy intoxicates the hearts of the multitude.

The next day, May 5th, 1789, the king opened, in form, the States General. He was seated on an elevated throne with the queen beside him, and the court around him. On either side were arranged the nobility and clergy, while at the farther end of the hall, on low seats, sat the deputies from the *tiers etat.* Into the midst of this august assemblage, stalked a commanding form, that for an instant sent a thrill through every heart. He paused a moment, while his bushy black hair seemed to stand on end, and his lip curled in scorn, as he surveyed with a piercing eye, the nobility to whose rank his birth entitled him, but who had excluded him from their company. *Count Mirabeau* strode across the hall, and took his seat with the despised deputies of the people. Burning with collected passion, he patiently waits the day when he shall hurl defiance and terror into that haughty order.

The next day was for business, and here commenced the first great struggle between the people and their oppressors. The first thing to be done, before organizing, was the verification of the powers of the members. The nobles and the clergy, unwilling to mingle

themselves up in common with plebeians, declared that each order should constitute itself apart. The *tiers etat* required the verification to be in common, steadily refusing to take any step by which they should be regarded as a separate order. This States General was to be a common assembly, sitting on the welfare of France, or nothing at all. The clergy remained in one hall by themselves, having voted not to admit the *tiers etat* to an equal footing with themselves. The nobility had done the same thing, and sent to the deputies to constitute themselves apart, that the States General might proceed to business. The deputies calmly but firmly refused. The nobility stormed, and talked of dignity, and rank, and privileges, and rained insults on the people's representatives. The latter, firm in their resolution, bore all with a patience and moderation becoming their high office. Day after day passed away in vain negociation, each order refusing to yield its prerogatives. Twenty-two days had thus elapsed, and the States General was not yet organized. The throne and the people looked on in silence to see what would come of this struggle. At length Mirabeau arose, and said it was time to do something for the public welfare. He proposed sending a deputation to the clergy, to know at once if they would meet the Commons or not. The deputation was sent, and marching into the hall of the clergy, addressed them in the following startling language: "*The gentlemen of the Commons invite the gentlemen of the clergy,* IN THE NAME OF THE GOD OF PEACE *and*

for the national interest, to meet them in the hall of the Assembly, to consult upon the means of effecting the concord so necessary, at this moment for the public welfare." This solemn adjuration fell like a thunderbolt in the midst of the clergy, and had the vote been taken on the spot, they would have acceded to the request. Time was asked and given. The king interfered, and some concessions were made. Still the inexorable deputies of the *tiers etat* would *not* yield on the question of verification; for to yield once was to yield throughout, and become a mere cipher in the Assembly, and see money and power, hand in hand, crushing down the state, as they hitherto had done.

At this critical juncture, they took the bold resolution to seize a portion of the legislative power of the kingdom, and proceed to business. Mirabeau arose and said, "A month is past—it is time to take a decisive step—a deputy of Paris has an important communication to make—let us hear him." An important communication, indeed, bold Mirabeau, and thou art at the bottom of it! Having thus broken the ice, he introduced to the tribune the Abbé Sièyes, who, after stating their true position, proposed to send a last invitation to the other orders to attend in the common hall. It was sent, and the reply was returned that they would consider of it. At length, on the 16th of June, having been waiting since the 5th of May, the *tiers etat* solemnly resolved to constitute itself a legislative body, under the name of *National Assembly.*

This was one o'clock in the morning, and it was discussed whether the National Assembly should proceed to its organization on the spot, or defer it till the next day. A few, wishing to check this rapid movement, arranged themselves into a party, and commenced the most furious exclamations and outcries, which drowned the voices of the speakers. Amid this tumult, one party called out to put the motion—the other to adjourn. Calm and unmoved amid the shouts and threats rained around him, the president—the firm, right-minded Bailly—sat, for more than an hour, "motionless and silent." The elements without corresponded to the uproar within, and amid the pauses of the tumult was heard the rush of the storm, as it shook the building that inclosed them, and swept in gusts up the hall in which they were assembled. It was a noble spectacle: the calm and fearless Bailly sitting unmoved amid the turbulence of passion, like a rock amid the waves. At length the brawlers, one by one, dropped away, and the vote was put, and the act of organization deferred till next day, when it was irrevocably done, and France had a *National Assembly* ready to legislate for her welfare.

The first act of this Assembly was to legalize the levy of taxes that had been already made by the government. The motive to this was twofold; first, to show that it did not design to oppose the action of the administration; second, to assert its newly-assumed power. It then announced that it should immediately investigate the causes of the scarcity of provisions, and

the public distress. This bold and decided act sent alarm through the court and higher orders. The nobility rallied around the throne, and implored it to interfere for the protection of their rights and privileges. In the meantime the clergy, frightened into concessions, had voted to join the *tiers etat* on common ground in the National Assembly. All was now confusion. The court and nobility proposed energetic measures to the king. Necker, the minister, advised a middle course, which a wise king would have adopted, but which Louis did not. Day after day passed in distracted counsels, till at length the 22d of June was appointed for the royal sitting. In the meantime, the hall of the States General was closed by order of the king, and all the sittings were adjourned till the 22d of June.

The National Assembly had constituted itself, and passed its first acts on the 19th, and then adjourned till the next day. Disobeying the king's order, the deputies assembled according to adjournment, and finding the hall shut in their faces, and the soldiers of the French guard stationed at the door, repaired tumultuously to the Tennis Court, within the dark, naked walls of which they assembled. There were no seats, and the members were compelled to *stand* and deliberate. An arm-chair was offered to the president, but he refused it, and stood with his companions. In the midst of the excitement without and within, a united oath was taken not to separate till a constitution was established, and placed on a firm basis.

With hands outstretched towards the president, Bailly, they all repeated the solemn oath. It was heard outside the building by the breathless crowd, which eagerly waited the action of the people's deputies, and then the shout *Vive l'Assemblée! Vive le Roi!* rent the air.

This act carried new consternation into the ranks of the nobility, who, now alarmed, sought to make common cause with the king. At length, the royal sitting, which was adjourned till the 22d, took place. The king and the higher orders took possession of the hall, and in supercilious pride, ordered that the deputies should enter by a side door, to indicate their inferior rank. Without noticing the insult, the latter proceeded to the appointed entrance, where they were kept waiting a long time in the rain, knocking for admittance. At length the foolish, misguided monarch deigned to let the representatives of the people enter, and take such seats as they could find vacant. He then commenced his address, made up of invectives, insults, threats, and the most foolish and absurd declarations. Instead of conciliating, he exasperated; and, instead of yielding, maintained over again all the feudal rights, and seemed to think that by the mere force of words he could lay the conflict at once, and send the deputies, like whipped schoolboys, back to their obedience and humility. Lastly, he annulled all the acts of the *tiers etat*, in their capacity of National Assembly, and commanded them to separate again into their original elements. He then strode out of the hall,

followed by the nobility and part of the clergy. The majority of the ecclesiastical deputies, and all those of the Commons, remained behind, buried in profound silence. Not a sound broke the stillness that succeeded the king's departure. Each seemed to feel they had approached a crisis from which there was no retreating. At length Mirabeau arose, and by his bold and determined manner, inspired confidence and resolution. The grand master of ceremonies, returning at that moment, said to the president, "You have heard the orders of the king?" "Yes," replied Bailly, in his quiet, respectful manner, "and I am now going to take those of the Assembly." "Yes, sir!" thundered in Mirabeau, "we have heard the intentions that have been suggested, and go and tell your master that we are here by the power of the people, and that nothing but the power of bayonets shall drive us away!"

The Assembly continued its sitting, and, in addition to reaffirming its former resolutions, and in order to save itself from violence, passed an act decreeing the inviolability of the person of every deputy.

This was the first Revolution in France, and generated all the rest. Here let us pause a moment, and inquire who are the guilty persons in this first act of the great drama that has just opened. The working classes of France and the inferior orders had borne all the burdens of the state, together with those of a corrupt court and aristocracy, till human endurance could go no farther, and famine stared them in the face.

The government and privileged classes had wrung out from them the last farthing to squander on their lusts, and national bankruptcy threatened to swell the amount of evil that already cursed the land. In the mean time, the court and parliaments were quarreling about their respective rights and powers. In the midst of the agitations, popular outbreaks began to exhibit themselves in various parts of the country. As a last resource, it was resolved to convoke the States General. But, scarcely had the Commons of the people assembled, before insults were heaped on them because they refused to be faithless to the trust a suffering people had committed to them. Overlooking the great object of the nation's welfare, the higher orders wasted a whole month in fighting for the privileges of rank. An empty exchequer, a starving population, and a distracted kingdom, were small evils compared to mingling with plebeians on common ground, to consult for the common good. For the sake of a mere shadow—to gratify personal pride, and uphold the purity of noble blood—they were willing to sacrifice a whole kingdom ; and persisted in their blind folly till they opened a breach between themselves and the people, which never could be closed till filled up with their own dead bodies. All the forbearance and all the justice in this first Revolution were on the side of the people ; all the insult and exasperation and injustice, on the side of the crown and aristocracy. The Commons were respectful and moderate, asking only for their rights—the nobility contemptuous and head-

long, asking only for their own privileges: patriotism, and a stern sense of justice characterised the one—supreme selfishness, pride, and tyranny the other. Thus far, the agitations and distress rest not on democracy, but on despotism.

At length the nobility, after exhausting threats and plots, were compelled to join the National Assembly. It can be easily imagined what spirit they brought into its counsels, and that nothing could be done for the welfare of the nation while such violent animosity ruled the factions. The first thing proposed by the Assembly was the formation of a constitution for France, defining the powers and obligations of the different departments of government, and the rights and privileges of the people. This was no easy thing, but the very attempt shows the rapid strides the nation was taking towards liberty. For centuries, the people had suffered their feudal lords to think for them, and rule without contradiction or inquiry. Now, all at once, they had discovered that he who sows the bread and reaps it, has a right to eat it, and he who supports the government ought to have a voice in its management.

In this juncture, while the Assembly was expending all its energies in self-defence, and hence could give no attention to the state of the country, an armed force began to assemble in Paris. The report soon reached the deputies at Versailles, and it was whispered about, that the bayonet was to be employed in effecting what royal authority and the overbearing action of the higher orders had been unable to do,

namely, the dissolution of the National Assembly. Let it be remembered, this was the first conspiracy in which resort was had to arms. But the people could conspire as well as the aristocracy, and since the latter had had the madness to bring bayonets into the conflict, they could not complain if they were found in other hands besides those of the soldiers of the guard.

Thus we see, that the first legislative revolution in France was brought about by the folly and injustice of the aristocracy, and the first appeal to arms was also made by them in their conflict with the people. It will be well to remember this, when we hear the wild *Ça ira* sung by the fierce multitude in the midst of massacre and blood.

The troops occupied Paris, while the indignant and excited populace swarmed hither and thither, scarce knowing what it did. Consternation reigned in the Assembly at Versailles, and everything seemed on the brink of ruin from the excitement caused by the parading of soldiers through the streets of the capital. But, true to itself and true to the nation, the Assembly rose above fear and passion, and passed a resolution requesting the king to withdraw the troops and establish the civic guard, and charging on him and his councillors the guilt of all the blood and distress that would follow if he refused. The Assembly declared itself permanent, and appointed Lafayette its Vice-President.

The night of the 13th and 14th of July passed in fear and dread, for it was known that the next night

was the one appointed for an attack by the troops on the Assembly, and the dispersion of the deputies. Towards evening of the fatal night a silent terror reigned in the Assembly, yet still not a member stirred from his seat. Each one was determined to fall at his post. The booming of cannon came at intervals on the ear, shaking the hall where they sat, telling of scenes of violence and blood at Paris. The Prince de Lembasc was seen spurring by, on a wild gallop, to the king. Twilight deepened over the hall, giving a still more sombre hue to the countenances of the deputies. Another deputation had been sent to the king, and all waited with anxiety the answer. At this moment, two electors, riding in hot haste from Paris, were announced to the Assembly. A solemn and prophetic silence filled the room. Not a voice broke the stillness that was more awful than solitude. Darkness covered the Deputies who sat like statues, waiting the issue. Those electors came stalking through the gloom, while every footfall was distinctly heard, as they slowly marched up the hall. Their report was brief, but full of terror. The people were in arms, blood had been shed, and the Bastile was attacked.

In Paris, all day long, previous to the night appointed by the higher orders for the attack on the city and the National Assembly, fierce cries had rung from the multitude, till "To the Bastile!" drowned all other voices, and the living stream poured round the gloomy walls of that stronghold of tyranny. It fell; and at midnight the news reached the Assembly.

Their danger was over—the people had triumphed—and the plot laid against their liberty had been sprung upon its authors. The king was astonished, and his councillors overwhelmed, at this exhibition of boldness by the people. A reconciliation was the consequence; the orders were amalgamated in the National Assembly, and legislation at length began to take place.

But during these three months, in which the higher orders had been attempting to trample on, fetter, then destroy the deputies of the people, nothing had been done to relieve the distress of the country. Suffering had not remained stationary because the National Assembly had. There was a scarcity of provisions in the capital and in the provinces. Men and women wandered about for bread; and the evils that might have been checked if met sooner, were now almost past remedy. The utmost efforts of the government could not supply the demand. Fear reigned on every side, and even the adored Lafayette, who was at the head of the National Guard, could not always prevent the violence of the people. Foulon had said the people might eat hay—the people, in return, had seized him, put a "collar of nettles round his neck, a bunch of thistles in his hand, and a truss of hay on his back," and then hung him at a lamp-post. His head was carried on a pike through the streets. This first public execution pointed significantly to the cause of the evils, and the course the Revolution would take. At this point first begins the division in the National Assembly.

The popular party having acquired the power, began to disagree among themselves. The more conservative part, fearing the result of these rapid strides to liberty, thought it was time to stop. The other part looked upon the reformation as just begun. But something must be done immediately, to relieve the deplorable state of France. Money must be raised, and bread furnished; but from whence? The lower orders had been taxed to the utmost, and the money raised, all squandered by the court and aristocracy. Funds must now come from the higher orders or nowhere. Driven to this crisis, the representatives of the people made the first attack on the property and incomes of the clergy and the privileges of the nobility. The writers of this period have usually been subjects of a monarchical government, and hence have burst forth into exclamations of horror at this bold encroachment of democracy, as it is called. But will they tell us what else could have been done? We will not entrench ourselves here on the principle of right, and declare what is true, that strict justice required the higher orders to impoverish themselves to relieve the country. They had not only lived for centuries in luxury at the expense of the poor man's table, and in sloth by the poor man's sweat, but had made him also support the government at home and abroad, till, reduced to famine, he had no longer anything to give to supply the imperious, and every hour, more pressing demands of the state. In every emergency, he had been called on and forced to administer relief.

But now there was no longer anything to force, while a more pressing emergency than had ever before occurred, called loudly for aid. Something must be done at once, and strict justice required that the upper classes should disgorge their ill-gotten wealth to save the state—to render back for the common good a part of that which they had so long used for their own pleasure. But there was something stronger than justice here—*necessity*. The people *could not* starve, and money must be had. The higher orders must furnish it, or precipitate a national bankruptcy.

But the struggle and delay expected to accompany any action of the Assembly on this subject, seemed, to the inexpressible joy of all, suddenly overcome by the voluntary surrender, by each order, of its privilege. The 9th of August had been spent in discussing the famous Declaration of Rights to be placed at the head of the Constitution. In the evening, the question of the popular disturbances, and the means to allay them, came up. The Viscount de Noailles and the Duke d'Anguillon both ascended the tribune, and with a clear-sightedness and justice, that, had they been possessed by the rest of the nobility, would have saved the nation, declared that it was foolish to attempt to *force* the people into tranquility, that the best method was to remove the cause of the disturbances: they therefore proposed to abolish at once all those feudal rights which irritated and oppressed the inhabitants of the country. Following them, a landholder took the tribune, and gave a graphic and fearful picture of the

effect of the feudal system in the country. A sudden enthusiasm seized the Assembly, and one after another rushed forward to renounce his privileges. Each was eager to anticipate and rival the other in the sacrifice he made; and amid the general excitement, the relation of serf, the seignorial jurisdictions, the game laws, and the redemption of tithes, and sale of offices, were all abolished. Equality of taxes, and the admission of all citizens to civil and military employments, and the suppression of privileges of the towns and provinces, were decreed amid the most unbounded joy. A *Te Deum* was proclaimed, and Louis was to be entitled the Restorer of French liberty.

But everything had been passed in a general form, and when the separate points came up for discussion, the higher orders repented their sudden concessions, and began to struggle again for their old privileges, thus destroying the gratitude they had awakened. But it was too late—the minds of the deputies had become enlightened, and the feudal system, with all its power to plunder and oppress, was abolished. But this also came too late; for the act could not at once bring bread to the million starving mouths, or allay the madness of want. France was rocking to the smothered fires that had been kindling into strength for ages, and the shriek for bread was more awful than the thunder of hostile cannon: still the state was not beyond redemption, were the *spirit* of feudalism dead. But after the form was slain, the soul lived, and exhibited itself in plots and resistance, that kept the

people fighting for liberty when they should have been seeking for food. The discussion of the Constitution that followed was needed, but flour was still more needed. Men felt for their plundered rights, but they felt still deeper for their empty stomachs. At length the Constitution was ready, and waited, with the bold Declaration of Rights at its head, the signature of the king. He vacillated and delayed, but the people were rapidly becoming firm on one point—*relief*.

From May till October, had the National representatives struggled to save France. Met at every turn by the court and aristocracy; surrounded with obstacles their enemies had constantly thrown in their path, and compelled to spend months on the plainest principles of human liberty and justice, they had been utterly unable to relieve the public distress. For this they were not to blame, but the selfish, blind, higher orders. Everything had been compelled to wait but famine. *That* had never wavered nor faltered; but, with ever-increasing proportions and frightful mien, had stalked over the land, turning women into tigers, and men into fiends. Suddenly, there is a strange and confused uproar on the road from Paris to Versailles. An army of women is on the march for the king's palace. All efforts to disband them have proved powerless. Armed with pikes, hatchets, and sticks pointed with iron, they have marched on foot though the drenching rain, measuring the weary leagues with aching limbs, and at length stream around the mag-

nificent palace of Versailles. Wild faces look out from disheveled hair, and haggard features, more fearful than the swaying pikes, move amid this confusion of sexes and hurricane of passion. With eyes upturned to where their monarch dwells, they suddenly shriek out, in wild concord—"BREAD!" God in heaven! what a cry from women to their king! Regardless of the falling rain and approaching night, and their toilsome journey, those strange faces are still turned to him who alone can relieve their distress. At length, twelve are conducted, as deputies, into the presence of the king. One, young and beautiful, overwhelmed at her own boldness, in thus approaching her monarch, can only faintly utter the word "*bread.*" Here was woe, here was suffering, sufficient to bring tears from stones. What distress had been borne, what torture endured, before this multitude could thus unsex themselves and string their feelings to this desperate tone.

In the midst of the tumult, the Assembly sent the Constitution to the king, praying his acceptance. It was given, and the announcement was made to the crowd of women to appease their rage. "Will it give us bread?" they inquired. "Yes," says Mounier, and they retired. Bread was ordered to be distributed, but was not; and the famished multitude wandered about, searching in vain for means to alleviate their hunger, till at length they came upon a dead horse, and began, in savage ferocity, to tear out his entrails, and devour his flesh. Tumult was again abroad, and shots were fired from the palace on the crowd, which rushed in

return up the marble steps, and streamed through the royal apartments, demanding blood. Bnt the adored Lafayette was seen moving amid the multitude, and the storm was stayed, and the king saved.

The next morning, the shout, "To Paris!" was heard, and Louis was compelled, with his family, to take this wild escort to the capital. The tiger was changed into the fiend. The excitement of the day before—the hunger and murder of the night, and the strange spectacle of the morning had completely unsettled what little reason the rabble had left, and the procession they formed for the king—their furious shouts and bacchanal songs, and disorderly movement, as they carry a gory head aloft on a pike, making it nod and bow to the multitude in grim salutation, are enough to appal the stoutest heart. Kingship is ended —reverence is gone, and all after-respect and loyalty will be but the spasmodic flame of the dying lamp. *Vive le roi! Vive la nation!' Vive Lafayette!* are alike incoherent and trustless. The nobility, heretofore so blind, begin at length to see more clearly, and flock in crowds from France. Having helped to bring the king into this inextricable peril, they leave him to fight it out alone, and hereafter the combat is to be between the court and the people.

Thus far we are able still to fix the guilt. A banquet which the body-guard had given, and at which the queen was present, had exasperated the famishing people by its luxury and wastefulness. The rumors of the intended flight of the king had also filled them

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with consternation: for civil war and all its horrors hung over their heads, while famine turned their fears into ferocity. These things, and these alone, drove Paris on Versailles, scattered the nobility in affright, and forced the king and Assembly to the capital, into the very midst of the popular excitement. The appropriation of the property of the clergy at this time, by the Assembly, for the use of the state, exasperated still more all the higher orders against the popular movement, and began that struggle which ended in national atheism.

The future course of the Revolution from this point, must be plain to every calm thinker. The popular party possessing the power, must move on till a republic is established. One extreme will succeed another. The rate of progress, and the degree of violence, must depend on collateral causes. Such commotions as now shook Paris, must bring strange and powerful beings to the surface. The pressure of an artificial system was removed, and the untamed spirit was allowed to go forth in its strength, aroused and excited by the new field opened to its untried powers. From amid the chaos, are dimly seen the forms of Robespierre, Marat, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and others, who as yet dream not of the fate that is before them. Robespierre has been underrated by some, and too highly extolled as a man of intellect by others. He was one of those the Revolution developed. At the outset, ignorant and narrow-minded, and impelled onward only by a low ambition, he was educated into

a shrewd politician—a clear-headed reasoner, and a really powerful man amid popular assemblies. Marat was a cold-blooded villain, who acquired power among intelligent men, by terror alone. Danton was ambitious and patriotic at first, afterwards ferocious; but when he saw to what issue the republic he had hoped to establish was tending, he became disgusted, and attempted to retire from the scene. But these men and their like represent a class which, in the dominance of the popular party, obtain power by forming a *radical* party.

Among the clubs, that at this time were organized in Paris, the Jacobin Club was the most powerful, and gradually swallowed up all the rest, and was the cause of the unparalleled atrocities of the French Revolution.

How much Mirabeau could have done, had he lived, after he saw the chaotic tendency of things, and gone over to royalty, and openly declared war against the violence and mobocracy of the more popular party, it is not easy to say. With his profound knowledge of the human heart—his thrilling eloquence and undaunted firmness, he might have overwhelmed such men as Robespierre; and, with his powerful arm on the throne, steadied its overthrow, if not prevented the fall. He was no democrat, and never dreamed of establishing a republic in France. His attacks on monarchy and the nobility, were prompted more by personal feeling than patriotism. Still, he was a strong man, and the party which possessed him had a

legion on its side. Yet we doubt whether he could have done much with such an imbecile king as Louis. He would have striven for a while with his impetuous courage, to force him to some decision and firmness, but when he found it all of no avail, and all his measures defeated by childlike vacillation, he would have left him to his fate, and retired in disgust from his country.

During the period that intervened between the movement of the mob on Versailles, and the dethronement of Louis, the Assembly continued to act with vigor, and prosecute the reforms so loudly called for in the state. There were also spasmodic exhibitions of returning loyalty by the people. The anniversary of the overthrow of the Bastile was an exhibition of popular enthusiasm unparalleled in the history of the world; and when, in the vast amphitheatre erected in the Champs de Mars, those three hundred thousand French people on the one hand, and the king, with the queen in the background holding the royal heir in her arms, on the other, swore under the open heavens together, to render faithful adherence to the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly, the conflicts and miseries of France seemed ended.

But the general joy that followed was of only few days' duration. The quarrels with the ministry that must be inefficient from the circumstances in which it was placed, and the party spirit of the different factions, and the ambition of separate leaders, soon brought back all the agitation that had only been

suspended, not removed. Besides, in taking away the privileges of the nobility and clergy, and restricting the power of the king, the popular party had gained enough, and the king and higher orders lost enough to render them implacable enemies for ever, and there could be no peace till one or the other was entirely crushed, and removed beyond fear. But the popular party was in the ascendancy, and the principles it promulgated soon found way into every part of the kingdom, and finally penetrated the army. Bouillé might carry a few devoted hearts in the army with him, but the die was cast, and royalty must disappear. Most of the nobility had anticipated this, and emigrated. Louis also saw it at last, and fled. Arrested and brought back to Paris, he was afterward the mere shadow of power, and his doom hastened to its fulfilment.

The spirit of liberty, which at first had exhibited itself in the *tiers etat*, in the refusal to verify except in common with the higher orders, and afterwards in the Declaration of Rights and the Constitution, in the abolishment of the feudal system, in the power given to the lower orders, and in the disrespect and contempt shown to the king, now took a bolder stand, and shouted "no king!"

The closing up of the Constituent, or, in other words, National Assembly, which had been in session three years, produced a momentary change in the state of affairs. By a motion of Robespierre, a resolution was passed, prohibiting the re-election to the new Assembly of any member of the old one. This resolu-

tion was introduced through pique, but its passage had a serious effect on France. The deputies that had watched the progress of events for three years, and understood more perfectly than fresh delegates could be supposed to understand, the nature and wants of the new government, were thus kept out of the national councils. A new set of men composed the new Legislative Assembly, whose election, many of them, had been influenced by the various clubs, that were mere branches of those at Paris. That miserable article in the Constitution making the Assembly to consist of one chamber only, also increased the difficulty. These heterogeneous characters were brought into one body, and amid the tumults of the capital, the frenzy of faction, and violence of passion, were compelled to legislate for the state. Constitutionalists, who were conservatives in politics—enthusiastic republicans, who dreamed of restoring the palmy days of Greece and Rome—radicals, who thought only of retributive justice to aristocrats, and a middle indifferent class, were thus thrown together to split into two great parties, as patriotism, passion, or interest might lead. The result was, the old Assembly was completely reversed. In that, the constitutionalists occupied the left side, and the privileged orders the right. In the new, there was no party of the higher orders, and the constitutionalists, or the more conservative party, became the right, and the enthusiasts and radicals the left side. The deputies from La Gironde were the ablest men among this motley class, and soon drew

around them a large party, which were called *Girondins.* Condorcet as a writer, and Vergniaud as an orator, stood at the head of these. The radicals, seated on the highest benches in the hall, were called the *Mountain.* The Jacobin Club, with the others which, under the old Assembly, only agitated, ruled under the new. At its head stood Robespierre.

The Legislative Assembly, sitting in Paris, did not commence its labors under very favorable auspices, and the veto placed by the king on measures adopted against the clergy, who were stirring up a civil war, together with the plotting of the emigrants in favor of royalty, opened and widened the breach between him and his subjects. The thousand acts and suspicions that must occur, when parties occupy this hostile attitude, increased the irritation, and brought down fresh insults on the king. The pressure of everything was towards a republic during the winter and spring, until the 20th of June, when a fresh outbreak in Paris exhibited, by its contempt of the king, and the insults heaped upon him, to what a mere shadow his power was reduced. A mob of 30,000 persons came streaming into the Assembly, bearing before them the Declaration of Rights, and above their heads, on a pike, a calf's heart, with the inscription,, "Heart of an Aristocrat." Moving from thence around the Tuilleries, they insulted the king, and finally penetrated into his apartments. It needed then but one word to turn that palace into a place of massacre. Lafayette, the brave, the spotless Lafayette, when he

heard of this disgraceful scene, hastened from his post at the head of the army, to Paris, to interpose the shield of his person before that of his monarch.

Here, every one who has watched the progress of the Assembly, will say that a republic is inevitable. The writers of this period, educated under a monarchical government, pause at the point where a republic becomes certain, and date from that moment the horrors of the Revolution. That a nation of oppressed and ignorant men cannot pass at once from slavery to independence without violence, and perhaps bloodshed, no thinking man will doubt. But that the wholesale murders and massacres, the scenes of ferocity and fiendish cruelty that characterized the Revolution, were a necessary part of this transition state, we unhesitatingly deny. On the contrary, we charge on Louis XVI. himself the horrors of the Reign of Terror. The soft feelings of his womanish heart are no excuse for his violation of duty. Too weak to rule the turbulent spirits around him, unable to withstand the tumult he should have quelled, and unfit, in every way, for the perilous position in which he was placed, he should have confessed it, and resigned, long before, his crown and his throne. What had royal prerogative, and pride of blood and family, and dignity of a king, to do with the salvation of a realm? He deserved death, not for the charges preferred against him, but his weakness in refusing to resign his power, while he would not uphold the laws. Resisting, where he ought not to have resisted, the

righteous decrees of the Assembly—and yielding in the only place where he ought not to have yielded, when the mob assailed his authority and his person, we lose all respect for his kindness in utter contempt of his character as a king. We say he is chargeable with the atrocities of the Reign of Terror, for similar scenes will occur in any city where the executors of the law manifest equal vacillation and imbecility. Had those whose duty it was to maintain the laws in the late riots of Philadelphia or of New York followed the example of Louis XVI., we should have had the scenes of Paris over again. Emboldened by impunity, and made ferocious by blood, mob would have striven with mob, in the absence of law, and the length and fierceness of the struggle would have depended on the comparative strength of the conflicting parties. Had any of the mobs which, for the last few years, have arisen in London, Birmingham, or Bristol, been suffered to insult, and pillage, and trample on the constituted authorities with the same impunity that the Parisian mobs were allowed to, we should have had similar acts of violence; and had this lawless power been suffered to increase and consolidate, it would have imitated the bloody ferocity of the Jacobins. The transient violence of sudden outbreaks is easily quelled. It is only when the mob power is suffered to become *legislative*, that we have such legislation as Robespierre, Marat, Barrère, and Couthon gave France. The Jacobin Club was this consolidated mob-power, and it grew up and strengthened under the very eye

of the king. He had not even the excuse of ignorance where ignorance would have been crime, for his best friends told him of it; and not only told him, but begged the privilege of crushing it at once. He not only refused to command the removal of this curse of France, but rejected the earnest entreaty of Lafayette to be permitted to do it on his own responsibility. We are told that Louis could not bear to shoot down his subjects, and chose rather to suffer indignity and personal loss, than shed the blood of others. We have not the least objection to this choice, if he were the only person concerned in it; but he knew that this Jacobin power aimed at the overthrow of everything stable and just. He could not help knowing it; for their doctrines and determination were both made public. Besides, warning after warning, of no doubtful significance, had reached his ears. The only apology made for Louis here by his friends, is his kindness of heart. Instead of this being an excuse in such circumstances, it is a crime deserving the severest penalty. The commander of a nation's army might refuse battle under the same plea, and thus ruin the nation that trusted him. The mayor of New York might plead his tenderness of feelings for refusing to employ force against a society, whose avowed purpose was to overturn the city government, and spoil the inhabitants. This extreme sensibility on the part of the executive authority is worse than none at all. It is a crime for which a man should be held responsible, as much as for cowardice in battle.

There are sins of omission as well as commission, and while the mob stands charged with the latter, Louis XVI. has a heavy account to render for the former.

His want of boldness on the 20th of June, during the last riot to which we referred, ought to have lost him his power forever; and he would have been unworthy of pity had he fallen then on the marble floor of his own palace, trodden down by the infuriated populace. This was not an insurrection of women asking for bread, but of lawless men hating authority. One destined to play a fearful part afterwards in the history of Europe, saw the imbecility of the king at a glance, and could not restrain his indignation. Coming out of a café, he observed the mob streaming towards Versailles: "Let us follow that rabble," said young Bonaparte to Bourienne. When he beheld the insults of the mob, as they spread themselves through the royal apartments, his anger knew no bounds; and when, at length, he saw the meek Louis present himself at the window, with a red cap on his head, put there in obedience to the miserable *sans culotte*, he could contain himself no longer, and exclaimed, 'What madness! how could they allow these scoundrels to enter? They ought to have blown four or five hundred of them into the air with cannon. The rest would then have taken to their heels." But Louis, who would struggle long and tenaciously with the National Assembly for a mere prerogative, would let the butchers, scavengers, and outlaws of his kingdom spit on him. Bonaparte had occasion to try his principles

afterwards, and saved the Convention, when half the weakness the king had shown would have left it to the mercy of Jacobinical fury.

Lafayette, who had come from the army to arrest this spirit of violence, which threatened to overtop all authority, was supported by the National Assembly in his bold denunciations of the scenes on the 20th, and, thus sustained, went to the king and offered himself for his protection. The besotted Louis rejected the offer. Lafayette, intent on saving his country, resolved to take on himself the responsibility of dispersing the Jacobins. But, unsupported by the king, he could get but few to aid him. The Jacobins, however, hearing of his designs, were seized with sudden fear, and abandoned their Club. Had the king then put the National Guard under his control, he would have crushed this viper in its nest, and saved France from the sea of blood in which she afterwards sunk, and from which she eventually so slowly and painfully lifted her head. Lafayette remained a few days longer in Paris, and then set out for the army.

From that time on, we see not where France could have been saved. The factions had, in reality, assumed the power, and order and law were soon to be at an end. This last act of the king destroys our remaining sympathy, and we feel that he deserves to die for his weakness, and we almost wonder how Lafayette could, as he afterwards did, make another effort to save his life. But this too was rendered futile through the

infatuation of Louis, and he must hereafter go stumbling on to the scaffold.

The approach of hostile armies on France at this juncture aroused and alarmed all parties, and accusations were not wanting, that the king was implicated in these attacks on revolutionary France. The 19th of July, 1792, the anniversary of the Federation in the Champ de Mars arrived, and a last feeble attempt was made to keep the appearance of friendship between the king and the people. They assembled as before, but not with the joy and hope of that first great day. The farce could not be kept up, and though the celebration passed off without violence, and "*Vive le Roi*" again smote the ear of the king, it was easy to see that another eruption was at hand, destined to sweep royalty, even with its shadow of power, completely away. A new conspiracy was set on foot by the Jacobins, having for its object the dethronement of Louis. The insurrectional committee of their club issued orders, as if it composed the municipal authority of Paris. The Assembly could do nothing, for Jacobinical influence was there also, and all waited with anxious fear the 10th of August, the day fixed for the insurrection. It came, and with it the overthrow of the throne. The king fled in alarm to the National Assembly—the Tuileries ran blood, and amid the storm and terror of that day, the Bourbon dynasty closed. The executive power of France had disappeared to reappear instantaneously in the *Commune* of Paris, uuder control of the clubs, with

the Jacobins at their head. The Assembly immediately decreed the dethronement of the king—a plan of education for the prince royal—and the convocation of a national convention. This recognition of the prince royal, shows how confused and unsettled men's minds were on the future course of the Revolution, and how difficult it is to eradicate all regard for that power which has for a long time been the object of reverence. At the dethronement of Louis there were really but two authorities in Paris—the legislative in that of the Assembly, and the municipal in that of the Commune.

The first thing to be done, was the creation of some substitute for the executive power. The Ministers, chosen at once, were appointed to represent royalty. But the people were still in uproar; and, like the vexed ocean, surged up round the Assembly, now the throne had gone down, demanding the *destruction* of royalty. The Assembly had voted for suspension, the clubs for dethronement—and the people were ruled by the clubs. The hatred of the poor against the rich, and all those low passions which turn the lower classes into savages, had been fed by those clubs, till they were ready to be led anywhere, to commit any deed

How rapidly such wild power works. In one day the king had been dethroned—three of his dismissed ministers reinstated, and exercising royal authority: the royal family were prisoners at the Feuillans and Danton, from the member of a second-rate club, was minister of justice. Marat, the infamous Marat, was

parading Paris, at the head of the brigand Marseillais; and Robespierre, declaiming at the club about the victory, and declaring that the National Assembly should be suspended, and Lafayette impeached.

When the news of this Revolution reached the army, it was accompanied with accusations against Dumouriez and Lafayette. To give themselves up to the tribunals at Paris, to be tried, was to abandon themselves to death. Lafayette, therefore, fled to Austria, and was thrown into prison. Dumouriez was reinstated in favor, and attempted to fight for the republic; but eventually, finding anarchy and want of order in the government, took the bold resolution to bring over the army and march it against the revolutionists, that were destroying the very hope of republicans and deluging France in blood. Having failed in this attempt, he, too, fled to Austria, and was received with better favor than Lafayette.

We cannot agree with Theirs here, in his condemnation of Dumouriez. That brave general struggled as long as he could, single-handed, and then sought the aid of Austria. But this coalition with a foreign power to march on Paris, and crush the anarchists that were destroying all the good fruits of the Revolution, M. Theirs regards as treachery, but we as patriotism. Dumouriez, it is true, would have been compelled to turn his cannon on his countrymen, and wade through the blood of Frenchmen, to the capital; but it would have been a *saving* of blood in the end. The reputation of France, freedom, human

life, everything was at stake, and Dumouriez knew it; and instead of being branded as a traitor, he should be extolled as a patriot. Any coalition, any measure, that would save France from the domination of the cut-throats that had elevated themselves in the place of the throne, was honorable.

But everything failed; the Jacobins were king, and their club was the National Assembly. Committees of public safety, and of surveillance,* were but so many forms through which mob law could work. The authors of them knew that they must kill or be killed. Having cut themselves off from all sympathy without, and provoked the hostility of every crowned head of Europe—and knowing that they must destroy all their enemies at home, or be swept away themselves—the anarchists set about their preparations to meet the storm with a courage that excites our ad-

* The Committee of the Public Safety was composed of twenty-five members. It was charged with the preparation of all the laws for the safety of the Republic externally. The ministers constituting the executive authority, had to render account to it, twice a week, while it reported weekly of the state of the Republic. The duty of the Committee of Surveillance, was to seize all suspected persons, and to carry out the decree, that made all of rank or wealth suspected. The Revolutionary Tribunal, instituted shortly after, took cognizance of every act and person favoring any plot to re-establish sovereignty, or weaken the power of the people. From its decision there was no appeal. After the fête of the Supreme Being, additional power was given to it; so that all evidence and counsel, and, indeed, witnesses were dispensed with; or rather accusers were allowed to be witnesses, so that it could destroy without hindrance.

miration, but with a ferocity that makes the heart shudder with horror. Danton knew that boldness was the only alternative, and exclaimed in the Assembly "we must *strike terror* to the *royalists*." A shiver ran through the hall, for the language meant extermination.

It is useless to follow the acts of Assembly farther. Legislation was a mere form, and it is to the Commune of Paris, the Clubs, and the Revolutionary Tribunal, we are to look for law. The first step in this course of self-protection called public welfare, was to visit every house in Paris, and apprehend all imputed persons. The barriers were shut for forty-eight hours —the whole machinery of municipal government was arrested—every shop was closed, and every inhabitant shut up in his dwelling. The streets were deserted—the promenades were empty—the rattling of carriages was hushed, and the tool of the artisan no longer heard. The noise and bustle of the mighty city, were suddenly succeeded by the silence and gloom of death. Pale terror sat by every fireside, and every voice spoke in a whisper. At length, at one o'clock in the morning, the rapid tread of these bloodhounds of the anarchists was heard in every street, and the stroke of their hammer on every door. *Fifteen thousand persons* were seized and committed to prison. The mob had dethroned the king on the 10th of August—the domiciliary visits were made on the 29th, and a new insurrection planned for the 2d of September, three days after.

Now let the *générale* beat, and the tocsin send its

terrible peal over the city, and the rapid alarm-guns make the Sabbath morning of the 2d of September as awful as the day of Judgment. The trial and execution of these suspected persons must be as sudden and summary as the arrests. From every quarter the armed multitude come streaming together. Twenty-four priests, on their way from the Hotel de Ville to the Abbaye, are first seized and butchered. Varennes, trampling over the corpses, and spattering the blood over his shoes, keeps alive, and kindles into ten-fold fury, the ferocity he has awakened in the maddened populace. Maillard, the leader of the mob of women that stormed Versailles, shouts "To the Carmelites!" —and "To the Carmelites!" echoes in terrific response from those around him. The turbulent mass rolls toward the church, and the two hundred priests employed in it are butchered in each other's embrace, while their prayers to God are drowned in the shouts of the fiends that stab them around the very altar. The brave Archbishop of Arles receives three cuts of a sword on his face before he falls, and then dies at the foot of the cross of Christ. With a portion of these maddened executioners, Maillard returns to one of the sections of the city, and demands "wine for his brave laborers." With a shudder, the Committee pour them out *twenty-four quarts*, and then the shout is "To the Abbaye!" The brave surviving Swiss are first brought forward and fall pierced by a thousand pikes. The yells of the assassins penetrate the prison walls, announcing to the inmates that their hour is

come. The aged Sombreuil, governor of the Invalides, is brought forth, but just as the bayonet is lifted to strike him, his lovely daughter falls on his neck, and pleads in such piteous accents and distressful tears for her father's life, that he is spared on the condition she will drink the blood of aristocrats. A goblet of the warm blood is put to her mouth, and she drains it at a draught. Half-naked monsters, bespattered with brains and blood, and making night hideous with frantic yells, shout his pardon. The Princess de Lamballe, the friend of the queen, and the beauty of the court, is led forth into the midst of this Saturnalia of hell, and after fainting several times at the horrible spectacle presented to her eyes, receives a ghastly wound in her head from a sword. She faints again, and recovering is forced to walk between two fierce ensanguined wretches over a pavement of dead bodies, then is speared on a heap of corpses. The raging fiend in their bosoms still unsatisfied, the body is stripped, exposed for two hours to every insult and indecency that human depravity can invent, and finally one leg rent away and thrust into a cannon, which is fired off in honor of this jubilee of demons. The beautiful head, borne aloft on a gory pike, with the auburn tresses clotted with blood and streaming down the staff, is waved over the crowd, and made to salute the fiends that dance in horrid mirth around it. *Ça ira!* Yes, "that will do!" but the hurried beat of the *générale*, and the loud peal of the tocsin, announcing that mur-

der and massacre are abroad, shall be heard too often even for those who order them to sound it.

Between this night and the 7th, a thousand were butchered. And yet there were only about three hundred, in all, engaged in this work of blood, while ten thousand of the National Guard remained quietly in their quarters. The Committee of Public Safety avowed these massacres and defended them, and recommended similar sanguinary executions in the different provinces. The taste of blood had whetted the appetite of the mob, and they needed daily victims to gratify it.

In the midst of such constant excitement and alarm, the election took place for deputies to the National Convention. Being influenced in every part of France by the Jacobins, and in Paris entirely controlled by them, the members of the last Assembly were almost universally returned, and the National Convention was formed simply by the Assembly resolving itself into it. It was a change of name, nothing more. The division of the Girondin and Mountain now became more distinct, and, at the condemnation and execution of Louis, which soon followed, permanent and broad. The Girondins, from this time forward, were accused of favoring the king, and hence became objects of deep hostility to the Mountain and Jacobins, both of whom gradually coalesced in sympathy and purpose. On one side—the Mountain, we find Robespierre, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, David Legendre, Collot d'Herbois, and the Duke of Orleans. Marat

alone was wanting to make the list complete. On the other side, we find Guadet, Vergniaud, Gensonne, Condorcet, Buzot, the bold and noble-hearted Barbaroux, and his devoted friend Rebecqui. These last, hating Robespierre, Danton, Marat, and their followers, did not cease to denounce them, and were denounced in return. Robespierre was accused, and Marat brought to trial, but were both acquitted.

The anarchists, with the factions of Paris, at first in the minority, gradually gained in power, and all efforts of the Girondins to destroy the conspirators of the 10th of August and 2d of September, were in vain. The Revolutionary Tribunal was established to expedite the executions, and steadily increased in power. The public accuser of it, the infamous Fouquier Tinville, was constantly urged by the Committee of Public Safety to hasten the executions. He needed no such incentive to whet his morbid appetite for blood. To a frame and will of iron, he added a steadiness of purpose and unweariedness of effort, and a hatred of man, that made him the fit agent of such an engine of terror. Cold as marble to everything but the pleasure of murder, he had no passion but ferocity. Appetite, lust, desire, covetousness, were all unknown to him. The love of human suffering and flowing blood absorbed all other feelings and affections of the man, and he moved amid this chaos like a spirit of darkness, sweeping men by thousands into the grave. Yet even he showed that ferocity has a limit; for, when the Committee of Public Safety ordered him to increase

the executions to a hundred and fifty a day, he was so horrified that he confessed, on his trial, that as he returned home the Seine appeared to run blood. While he was thus wasting life in Paris, the guillotine, guarded by artillery, was traveling over France, reeking with gore, and leaving destruction in its path. All the upper classes were destined to the grave. Danton was the origin of this infamous Revolutionary Tribunal, little thinking it would one day take off his own head. It is useless to follow the struggle between the two portions of the Convention. One or the other must sooner or later fall. Unions made in moments of enthusiasm, and suspension of hostilities in times of great external danger, only delayed, not prevented, the catastrophe.

Robespierre accused the Girondins of being an under aristocracy, and opposed to the interests of the people, and hence carried Paris and the populace with him. The Girondins, on the other hand, waged ceaseless war on the atrocious measures which the Commune of Paris and the Jacobins and Mountain constantly proposed and executed. At length, the same measure by which the king was dethroned on the 10th of August, 1792, and the prisoners slain on the 2d of September of the same year, was set on foot to overthrow the Girondins in 1793. The spirit of lawless violence, which Louis could and should have quelled, had now become too strong for opposition; and although the Girondins endeavored to stem it manfully to the last,

their actions were marked by greater courage than policy.

On Sunday again, as if this day were the most favorable to success, the insurrection which was to overthrow the last defenders of true liberty was to take place. All night long had the *générale* beat, and the tocsin pealed on over the city, driving sleep from every eye, and sending terror to every bosom, and at daybreak the booming of the alarm-gun amid the general tumult was heard calling the multitude to arms. The Convention was surrounded, but most of the Girondins were away, concealed in their friends' houses. The Mountain and the Jacobins had now unlimited power, and the Girondins, prosecuted by the Commune of Paris, were ordered to be put under arrest. This crushed the party for ever. Part fled into the provinces to stir up a rebellion against the Jacobins, and part remained behind to mount the scaffold. From this time on Robespierre and his Jacobins had it all their own way. The Reign of Terror commenced, and order was restored and preserved by the awful power of fear alone. Moderates were regarded as aristocrats, and under the law established in respect to suspected persons no one was safe from accusation. Law was abrogated, legislation ended, and a dictatorship, composed of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and the Committee of Public Safety were really the only power in France. But the danger was not over. A foreign foe was on the frontier, moving towards the capital, while the provinces, in arms, were also marching

thither to avenge the Convention. The only weapon to be used against the enemy at home was terror, while the republican armies were to resist the foe from without. In the midst of these excitements, Marat, one of the famed triumviri, fell before the knife of Charlotte Corday, the first act of retributive justice, which was to be followed by others, till the whole tribe of monsters should sink, one after another, into the bloody grave in which they had pushed so many before them.

But as there cannot be agitation without parties, so they began to be formed in the Convention, Jacobins as they were, although it had just rid itself of the great conservative party of the Girondins. Part, seeing in how dangerous hands the supreme power of France was placed, demanded the revival of the constitutional ministry, to be independent of the legislative power, and hence of the Committee of Public Welfare. There were also among these radicals some more moderate than others, as there always must be. There is a conservative part to all radicalism, an upper crust to the lowest stratum, which may be cut off again and again—there still is left an upper surface, which the lowest must remove, submit to, or perish. Radicals forget this great fact when they begin to hew away the upper classes. The *relation* still exists—there always will be those more moderate than others. It was so in the Convention. Thus we see two incipient parties springing out of the Mountain itself,

and endeavoring to stay the wild revolutionary energy that was sweeping everything away in its fury.

In the meantime the Jacobins and their friends declared, through the Convention, the Revolution to be in a state of siege, from the foes without and within, and hence adopted revolutionary measures. A revolutionary army and a revolutionary police were established. The police watched the Republic, and the army defended it; and while the latter was struggling against monarchy, working through its armies, the former attempted to subvert all aristocracy, by imprisoning all suspected persons. The energy of this revolutionary government was astonishing; for, while it challenged the royalty of Europe to the conflict, and "threw down the head of a king as the guage of battle," it carried out, in all its details, the severest police regulations that were ever instituted. Revolutionary committees were formed in every part of France, endowed with the power of judging the persons liable to arrest. Paris had forty-eight, and fifty thousand were in operation throughout the kingdom. The result of these revolutionary measures drenched France in blood. At Lyons, the murderous Collot d'Herbois, under sanction of the government, and carrying out its decree—that an army should travel over the provinces, accompanied by artillery and a guillotine—slew by wholesale. Suspected houses were blown up together, and prisoners were arranged in file, with a ditch on either side to receive the dead bodies, and then mowed down with grape shot. The Rhone

ran blood, and its waters became poisoned with the putrid corpses that loaded the stream. Every species of cruelty that depravity could invent was exhibited in these sanguinary scenes. Amidst the groans of the wounded, and shrieks and tears of friends, Collot d'Herbois, and Fouché, and his partizans, rioted with courtesans, and laughed amid the carnage. In five months six thousand were butchered, and double that number driven into exile. At Bordeaux, the same sanguinary scenes were enacted, and all the great cities of France felt the vengeance of the Mountain. In Nantes, women and children were mingled up in the massacres in such proportions, that the ordinary modes of execution were insufficient to slay the countless victims that were daily offered. Chained together, two and two, they were thrown into the Loire, while soldiers lined the shore with drawn sabres, to dispatch those who escaped drowning. Six hundred children perished in this inhuman manner. In another instance, five hundred children were led out to be shot: unaccustomed to fire sufficiently low to hit these innocent children, the soldiers sent their bullets over their heads. Frantic with fear, these comparative infants suddenly broke their bonds and rushed in among the soldiers, clinging to their knees, crying for mercy. But nothing could allay the fiend that had taken possession of the executioners, and the sword hewed down the suppliants by scores. Thirty thousand perished in Nantes alone.

The head Revolutionary Tribunal at Paris, of which

all others were but shoots, was in the meantime busy at home. Carts were regularly driven up to the door every morning waiting for its load of human bodies. The accusations, made without cause, were followed instantaneously by the trial without justice, and the guillotine ended the farce. Fifty a day would be tried and executed. The rolling of tumbrels, going to and from the place of execution, carried constant terror to the prisoners, who heard it from their dungeons. Men became reckless of life, and danced and sung on the day of their execution, and went joking to the scaffold. Man had lost his humanity; and a spirit of ferocity, unheard of before in the annals of history, animated the bosoms of the murderers who sat as judges. It was more than cold-blooded murder—it was a madness or mania as inexplicable as it was terrific. At first, the people seemed to enjoy the excitement of these scenes of horror, and benches were arranged around the guillotine for their accommodation, on which men and women sat and sang *Ça ira!* as head after head rolled on the scaffold. Robespierre, and his Revolutionary Tribunal, waded in blood, and still the cry was for more. France had lost nearly a million by the Revolution; and the blows which had smitten only the upper classes of society began to descend on the lower classes. Then the reaction commenced. Artisans shut up their shops along the street where the carts passed to the guillotine. A solemn feeling, the first indication of returning reason, began to usurp the place of madness. The monsters who sat as gods

in the midst of this overthrow of life, were themselves alarmed at the depth to which they had waded in human gore, and looked in vain for some shore to stand on. They could not go back, and it became wilder as they advanced. The heavens grew dark overhead; and they felt the intimations of an approaching storm, that, even in its birth-throes betokened a fiercer strength than their own. The wave they had gathered and sent onward had met its limit, and was now balancing for its backward flow. Danton, who had sickened of the endless murders, was accused as a moderate, and, with Camille Desmoulins, cast in prison. The Revolutionary Tribunal he had put in operation, though awe-struck for a moment by his boldness, and alarmed as it heard his voice of thunder hurling defiance into its midst, soon sent him and his compeers to the guillotine, that still waited for greater victims.

The dethronement of the Deity and instalment of Reason in his place, in the person of a lewd woman, alarmed Robespierre, who trembled to see human passion cut loose from all restraint, and he re-enthroned the Supreme Ruler in solemn pomp. His haughty bearing on this day turned him from an object of reverence into one of suspicion. Jealousy also began to show itself between the Committee of Public Welfare and the Committee of Public Safety, and sections of both to distrust Robespierre, in his rapid strides to supreme power. People began to say, "Robespierre wills it;" "Robespierre demands it." He was *the*

power. This he had sought, but wished it without the responsibility.

While resentments and jealousies were thus acquiring strength in the different committees, public sympathy began to react against the atrocities to which there seemed no end. In this state of affairs there was wanting only an occasion sufficient to demand boldness of action in the Convention. It was soon furnished in the attack Robespierre made on his old friends, who dared to complain of his arbitrary measures. In a moment of courage, Billaud cast off all reserve, and, in the midst of the dark hints thrown out in the Convention against Robespierre, accused him, abruptly, of endeavoring to control the committees, and seeking to be sole master; and lastly, of conspiring the day before with the Jacobins to decimate the Convention. The smothered fire had at length burst forth; and the sudden shout, "Down with the tyrant!" shook the hall. Robespierre, livid with rage, attempted to speak, but his voice was drowned in the shouts, "arrest!" "accusation!" "to the vote! to the vote!" A decree against him, St. Just, and Couthon was carried.

In the meantime, the Jacobins in the Commons were thunderstruck at the sudden fall of their leader. They had been planning a second insurrection against the Convention, and the blow had reached them first. The infamous Henriot galloped, half drunk, through the streets, striving to rouse the people. Having misled the gunners in the Place du Carrousel, they

had pointed their artillery on the hall of the National Convention. The deputies prepared themselves for death, but in the mean time passed a decree of outlawry against Henriot, which being read to the soldiers they refused to fire. The National Guards sided with the Convention, and it was over with Robespierre and his conspirators. Though snatched from the hands of the Convention by the mob, and carried to the Hotel de Ville, they were at length secured. Having been outlawed there was no need for trial, and they were led off to execution.

What a change a single day had made in the fate of Robespierre! As we see him lying on a table in the hall of the Committee of Public Welfare, pale and haggard, the same blue coat he had worn in pomp and pride at the festival of the Supreme Being, spattered with the blood from his wound, which he vainly strives to stanch with the sheath of his pistol, we learn a lesson on tyranny, and not on republicanism, we can never forget. The guillotine, to which he had sent so many, finally reached him; and the terrific yell he uttered, freezing every heart with horror, as the bandage was torn from his maimed jaw, letting it drop on his breast, was the knell of the Reign of Terror. Joy and exultation filled every bosom when it was announced that he and his accomplices were no more. Here the Revolution stopped, and began to retrogade.

The five years we have thus gone over, stand alone in the history of man. In 1789, the National As-

sembly overthrew the feudal system, and took the first great revolutionary step. In 1791, a Constitution had been given to France; but, dissatisfied with its action, a few months after, the mob stormed the Tuileries and dethroned the king. The Revolution had now awakened the hostility of Europe, and amid the foes without and dangers within, it raged with tenfold fury. As these dangers accumulated and obstacles increased, the last degree of exasperation was reached, and it went on destroying with a blind rage that threatened to overwhelm everything in its passage. With the appearance of mighty armies without and the spectres of bloody plots within, it saw no safety but in indiscriminate slaughter. At the end of 1793, the republican armies were crowned with victory, and the excuse of desperate measures no longer existed, and in the waking up of humanity the tyranny of terror went down. We cannot follow here the future steps of the National Convention. The heads of the Jacobin party had been cut off, but the members remained to make one more desperate effort for power. Famine, too, stalked abroad, furnishing food to nothing but agitation and despair. But general order prevailed—the Jacobin Club was closed—the Revolutionary Tribunal destroyed, and the insurrections in different parts of the kingdom quelled. The insurrection called the Insurrection of the 1st of Prairial, was like that which drove the mob of women to Versailles—scarcity of *bread.* It was more terrific and threatening than that which over-

threw or destroyed the Girondins, but the government had learned to use the force at its disposal with firmness and courage, and the tumult which threatened to bring back the horrors of the 2d of September was quelled.

The adoption of a new Constitution then followed, vesting the executive power in the hands of five Directors, and the legislative in two councils—that of the *Five Hundred* and that of the *Ancients*. The council of Five Hundred appointed the Directors, which constituted the famous Directory of France. This Constitution excited the last great insurrection of Paris, called the Insurrection of the 13th of Vendemaire, which ended for ever the power of the Jacobins. The *gènèrale*, which had so often carried consternation into the hearts of the Parisians, was once more beat and the tocsin sounded, and the lawless power of the mob again on its march, with forty thousand of the National Guard to sustain it.—Against this overwhelming force, the Constitution had but five thousand men to defend itself. With half the irresolution of Louis XVI., it would have shared his fate. But fortunately these five thousand were put under the command of that same youth, who saw, with inexpressible indignation, Louis XVI. submit to the indignities and insults of the mob in the Tuileries. Young Bonaparte had none of that monarch's womanly weakness, or childish fear of shedding human blood. With his trusty band, he opened his cannon on the approaching masses of his countrymen, as he had done before on

the Austrian columns. His orders to disperse were terrific discharges of grapeshot, and the authority with which they were issued, was seen in the falling ranks that reeled to the murderous fire. The lawless bands, that had first become powerful through the weakness of the king, saw that the government was now in different hands, and disappeared as suddenly as they had arisen. Peace was restored, the factions for ever broken, and a new era dawned on France.

At length, October 26, 1795, the National Convention, after having been in session three years, and passed 8370 decrees, dissolved itself. The Directory immediately established itself at Luxembourg, and the remainder of the history of the Revolution is taken up chiefly with the external wars up to 1799, at the establishment of the Consulate under Napoleon Bonaparte. We will not retrace the steps by which Bonaparte rapidly ascended to power. Lodi, and Arcola, with their desperate struggles and victories; the conquests in Italy and on the Rhine; the battle of the Pyramids and the overthrow of Egypt; the brilliant achievements with which he dazzled the French people and prepared them for his domination, are a part of history known to all. Like some mighty spirit rising amid universal chaos, and moulding and commanding the raging elements till they marshal themselves in order around him, so did Bonaparte appear amid the turbulence that had shaken France into fragments, and unsettled a continent from its repose. The strange elements and daring spirits the

Revolution shook up to the surface, he directed on external foes, and moving himself before, in the path of ambition and military glory, he drew a crowd after him filled with the same courage and lofty chivalry. Binding these to him by affection and reverence, and making himself the soul of the army ; supreme power imperceptibly glided into his hands, and the revolution of the 18th of Brumaire, by which he obtained the outward insignia of power, and overthrew the Directory, was but the visible expression of what had been already done.

Ten years had elapsed between the calling of the States General, in which the *tiers etat* made the first feeble attempts at freedom, and the Consulate. Yet, in that time, France had overthrown the feudal system which had been impregnable for ages ; and from a despotism became a limited monarchy with a constitution—from that had suddenly arisen before the astonished world and in the midst of the monarchies of Europe, a free republic, declaring war against all thrones, and throwing down "the head of a king and six thousand prisoners as the gage of battle"—and then passed into the wildest anarchy that ever shook a kingdom ; and last of all had risen up into a strong military despotism, startling the world as much by its arms as it had done by its principles. Ten years of such history the world never before saw. All these changes were, perhaps, inevitable, after the first step had been taken, and the first legislative revolution accomplished. All that France experienced may have been

necessary to the transition from deep oppression and utter misery to freedom and comfort, except the Reign of Terror. Popular outbreaks, and the transient rule of the headlong populace are to be expected, but not the steady and systematic legislation of a mob, ruling by terror, and acting as the executive of the land. The power of the Jacobins spreading itself, till it wrapped the entire government in its folds, is not chargeable on republicanism. Yet, it is not without its uses; by teaching all republics, to remotest time, that their danger consists not so much in the ascendancy of an aristocracy once overturned, as in the blind fury of factions. No military despotism ever yet grew out of a republic, except through the influence and corruption of factions that were suffered to increase without resistance, till the aid of the populace could be depended on in a struggle against the authority and power of law.

Bloody as was the French Revolution, no one can now appreciate the circumstances in which the men of that period were placed. Those alone who have felt the oppression and inhumanity of an unprincipled aristocracy, can know how strong is the feeling of retributive justice, and how terrible the fear of the re-ascendancy of such a class, burning with the desire of vengeance. Added to all this, the crowned heads of Europe moved down on this new, agitated republic, threatening to crush it, in its first incoherent struggles for life. Fear and rage combined, strung the energies of France to their utmost tension, and we

look with wonder on the boldness and strength with which she struggled in her distress. Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Couthon, Barrére, St. Just, and Collot d'Herbois were monsters; yet, perhaps, with the exception of Marat and Couthon, not so much so by nature as by circumstances. After they obtained the power, it was a matter of life and death with them; and having shut their hearts against all compassion, everything in their own defence seemed alike pardonable. Let them pass as spectres of that mighty Revolution. Their reign was short; lasting only about *nine months*, while the first States General struggled manfully against tyranny for three years.

The Revolution was not so much perhaps to give liberty to France, as to break the spell of tyranny in Europe. If this be true, Bonaparte's career was as much needed as the Revolution itself. The iron frame-work of the feudal system had fastened itself so thoroughly, and rusted so long in its place, above the heads of the lower classes, that no slow corrosion or steadily-wasting influence could affect its firmness. A convulsion that should heave and rend everything asunder was needed. It came in the French Revolution, but this affected only France. Some power was needed to roll this earthquake under the thrones of Europe, and Bonaparte was that power. Taking the untamed energies this sudden upheaving had cast forth on the bosom of society, he prepared to dispute with Europe the exclusive claim of nobility to power and privilege. A plebeian himself, he made marshals of plebeians.

Ney, and Murat, and Soult, and Davoust, and Macdonald, and Kleber, and a host of others, were base-born men, and he pitted them against princes and dukes and nobles of every degree, and the plebeians proved themselves the better men. Nay, he did more —he shocked and disgusted, and for ever disgraced royalty itself, in their estimation, by making kings of plebeians, and finally taking the daughter of one of the haughtiest monarchs of Europe to his plebeian bed. He forced the haughty aristocracy to mingle in blood and companionship with those of his own making; and carried out, to its utmost limit, the just act of the *tiers etat*, when they wished simply to have the orders verify in common with them. He thus broke up this iron system over the continent—drove everything into fragments, and sent thrones, emptied of their kings and all the insignia of royalty, drifting like a floating wreck on the ocean he had set heaving. The strongest pillars of royalty were shattered to their bases—the objects of oldest, deepest reverence treated as baubles, and the spell-word, by which pride and tyranny had conjured so long, made powerless as the tricks of a play actor. He confounded and confused everything, and put the crowned heads of Europe in such a tumult and wonderment, that they have not yet recovered their senses. He started every rivet in the chain of despotism, so that it can never be fully fastened again—and, more than all, waked up the human soul to think for itself, so that the dark ages which preceded his appearance can never more return. The

work of reformation may be slow, but it is sure. Man is for ever exalted, and he cannot be depressed anew. Reverence and fear are rapidly diminishing, while the dawning light is spreading higher and brighter on the horizon. With Bonaparte's motives we now have nothing to do, but with the effect of his actions alone. His own imperial reign, though despotism to France, was republicanism to the world. It was the Revolution rolled out of France, and working amid the thrones of Europe. In this respect Bonaparte had an important mission to fulfil, and he accomplished it. The elements he so strangely disturbed, slowly settled back towards their original places, but never did, and never can reach them. The solid surface of feudalism has been broken, and can never reunite. Other experiments are to be worked out, and other destinies reached, different from those which have heretofore made up the history of man.

There is another aspect in which the Revolution may be regarded. It was like a personal struggle between freedom and tyranny, which must have taken place before man could be benefited; and when it did occur, must, from the very fierceness of the conflict, be simply a wild and desperate effort for victory—victory alone. The strife was too deadly and awful to admit of any other thought than bare victory, and hence the means employed, and the distress occasioned, were minor considerations. The struggle was necessarily terrible from the very magnitude of the consequences involved in the issue, and the convul-

sions inevitable from such a struggle. The benefits are yet to be received. We believe the French Revolution has settled the question, whether all reform is to be checked by the bayonet. We see, already, its effect on the despotisms of Europe. England might have been the victim of this strife between liberty and tyranny, if France had not. But now she yields rights, one after another, in obedience to the stern voice of the people. Kings speak in a humble tone of their power, and in a more respectful manner of their subjects. Man, simple, untitled Man, is no longer a cipher in government. He is consulted silently, if not openly. The king fears him as he stands in the might and majesty of truth, more than hostile armies. The French Revolution, and Bonaparte afterwards, rent everything to pieces by the vehemence of their action, but left room for truth to perform its silent and greater work. France went back to military despotism, and is now a monarchy—but the world is no longer what it was. Whatever the final goal may be, it has, at least, taken one step forward.

LUTHER.

THE human race has always been subjected to violent shocks from the commencement of its history, till now. We turn from "REVOLUTIONS" with a shudder, for the violence and bloodshed that accompany them are revolting to our feelings; but we forget that constituted as governments and society are, they are necessary. A higher wisdom, guided by a truer sympathy than ours, has said, "I come not to send peace, but a sword, to set a man at variance against his father,"&c. The world is full of oppressive systems, whose adherents will not yield without a fierce struggle, and the solid structure of which will not crumble except to heavy blows. Nearly, if not all the *moral* strugles of the race have at length come to a physical adjustment, for the party weakest in the justice of its cause has generally been the strongest in external force. Hence, when overthrown with argument it has resorted to the sword. Then comes martyrdom; but with increase of strength to the persecuted,

and the co-operation of rulers, resistance has followed, ending in long wars and wasting battles.

Thus did the Reformation under Luther—begun in silence and in weakness—end in revolutions, violence and bloodshed.

There seems sometimes a vast disparity between causes and the results they accomplish. We behold a poor monk, haggard and wan, praying alone in his cell with tears and groans—we look again, and he is shaking thrones and principalities and powers. To-day he is sweeping the convent and engrossed in the occupations of a menial—to-morrow confronting kings and awing princes by the majesty of his bearing. And yet no visible power has passed into his hands—he is a single solitary man, with nothing to sustain him but truth, and leaning on no arm but that of the invisible God.

But we are to look for the cause of the Reformation out of Luther. That great movement was not a sudden impulse—the wave that swept over Europe was born in a deeper sea than Luther's bosom. Although Rome seemed secure, and her power supreme, the heavens had been for a long time giving indications of an approaching tempest. The world was expecting some great change, and this expectancy grew out of its need. The church had no spirituality, and was worse than dead—it was corrupt. With its observances and ceremonies and indulgencies, it could not reach the heart and wants of man. The human soul slowly awakening from its long slumbers, called

pleadingly for that Christianity which the Son of God had established.

But it could not be found in the Church. The doctrines of grace, of justification by faith, were scoffed at as ridiculous, and salvation by works was loudly proclaimed, thus bringing back a religion of mere ceremonies—that Judaism, under another form which the world had shaken off at the appearance of Christ. Added to this, the Romish Church was the den of every vice. The capital and palace of the pontiff exhibited scenes of debauchery, drunkenness and irreligion that made them a by-word in the mouths of the people. The same immorality characterized the priesthood everywhere. It finally became a custom to pay a tax for keeping a mistress, and one bishop declared that *eleven thousand* priests came to him in one year to pay this tax. The climax to all these absurdities and immoralities was the sale of indulgencies—not carried on at Rome, but over the continent—by which a few groats would buy pardon for any crime, even for incest.

Thus under its own corruption was the immense fabric of papacy tottering to its fall. Kings and princes were also in a state of preparation for a change. They began to question the right of the Pope to the vast power which he wielded, and under which they had so long suffered; while the burghers and more wealthy citizens, especially of the free cities of Germany, did not hesitate to express their views of the oppressions of the hierarchy. The common people,

too, began to see their rights and ask for them. Thus in the Church and State were found the elements of revolution. The revival of learning by expanding the human mind, also pushed on the movement. The mysticism of the Schoolmen and the scepticism of the Aristotelians were not enough to counterbalance the invigorating power of letters. Civilization had advanced and knowledge increased, till the whole iron frame-work of the papal and ecclesiastical system which had been fitted for a darker age, and a more ignorant, slavish race of men, could no longer keep its place. Man had outgrown the narrow limits in which he was confined, and pressed painfully upward against the bars which held him down—a single blow and everything would heave and part insunder. Europe did not need to be roused by the advent of a new prophet, it wanted only *relief*. The Church, the State, the wealthy and the poor—the universal soul asked for *relief*, and Luther simply brought it.

All the great reformations of the world have been brought about by persons selected from the lower classes. Christ was born in a manger—the Apostles were taken from among common laborers—Zwingle was an Alpine shepherd boy—Melancthon, the son of a smith, and Luther first drew his breath in the lowly cottage of a German miner. Of such humble origin was he, and so ignorant were the parents of the great Reformer, that his mother could never tell in what year her world-renowned son was born. But from all that can be gathered, it is probable he was

born on the 10th of November, 1483. Eisleben has the honor of being his birth-place, but before he was six months old, his parents removed to Mansfeldt, some five leagues distant, where by the banks of the Wipper, the young Luther passed his early boyhood. As we behold him with childish and unsteady step, following his mother, as she staggers under the load of faggots she has gathered for fuel; or, later in life, glowing before his father's furnaces, besmeared with soot and dirt, we find no indications of his future career.

After years of industry and toil, the father found himself in comparatively easy circumstances. He took advantage of this change in his condition, and sent young Luther to school.

Here his career commences, and we begin to look for those traits which, developed in the man, formed one of the most wonderful characters in history. Like all those spirits which have revolutionized the world, he in his childhood possessed violent passions, an immovable will and great energy of character. No doubt he was treated too rigorously, and was whipped oftener than he deserved, yet when he tells us that he was flogged *fifteen times successively in one morning*, we know, with all due allowance for over severity, that the little rebel was a hard subject to manage.

When fourteen years old, he was sent to Magdeburg to school. Without friends or money, he was at this early age thrown upon the world and compelled in the

intervals of study to beg his bread from door to door. Sometimes treated with kindness, and often chased with severity from the doors of the rich, the little beggar passed a year of trouble. At the end of it, he was sent to Eisenach where his parents had relatives who might befriend him. But here, too, as at Magdeburg, he was often forced to resort to street-begging for food. Possessed of a sweet voice, he would stop before the portals of the wealthy, and carol forth the hymns he had learned. Driven away, even in the midst of his innocent songs, by the harsh words and threats of chastisement, the poor young scholar would retire unfed to some secret place, and weep bitter tears, while the dim and shadowy future was filled with gloomy shapes to his imagination. One morning he had been repulsed from three doors in succession, and as he reached the fourth—that of a wealthy citizen—he paused and stood for a long time, motionless, wrapped in melancholy thoughts. While his desponding heart was vacillating between another attempt and a hungry stomach, the door opened, and the good wife of Conrad Cotta approached, and invited him in.

So pleased was she and her husband with his character, that they at length took him to live with them. From this time on, Martin's days at Magdeburg passed smoothly away. He learned to play on the flute and lute, and accompanying the latter with his fine voice, he made the house of Ursula Cotta ring with music. Possessed of a remarkable memory and rare gifts, he

soon outstripped all his companions and gave promise of future eminence.

He remained here till his eighteenth year and then burning with the desire of knowledge joined the university of Erfurth, with the design of studying law. From this moment he becomes an object of the deepest interest. Standing on the threshold of life—just beginning to be conscious of the power that is within him, and filled with great aspirations, his imagination revels in bright visions of glory that awaits him. With that dark, earnest and piercing eye so few could withstand, he surveys the path he is resolved to tread, while an invisible eye is tracing out one for him we shudder to contemplate.

There are several great epochs in the history of Luther. One was the discovery of the Bible in the library of the University, as he was looking over the books. He had never before seen one, and he devoured the contents with an avidity that showed he was drinking deep from its living wells. From that time, the world gradually lost all its attractions for him. Eternity and its dread realities—the soul and its great destinies—God and his character, law and judgments filled all his thoughts. A severe sickness deepened these impressions, and at length a thunderbolt which fell at his feet as he was one day entering Erfurth, and prostrated him like Paul on the earth, completed the change that was passing over him, and fixed forever his wavering resolution. He renounced the world and devoted himself to God. The bright

career that was opening before him he closed with his own hand—and despite the prayers and tears of his friends, and the anger of his father, the young master of arts and doctor of philosophy, not yet twenty-two years of age, bade an eternal adieu to the world and joined the hermits of St. Augustine.

We get some insight into the bewildered state of this young devotee's heart, and see through what chaos he was groping towards the light, when we remember that the only books he took with him into his seclusion were Virgil and Plautus—an *epic poem, and a volume of comedies.* Shut out from life forever, he hears his friends without earnestly asking for admittance, and begging him not to commit so suicidal an act. But it is all in vain—the steadfast resolution that afterwards a world in arms against him could not shake, begins at once to exhibit itself.

What a picture does Luther present at this time. But twenty-one years of age, full of genius and energy at the dawn of manhood, when ambition soars wildest, and hope promises fairest—already honored with distinctions that older men might covet, he calmly turns his back on all—on his best friends, his parents, on everything dear in life and buries himself from sight forever. And for what does this falcon-eyed stripling forsake all these? *for a conviction.* Such a man may be overborne by force; but while he lives, his course will be like the lightning's flash or cannon ball—straight to its mark. Oh, could those who wondered and clamored so at his decision have looked into his soul, seen

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the struggles that had no outward manifestation, the agony that found no utterance even in groans, they would have stood before him speechless. That strong and conscientious nature was wrestling with the most terrible thing in the universe; the omnipotent law of God. The blows it gave, and the wounds it inflicted were all out of sight, but none the less painful for that. That problem which has absorbed the soul of man since the smoke of the first altar-fire kindled on the yet unpeopled earth darkened the heavens, until now, "*how shall man be just with God?*" he hoped to solve in the cloisters of a convent.

This was the second epoch in his career, and darkness filled it to its close. It is painful to witness the earnest yet futile efforts of this sincere spirit after truth. Committing over again the old time-worn mistake, that justification is to be secured by works, he plunges himself into endless labyrinths and fathomless abysses of gloom. The young doctor of philosophy stoops to the work of a menial cheerfully. He becomes a porter, opens and shuts the gates of the convent, sweeps the church and cleans out the cells, and when these humiliating tasks are over, he is required to take his wallet and go begging from door to door. Those who had invited him to their houses and listened to his eloquent lectures, and looked upon him as a new star arising in the heavens, now saw him at their door humbly begging for bread.

Amid the penances, prayers, and menial duties of his order, Luther's career would have had a sad ter-

mination had he not found a Bible in the convent. To this sacred volume, chained up, he repaired in the intervals of his duties, and read with ever increasing delight. The light that flashed from its pages would not permit him to find rest under his system of works. The war between his conscience and a just and dreadful law, which he had hoped to lay, only raged the fiercer, and profounder melancholy fell upon him. His exodus from bondage was to be through a wilder sea than that which rolled at the feet of the Hebrew host.

After he was relieved from his menial duties, he spent his time between the most exhausting studies, prayers, fastings, mortifications, and watchings. Weeks together of sleepless nights, convulsions, tears, and groans, told with what energy he struggled with the great problem, "*how should man be just with God.*" Chased by that question, as with whip of scorpion through the whole round of works, he became pale, emaciated, and haggard. He wandered like a ghost through the cloisters, and his naturally bright and flashing eye shone at times with an unearthly splendor. Once in the midst of the mass he fell on the floor of the chapel, crying out, "It is not I—it is not I." His moanings made his cell resound day and night, and once after a seclusion of several days he was found apparently dead on the floor.

Thus reduced to the shadow of what he once was, it was evident that his body would soon sink under the severe action of his mind. Yet there was a grandeur even in his fanaticism, for it was based on a great

thought, how to secure justification. This made him the greater part of the time grave, solemn and resolute; and when most reduced, he showed that the powerful soul within him was unweakened, its terrible energy unshaken.

To the contemplative mind, how sad is one aspect of the human race. We see the heavens darkened with the smoke of altar fires—we behold men prostrating themselves under the cars of idols—women casting their children into the Ganges,—suffering, self chastisement and death cheerfully endured to solve this single problem of justification, the study of which so well nigh wrecked Luther forever. That problem has saddened the soul of man from the commencement of his history. The smoke of Abel's sacrifice ascending from the borders of Eden, was endeavoring to pierce the sky for its solution—all the ceremonies of the Jewish religion tended to the same end. The pagan before his idol, and the Christian at a holier shrine, have been asking the same question for ages. Pilgrimages have been made, and tortures and martyrdom endured to answer it. The spire of every religious temple and church in the world is now pointing to the heavens as if in answer. Every bell on the Sabbath day, calling men to the house of prayer, says, come and hear the solution of this great problem. But Luther struggled with it with an intensity few know anything about.

His deliverance is the third and great epoch in his life. This was not sudden or complete at first.

Staupitz, the vicar general of the Augustine order, was an enlightened Christian, and he took at once a deep interest in Luther, poured light on his path, and preached "forgiveness of sins" to him. As we have said, Luther had asked the question, "how should man be just with God?" with an earnestness, and longing, and perseverance that showed how deeply it had taken hold of his being. Judging of himself by a pure law, he would say in tones that made the hearer tremble, "*Who may abide the day of his coming?—who shall stand when he appeareth?*" but *forgiveness*, free *pardon*, unmerited mercy, these were new themes to him, and the cloud began slowly to roll away from his spirit. Yet he could not understand the system that seemed made on purpose for his need—the old question, how shall man be justified, still came back with tremendous power. At length his eye fell on the passage, "*the just shall live by faith.*" That answer to all his inquiries made a profound impression upon him, and he pondered it long, and with deep and solemn emotions. It would sound in his ears when he least expected it—sometimes it whispered like an angel's voice, and again burst upon him like a sudden trumpet peal.

At this time—being twenty-six years of age—he was professor of biblical theology in the university of Wittemburg, to which he had been transferred at the suggestion of his friend Staupitz. Not long after, he was sent as deputy to Rome from seven monasteries.

He had been transferred to Wittemburg as professor

of biblical theology, yet in his new duties and higher position this internal struggle still went on. Sent to Rome, he hoped to obtain light there, at its radiating point: but no sooner had he crossed the Alps than he was filled with amazement at the luxury and vice that pervaded every department of the church. Taking sick at Bologna, he felt himself about to enter the presence of that God of whose judgments he stood so much in awe. A stranger, and alone, he sunk into deep despondency, but again a voice whispered peacefully, "the just shall live by faith," and saved him from despair.

Shocked at the disorders that prevailed at Rome—laughed at for his sincerity, and astounded at beholding the most sacred doctrines and duties of the church turned into ridicule, he wandered about the seven-hilled city like one in a dream. Not yet, however, completely emancipated, he performed all the ceremonies required of his office, seeking relief to his disturbed spirit by a round of works. One day he went to the Scala Santa—sacred staircase—up which the Saviour is said to have gone when brought before Pilate, in order to ascend it on his knees, and thus obtain the indulgence promised to the devotee. But before he had dragged his prone body far, he was arrested as by a peal of thunder with, "*The just shall live by faith.*" This time the voice did not speak in accents of tenderness but of terror. Its expostulations and warnings had not been heeded, and he stood rebuked in the very act of trampling them under foot. Alarm-

ed and bewildered, he fled like a guilty thing from the spot.

This burst the last rivet in his chain, and he stood up a free man.

We have dwelt thus particularly on this part of his history, because it constitutes the grand epoch in his life. Of a tender conscience, and with strong convictions of sin, he had toiled through years of darkness and of agony to find some place where he could repose. The more he studied the Bible, the purer seemed the law, and the more powerless he became to satisfy its demands. Pressed to the very gates of death in the unequal struggle, he had been rescued by the voice, "*the just shall live by faith.*" But not daring to believe it fully, he had continued in all the ceremonies and follies of the church. Destined, however, to a great work, he was not allowed to rest here, and that mysterious voice kept sounding on in the depths of his soul, speaking at times in accents that made him tremble. At length he cast himself soul and body upon it, and lo, a new heavens and a new earth appeared before him. He had at last found solid rock, and as he plants his feet upon it, we for the first time behold Luther. His form seems to become erect, his brow clear, his eye bright, and his will firm as the foundation on which he stands. Alone he may be, yet he is composed. Like one who has long been swimming in a stormy sea, and has at length found a spot where the waves never strike, so he looked abroad from this great pillar of truth, and lifting his voice, exclaimed,

"I, Doctor Martin Luther, unworthy herald of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, confess this article, that faith alone, without works, justifies before God; and I declare that it shall stand and remain forever, in despite of the Emperor of the Romans, the Emperor of the Turks, the Emperor of the Tartars, the Emperor of the Persians, and in spite of the Pope and all the cardinals, with the bishops, priests, and monks, and nuns—in spite of kings, princes, and nobles—and in spite of all the world, and of the devils themselves; and that if they endeavor to fight against this truth, they will draw the fires of hell on their heads. This is the true and holy Gospel, and the declaration of me, Doctor Luther, according to the teaching of the Holy Ghost. I say it once again, should all the world and all the devils tear each other in pieces, and burst with rage that it is not the less true. * * * *We hold it fast in the name of God. Amen.*"

This truth had at last become firmly settled in Luther's convictions, and was adopted as the basis of his life. Absorbed with the purpose to guide his future course by it, he did not see that it swept away the whole system of works and ceremonies on which the papacy rested. Prayers, penances, pilgrimages, masses, indulgences were worthless as dross. To God alone must the soul go in faith, if it would obtain relief.

Nay, it did more than this—it thrust the Bible in the place of the pope and the hierarchy, as authority, for it came at once in direct collision with the edicts

and doctrines of the church as there taught; and hence compelled the believer in it to accept the Bible against all papal and human dictation—to place it supreme in all matters of conscience. Luther had no conception of the tremendous bearing of this doctrine: it was not flung down by him as the gage of battle between him and the papacy, and yet it was so. Nor was he yet aware of the omnipotent power of truth. It was apparently a small thing to say "*the just shall live by faith*"—it was the announcement of a personal conviction uttered by a poor monk. Overlaying it was the vast power of the Romish church and of civil governments, opposed to it were the teachings of the priesthood, and settled belief and prejudice of the people, yet Titan like, it slowly, majestically rose under the superincumbent weight, till it stood revealed like the palace of truth, resplendent and glorious in its own light.

We have dwelt thus at length upon this point, because on this simple doctrine rested the Reformation. Luther's after acts were simply the growth and expansion of the germ. His career so convulsed European governments, that political writers are compelled to treat him as the chief personage in this epoch, yet they universally fail in their analysis of his life and character, because they do not go back to his *spiritual* life. They take him up when he appears on the stage of public action, and attribute to resolution and energy what should be referred to inward *faith*. *Luther fought out the Reformation in his own soul*

before he started it among men. To *feel*, not believe, that "faith justifies without works," required one of the most terrible and protracted mental struggles on record. He travailed in birth for the Reformation.

From this time, it is evident that whatever his motives or wishes may be, his conduct will be a constant attack on papacy. As yet, intent only on reforming abuses, and clinging filially to the church of which he is priest, he nevertheless is sapping its foundations and kindling a devastating fire around the whole edifice.

Starting on a new life, his burning yet simple eloquence thrilled the hearts of his hearers—the spiritual truths he uttered found an echo in their bosoms, while the light he had received began to illuminate all within its influence. Students flocked to the University to hear this new doctor, while good men in other parts of Germany and Europe felt that "Elias had truly come."

While he was thus endeavoring to inculcate spirituality in religion, Tetzel came into the country to sell indulgencies. This scandalous traffic was sufficient in itself to shock every just and pure mind; but it was the *system*, which came in direct conflict with his doctrine of justification, that Luther resolved at once to meet with his stern opposition. Taking counsel of himself alone, he wrote and placed on the door of the church in the presence of the multitude, ninety-five theses against the doctrine of indulgencies. This act was like a clap of thunder to his friends, who were

astounded at his boldness. The news and the theses flew like wild-fire—in a month they were at Rome. The effect on Germany was tremendous. Thousands who were waiting only for a clear enunciation of the truth and a distinct signal to speak out, now came forward. Luther had flung himself openly into the contest, and though he did not dream of attacking the church or the pope, he had advanced truths that did both—truths from which he would never recede, while life lasted—and the battle begun.

Having thus seen him fairly launched on his spiritual life and irrevocably committed to an outward struggle, we can turn from his career to his character.

Luther was born for action—he was one of those determined spirits that are at home in strife and danger. Opposition and rage steadied him. For a long time held in bondage, not from fear of men, but because he could not find the truth, he no sooner discovers it and announces himself its champion, than he becomes a different man. Instead of the menial monk, schooling his iron nature into slavish submission, he is the bold reformer, shaking the pillars of Empire. The falcon eye can at last look fearlessly forth and the eloquent voice speak clearly out. Tied down by no superstitious forms, checked and made mute by no authority which he feels bound to regard—with his feet planted on eternal rock, and his knee bent to God alone, he contemplates calmly the commotions around him.

While thus aiming his blows only at abuses practised

by the hierarchy, his foes forced him to strike at higher quarry. Tetzel, sheltering himself behind the pope, Luther was compelled to hurl his rebuke at the triple-crowned head. The pope, smiled at the ravings of this fanatical monk, and for a long time could not be persuaded to notice his conduct. Seated on the seven-hilled city, with every throne of Europe on his side, how could he fear the idle prating of a would-be reformer. But he at length awoke from his dangerous dream, and stood up to crush at one stroke the impious enemy of the church of God. Luther had fought manfully against the errors and superstitions of the church—disputed with the subtle schoolmen and philosophers of Germany—borne up against the tide of passion that had threatened to sweep him away—resisted the tame advice of his friends—marched forward amid obstacles that would have crushed any ordinary spirit, and now to crown the whole, must stand and receive the thunders of Rome. Kings and princes he could meet with, "thus saith the Lord," but how will he meet the authority of the church—the anathemas of God's vicegerent on earth. There was not a monarch in Europe though with an army of fifty thousand men at his back, but would have turned pale at that curse, and trembled for his crown; for the pontiff did not rely alone on his authority as head of the church; he had other weapons which he well knew how to use. What could Luther do against such a power, backed by the thrones of Europe? To all men it seemed idle to resist—his enemies were elated with confidence,

while his friends were filled with fear. The good throughout the land, who had hailed with joy the rising light, gave way to discouragement. It was a sad hour for Luther, for he stood alone, the mark of papal vengeance. He had withstood ridicule, solicitations and flattery—hurled back with scorn, threats of violence, but to meet Rome single handed—the authority of the church too, which he had been taught to venerate, to brave such tremendous power while oppressed with the fear that he might be stepping beyond the bounds of duty, was more than could be expected of any man. Wittemberg was at that moment an object of deeper interest than Rome itself. All eyes were turned thither to see what the bold monk would do. Will his recantation be full or partial—his penitence real or feigned?—his retreat skilful or humiliating? These were the questions asked, and while all waited the answer, suddenly there burst upon the world, a paper, headed "*Against the bull of Anti-Christ.*" The pope had driven Luther to the wall, and he turned at bay like a lion, and dared to call the head of the church "*Anti-Christ.*" Nay, more, he boldly arraigned him before christendom. Condemned by Leo, he exclaims "I appeal from the pope, first, as an *unjust*, *rash*, *and tyrannical judge*, who condemns me without a hearing. Secondly, as a *heretic*, misled, hardened and condemned by the Holy Scriptures. Thirdly, *as an enemy*, *an Anti-Christ*, *an adversary*, *an oppressor* of the Holy Scriptures, who dares set his own words in opposition to the word of God—fifthly, as a *despiser*, *a*

alumniator, a blasphemer of the holy Christian church." His friends stood aghast at his presumption and reckless daring—for not only did he thus rain his terrible accusations on the pontiff in his appeal to Charles the emperor, "electors, princes, counts, barons, knights, gentlemen, &c.," but declared that if they too scorned his prayer that he "abandoned them to the supreme judgment of God with the pope and his adherents." "The monk of Wittemberg will do all that the sovereign pontiff dare do. He gives judgment for judgment, he raises pile for pile. The son of the Medici and the son of the miner of Mansfeldt have gone down into the lists; and in this desperate struggle which shakes the world, one does not strike a blow which the other does not return."

Not content with having hurled back with redoubled power the thunders of Rome, he publicly burned the bull, saying as it sunk in the flames, "Since thou hast vexed the Holy One of the Lord, may everlasting fire vex and consume thee." Luther, disputing with learned men and rising superior to the obstacles that surrounded him, had excited the admiration of friends and enemies. His daring journey to Augsburg on foot, to have an interview with the pope's legate—his firmness amid the trials to which he was there subjected for ten days, plied now with arguments and entreaties, and now with flattery, and again assailed with threats, had elevated him still higher as a reformer; but thus to fling down the gauntlet to the pope, and pour his maledictions on the triple crown, was a step that those

who looked upon him simply as a bold man, could not comprehend. It was the second great step in the outward struggle.

He *was by nature* fearless—he had the same inflexible will and unconquerable energy that characterized Paul, Bonaparte, Cromwell, and all those great men around whom the waves of revolution dash in vain. His was a spirit that rises with difficulties—that may be crushed but never bent. His courage, however, had a firmer basis than his own will—it rested upon *truth*. On one thus anchored, and who has no thought or wish beyond the truth, the common motives that sway men have no influence. He has nothing to do with compromises, diplomacy or results. The word of the living God is ever before him, reducing monarchs and dignitaries to the level of the meanest subject; while no consequences can be so awful as the wrath of the Almighty. Here was the secret of Luther's strength. The fate of Huss was before him, but the faith of Huss also strengthened his soul.

These two great traits of lofty courage, and still loftier faith, are exhibited in every step of Luther's progress. The Diet of Worms to which he had appealed from the Pope, was the dividing line in the progress of the struggle—it put the Monk of Wittemberg above the Pope, and though changes, and perils, and divisions came—they could not change the final result. Luther before that Diet furnishes one of the finest subjects for the painter.

That council composed of six electors, twenty-four

dukes, eight marquises, thirty archbishops bishops and abbots, seven ambassadors, princes, counts and barons, and deputies—in all two hundred and four, with the young Emperor Charles at their head, was the most imposing assembly that had ever met in Germany.

Behold Luther summoned thither to settle the fate of Europe and of future generations. His last farewell to Melancthon as he departs, is like that of one who feels he may never return. Gloomy forebodings accompany him—he is everywhere met with strong entreaties not to proceed. They tell him his journey will end at the stake, or in the gloomy dungeon of a Roman prison. Nothing daunted, he replies: "*though they kindle a fire all the way from Worms to Wittemburg, the flames of which reached to heaven, I would walk through it in the name of the Lord—I would appear before them—I would enter the jaws of this Behemoth and break his teeth, confessing the Lord Jesus Christ.*" As he approaches the city a messenger meets him from Spalatin saying, "Do not enter Worms!" "*Go tell your master,*" he replies, "*that even should there be as many devils in Worms as tiles on the house tops, still I would enter it.*"

He did enter, and as he moved along the street, a funeral chaunt met his ear.

Advenistis, O desiderabilis
Quam expectabamus in tenebris.

as if the ghosts of the departed were already welcoming him to their abode.

Into the presence of the august assembly that await him, the simply-habited monk advances, and casting his eagle eye around on the princes, nobles and dignitaries dressed in the pomp which becomes the occasion—turns to his Emperor. The ample hall, the character of the Assembly, the imposing display, the loneliness of his position as he feels that all are his enemies, and the tremendous results depending, are enough to confuse and shake the firmest spirit. As he had passed in, the old warlike knight, George of Freundsberg, whose hair had been bleached in the storm of battle, touched him on the shoulder saying, "Poor monk! poor monk! thou art now going to make a nobler stand than I or any other captain have ever made in the bloodiest of our battles." The old warrior felt that he had rather charge alone on a rank of serried steel, than meet the responsibilities and trials of that hour. No wonder that for a moment, Luther's brilliant eye was dazzled, and his clear intellect seemed confused. But the whispered words, "*When ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, the spirit of your Father shall speak in you*" brought back his soul to its firm trusting place, and he was himself again and stood composed though alone before the throne of his Emperor. His voice rose clear and calm over the vast Assembly, and though his monarch's eye never left him for a moment, he felt only that the eye of God was upon him.

When eventually asked if he would retract his

work, he spoke for an hour with the boldness of a prophet; and having gone over the accusations against him, he declared that he could not retract that which was in accordance with the word of God. "*I cannot*," said he, "*I will not retract.*" He paused a moment, and casting his eye fearlessly, yet respectfully around on the assembly which held his fate in their hands, he exclaimed, "*Here I stand, I can do more; may God help me, Amen.*" That deep and solemn "AMEN" thrilled that Assembly like the peal of a trumpet, and the Reformation was safe. It was nobly, sublimely done, and the Monk of Wittemberg was greater than a king. Resting in sublime faith on the simple promise of the eternal God, and looking beyond the pomp, and splendor, and commotions, and sufferings of this world, he saw the judgment to come and the heaven that awaited him. As he thus stood with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, he exhibited a moral grandeur rarely witnessed on earth.

The scene changes to a solitary castle on the heights of Wartsburg, on the lonely ramparts of which sits a military figure wrapped in solemn contemplation. The forests heave darkly below him, and all around is wild and silent. Beneath that soldier's coat beats the heart of the Monk of Wittemberg. He is a prisoner, and for a time his friends mourn him as dead. But though bolts and bars may confine his limbs, they cannot restrain the fiery energy of his heart. Filled with the deepest solicitude for the cause of truth—mourning for the church like Hagar over her son in

the wilderness, he speaks from his mountain home, and the venders of indulgences who thought they could prosecute their nefarious traffic unmolested, are startled as if arrested by a voice from the dead.

With an industry that never flagged, and a rapidity that astounded even those who knew his amazing energy, he "continued for a whole year to thunder from his mountain retreat." So great was the commotion he created, that the Elector finally forbade him to write any more. "The Elector will not suffer me to write"! said he in a letter to Spalatin, "*and I, too, will not suffer the Elector not to permit me to write. Rather would I destroy yourself, the Elector, and the whole world forever. It is very fine, forsooth, to hear you say that we must not disturb the public tranquility, while you allow the everlasting peace of God to be disturbed.*

It was in this old castle he hurled his inkstand at the devil, whom he thought he saw menacing him in his apartment. Shut out from the world of action, hearing rumors of the triumph of the enemies of truth, chafing under the chains that kept him aloof from the strife, his mind turned upon itself, and in a moment of disordered imagination, he beheld his arch enemy face to face. Nothing daunted, the intrepid reformer gave him battle at once. He had faced princes, emperors, and the pope, and he could face also the devil.

Noble as well as fearless, he did not wish to have his friends incur danger on his account, and when he afterwards made his escape from Wartsburg, hearing

that the Elector was concerned because he could no longer protect him, he wrote him, "since your highness desires to know what you have to do, I will answer with all deference: your highness has already done too much, and ought to do nothing at all. God will not and cannot endure either your cares and labors or mine. . . . As for what concerns me, your highness must act as an Elector; you must let the orders of his imperial majesty take their course in your towns and rural districts. You must *offer no resistance if men desire to seize or kill me.*" Borne up by a faith that nothing could shake, he wished to be left in the hands of God, where he had long since placed the cause he advocated. Never since Paul, had there been a man so resolute and fiery, and yet so humble and submissive before the truth. Turning successively on the priests, bishops, pope, and Henry VIII. of England, he prostrated them by his invincible arguments, and scathed them with his terrible invective. Never cast down by the increasing number of his foes, nor for a moment yielding to the opposition that threatened to sweep everything down in its progress, he rained his blows around him like a giant. He always seemed prepared for any onset, and it required apparently no thought to meet and thwart every form of attack. Did the pope anathematize, he anathematized in turn—did the schoolmen assail him with subtle philosophy, he overthrew them with philosophy. A magazine of arms in himself, the most powerful antagonists at length dreaded to assail him. His wit

and learning were equal to his argumentative powers, and the shafts of ridicule, though not always sheathed in the most courteous language, had the important quality of hitting and piercing the mark at which they were aimed. His rugged features, piercing eyes, and bold and intrepid manner, caused those who disputed with him once, to shrink from a second encounter. When Staupitz wished De Vio, the pope's legate, to have another interview with Luther, the latter replied, "I will no longer dispute with that beast, *for it has deep eyes, and wonderful speculations in its head.*"

His enemies, also, who attacked him through the press, one after another retired from the conflict. Bishops, and doctors, and last of all Henry VIII., shrank away confounded before his arguments and sarcasm. Even the illustrious Erasmus, who reluctantly entered the arena, was compelled to retire in mortification and rage.

Luther was blunt, and sometimes coarse. He called Bishop Eck an ass and Henry VIII. a hog; yet we must remember that greater freedom of expression was allowed in his age than ours. Besides a man of his temperament, when assailed on all sides at once, and by every opprobrious epithet that hatred can devise, and by every form of meanness and falsehood, cannot be expected always to answer in the mildest language. The same fearless spirit, without which he could not have been a reformer, must at times break forth with volcanic power. He could not have been a Melancthon if he had tried. Of the faults he exhibited, and

the errors he committed, especially after the Reformation became permanently established, we will not speak. For one and all we give the apology of Erasmus. "Luther," says he, "possesses the wrath of Peleus' son. And how can it be otherwise? When a vessel braves a storm such as that which has burst upon Luther, what anchor, what ballast, what helm does it not require to prevent it from being driven out of its course!" You cannot, in order to extricate a strong ship from peril, crowd her with canvas enough to sink an ordinary vessel, and yet have her motion gentle and swaying. Men wish to see the human soul put forth terrible energy in a great and fearful crisis, yet insist that it shall not only discriminate nicely, but make its attack with finished courtesy. But power when evoked, is not so easily controlled. When the hour comes for heavy and rapid blows, they will not, if they fall at all, hit with the nicety of a well-adjusted engine. The force necessary to hurl a cannon ball to its mark, gives it such momentum that it often shatters what lies beyond and was not intended to be struck at all.

But Luther, with all his energy, possessed a heart full of the tenderest emotions. There was a depth to his feelings corresponding to the strength of his character. There was a world of humor, too, underneath that rough exterior, but the great mission he had to fulfill, and the perils he was constantly compelled to encounter, kept both his gentleness and humor in abeyance, and brought out all the sternness he pos-

sessed Sometimes, as in his conference with Zwingle, his stubbornness was misplaced, and marred his character.

But that which most distinguished him was his *faith*—to that alone must we look for the basis of his conduct. The Herculean strength he exhibited, was obtained out of human sight—in solitary communion with God. When the heavens grew dark overhead, and the thunders uttered their voices, and the approaching storm seemed too wild for man to resist, he knelt before the God of the tempest, and pressed the promises of his word with an earnestness and resolution that awe us. Through all his early career, he wrestled like Jacob with the Strength of Israel, and prevailed. But especially in those dreadful moments when doubts arose and the crushing thought would force itself upon him that perhaps he was wrong, did his spirit reach forth to the Father of Lights with a faith that would not be denied. From these solemn interviews he rose serene and firm. The source whence he derived strength was exhaustless. The arm on which he leaned was stronger than that of man; the frown he feared more terrible than an earthly monarch's, and the rewards he sought, beyond the power of earth to give or take away. A most touching and fearful instance of this is furnished in a prayer he was heard to make after his first appearance before the Diet of Worms.

The next day he was to give his final answer, and in the interval came one of those hours of darkness which

plunged him into the deepest gloom, and filled him with agony unutterable. He had reached the crisis of his life, and the outward pressure of everything against him was aggravated a hundred fold by the withdrawal of the light of his Father's face. In his distress he retired to pray, and this broken appeal, wrenched as it were, from a strong soul in its last desperate struggle for life, was poured forth to heaven. "O Almighty and Everlasting God! How terrible is this world! Behold, it openeth its mouth to swallow me up, and I have so little trust in thee! * * * How weak is the flesh, and Satan how strong! If it is only in the strength of this world that I put my trust, all is over! * * * My last hour is come, my condemnation has been pronounced! . . . . O God! O God! . . . . O God! do thou help me against all the wisdom of the world! Do this; thou shouldst do this, ... thee alone, ... for this is not my work, but Thine. I have nothing to do here, nothing to contend for with these great ones of the world! I should desire to see my days flow on peaceful and happy. But the cause is thine, ... and it is a righteous and eternal cause. O Lord help me! Faithful and unchangeable God! In no man do I place my trust. It would be in vain! All that is of man is uncertain; all that cometh of man fail. . . . . O God! *my* God, hearest thou me not? . . . . My God, art thou dead? . . . . No! thou canst not die! Thou hidest thyself only! Thou hast chosen me for this work, I know it well! . . . . but, thou

O God! . . . . stand at my side, for the sake of thy well-beloved Jesus Christ, who is my defence, my shield, and my strong tower." He paused a moment, as if the engulphing waters were too strong for him, and he was struggling in depths out of sight, then broke forth again, "Lord! where stayest thou? . . . O, my God! where art thou? . . . . Come! come! I am ready! . . . I am ready to lay down my life for Thy truth, ... patient as a lamb. For it is the cause of Justice—it is thine! . . . I will never separate myself from Thee, neither now nor through eternity! . . . . And though the world should be filled with devils—though my body, which is still the work of Thy hands, should be slain, be stretched on the pavement, be cut in pieces—reduced to ashes, . . . my soul is Thine! . . . . Yes! Thy word is my assurance of it. My soul belongs to Thee! . . . . It shall abide forever with Thee . . . . Amen! . . . O God! help me! . . . . . Amen!"*

What an appeal from man to his Maker—and what close relations it exhibits between him and God. In it the soul of Luther is laid bare. His secret motives and purposes are revealed, and the hidden life thrown open to view. How different are the two portions of this prayer. In the first we see a strong soul struggling in deep waters, reaching vainly after the rock from which it has been pushed, while in the last we behold it firmly seated again, yet still turbulent from the perils and abysses that scarcely yet seem escaped, so

* Vide D'Aubigne.

that the sobs of sorrow are mingled with the prayer of resignation.

We cannot, as we pass, go into the principles and progress of the Reformation, or follow out the life of Luther, or discuss his doctrines. However men may differ respecting his views, or the mode he took to accomplish his ends, or his conduct on many occasions, all acknowledge him to be an honest man and a true Christian. Whether we behold him stretched on the floor of his cloister, struggling for deliverance from spiritual bondage, or unfolding the truths of the Bible to listening thousands, whether we see him on his way to Augsburg—going, as his friends declare, to death —composing and singing on the way,

"Ein, feste burg ist unser Gotte,"

or listen to his thrilling prayer for help, or hear his deep "Amen" at the Diet of Worms, we feel that we look upon a man whom no bribery can corrupt, no flattery seduce, no opposition overcome, or cause to waver from the truth.

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THE PROSE WRITERS OF AMERICA.*

Castrant alios, ut libros suos, per se graciles, alieno adipe suffarciant. JOVIUS.

WE once read a story of a little boy who was found sitting by the sea-shore with a tiny shell in his hand, and dipping the water into a cavity which he had scooped out of the sand. A scholar who had sought the solitude of the ocean, that he might meditate undisturbed, observed the child, and for a long time watched his actions. At length he approached and asked him why he dipped the water so industriously from the sea into that cavity. He replied that he was emptying the ocean into it. He had a sand hole to pour the tides of the deep into, and a scollop to do it with, and grave from a sense of his responsibility, he labored with a solemnity that became the great task of transferring and condensing the ocean.

That boy, we think, must be the author of the "Prose Writers of America." A man who has never produced a book of his own composition—never added to our literature a single valuable paper—who, we are

* The Prose Writers of America, with a Survey of the Intellectual History, Condition, and Prospects of the Country, by Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

informed, never received even a *liberal education*—sits down to survey our literature, classify our writers, gauge their relative merits, and give them their status in the temple of fame. Holding a *quasi* position among authors and in literature, he arrogates to be the arbiter of both, and speaks *ex cathedra* of such men as Dr. Edwards, Daniel Webster, William Channing, Clay, Calhoun, Marshall, Prescott, Irving, Cooper, and a host of others, who have adorned our history.

Equal to all departments, he tells us the merits of works on theology, metaphysics, law, chemistry, meteorology, ornithology, comedy, tragedy, fiction—discusses all art and all philosophy "*acuta cum gravibus temperans*" with the gravity of the child dipping up the sea with a shell. He is at home in everything, and like Dr. Hornbook,

> "Of a' dimensions shapes, an' whittles
> A' kinds o' boxes, mugs and bottles.
> He's sure to hae
> Their Latin names as fast he rattles
> As A, B, C.

The compiler, amid the authors he has gathered around him, appears like a clown in the circus, performing such strange and unexpected feats that he draws peals of laughter from the audience. A small crucible is shown to the spectators, into which the exhibitor tells them he is going to cram for their amusement Edwards, Webster, Clay, Hamilton, Marshall, Audubon, Cooper, etc., etc., and reproduce them sound, and sounder than before. First Webster is thrown in, and

Mr. Griswold, while the process of smelting is going on, amuses the audience with a concise biography of the illustrious man. The massive head of the great statesman at length reappears, and as the performer seizes him and plants him on the stage, he says, "with features grave and head erect," "Of Daniel Webster as an author, we may speak in every presence with unhesitating freedom. By whatever circumstances educed, his works are vital in every part. His mind is of the foremost rank. If I were to compare him to any foreigner, it would be to Burke." Mr. Webster will do. Next follows Channing, and when, after a running commentary on his life, his serene brow emerges into view, the audience is informed that this gentleman "had neither the learning nor the metaphysical power to be a great theologian. His mind without being the first, was of a very high order, his taste was elegant, but not faultless. His works *will undoubtedly* fail to *sustain his reputation as a thinker and a man of letters.*" *Evanescet* the mild face of Channing, while the performer bows as the great moralist disappears, as much as to say "he is probably surprised, but I often surprise men."

Next Judge Story is handed in, and the same process having been gone through, the astonished spectators are told that "with vast learning, strong sense, reasoning powers of a high order, and generally correct taste, he would have been *eminently respectable* in any field of intellectual exertion; but he had too little, both of metaphysical power and imagination to make a

deep and lasting impression." The phrase "*eminently respectable*," though entirely new, was a decided hit, and Judge Story departed labelled "EMINENTLY RESPECTABLE."

Timothy Dwight is flung into the crucible, and almost instantly re-appears, and is dismissed with "The style of Dr. Dwight is fluent, graceful, picturesque and glowing, but diffuse. The erasure of redundances would render it much more vigorous and attractive. * * * Hardly a discourse, or essay, or letter can be pointed to in all his works, the effect of which is not injured by superfluous epithets."

Mr. Bryant is an editor, and may have something to say about this exhibition, and he is bowed off the stage, while the audience is informed that a beautiful edition of his poems can be bought at Carey & Hart's, Philadelphia, where also the "Prose Writers of America" is published. Mr. Sparks is pronounced a very industrious man and a commendable writer.

William Wirt fares poorly, and as he stands with his beaming face before the spectators, Mr. Griswold profoundly remarks, "*Of his literary merits I do not think highly.* His abilities were more brilliant than solid. He had a rapid but not skillful command of language, a prolific but not a correct fancy, and his opinions were generally neither new nor striking." Mr. Bancroft is treated patronizingly, Mr. Cooper with downright encouragement, and Richard H. Dana is informed that he, the performer, is about the only man in the Union capable of appre-

ciating him. Charles Brockden Brown's works, we are told, would be vastly improved by a *judicious proof* reader, and thus *seventy* are exhibited to the public, "*revised, corrected,*" given their just rank and labelled for future generations. The crucible is then inverted to show there has been no trickery in the performance, for it is indisputably *empty.*

But seriously, the presumption that could attempt such a work, is saved from the deepest condemnation only by the broad comedy into which it passes. To behold one attempt to gauge minds in which he could revolve for cycles without finding the outer limit, reminds us of the Lilliputians applying their measurements to Gulliver, and expressing their opinions about the size and proportions of his body.

As Mr. Griswold openly uses the product of other people's brains for his works—in short, makes his "bread and butter" out of their writings, we should not have the least objection to his getting up an edition of the "Prose Writers of America," in which, after a modest preface becoming his education and literary position, he gave a biographical notice of the several authors, and extracts from their works. It is true we have rather an indifferent opinion of such works in general, but if a man can make money or reputation by them, he injures no one. It is not to this we object, but to the marvellous impertinence of giving his opinions on style and character, and in endeavoring to fix the relative merits of the greatest men the nation has produced. *That work* belongs not to *him*, nor to any one

within hailing distance of him. No one, except he stand in the front rank of writers and thinkers, has any business to undertake such a task. It argues a moral nature blunted in its sensibilities, as well as a mind too obtuse to perceive its own weakness. It may be thought we are ungrateful, having been presented with many encomiums among this illustrious group, especially as we acknowledge the impulse our ambition received when we read, "We think so highly of Mr. Headley's natural powers, that we feel a concern in their future development." It was natural that the thought we had awakened such a "deep concern," should have painfully impressed us with a feeling of responsibility, and filled us with noble aspirations. In our gratitude we should like, if we could with truth, return the compliment about "natural powers," "deep concern" respecting their "development," &c., but as we cannot, we let it pass.

But this pompous exhibition of our great men is not in worse taste than the long homily which introduces them on the stage. The chief part of this article we believe was once offered to a review gratuitously, but was rejected as unworthy a place, and yet it is here brought forward and called a *survey of our literature.* In looking over this survey, we are not surprised at the results obtained, indeed, we are astonished that it resulted in anything. The style of this article of forty pages is execrable. Heavy without being solid, affected without any of the graces of affectation, it exhibits both a lack of intellectual strength, and a woful igno-

rance of the proper use of language. The assumed dignity which cannot conceal its inherent weakness, constantly reminds one of a child with his grandfather's spectacles on. The blissful ignorance of the child while aping the actions of the man, and his perfect unconsciousness that any one suspects he is not a man, are amusingly exemplified in this "survey of our literature." Although the author seems perfectly aware that a uniformly dignified style is the most becoming while engaged on so profound a work, he feels, also, that an occasional exhibition of fine writing is needed to exhibit his "various powers;" and we are treated to such specimens as these: "In Mr. Webster, at times the action of the reason is so intense as to warm into life the imagination, which follows with *bright-eyed patriotism* its impetuous and resistless march to, grace and crown its triumph." Irving's humor and pathos are so commingled that "the handkerchief raised towards the eye to wipe away the blinding moisture there, is checked at the lips to suppress a smile, summoned by some touch of delicate and felicitous humor." The figure introduced here of the handkerchief, which is stuffed into the mouth while on its way to the eyes, is "delicate and felicitous." The great occurrences of the Bible, he tells us, "are only to be viewed through *the passionless ether* of the inspired narrative." We will not speak of the grammatical construction of the sentence, wishing to direct the attention to "*passionless ether*," to inquire if anything can be "seen through it."

He tells us that "no mosaics were ever piled with greater deliberation," than Mr. Poe's "stories." The figure may be correct, as we have never yet seen a "*pile of mosaics*," although we have looked on some fine specimens of mosaics in our time; but we should think it might look very like a *pile of stories.* In speaking of the cultivation of poetry, he says that our "forests, lakes, rivers, climates, seasons," are prolific of subjects and illustrations for the "*poetry of description*,"—query, descriptive poetry.

These rhetorical efforts however, are only occasional—evidently costing too much effort. But the inaccuracies of style—the awkward, bungling, ungrammatical sentences stare one in the face at every turn. He writes "at this time the aspects and prospects of our affairs are auspicious of scarcely anything more than of successful cultivation of National Literature and National Art." He intended to say that our prospects, &c., were not more auspicious of anything than they were of National Literature, whereas he declares that they are auspicious of scarce anything else *except* "National Literature, &c.," and thus not only states an error, but does it awkwardly. Two lines farther on, we are told that "the tone of a great work is given or received by the people among whom it is produced and so *is national as an effect or cause.*" We presume he designed to say that the *work* becomes national, but he has not—he has made simply a "national tone." He goes on. "While the spirit which animates the best literature of any country must be

peculiar to it, its subjects may be chosen from the world," a sentence which speaks for itself.

Of Mr. Bancroft, he remarks, that "he may serve the spirit of his age instead of wrestling with it, and placing himself on an eminence from which to survey the historical drama of the world." That is, Mr. Bancroft may serve the spirit of the age instead of wrestling with it, *and instead of placing himself* on an eminence. An ordinary school boy could not have committed such a blunder, and gone so wide of what he intended to say. Our author, by the construction of his sentences, states the very reverse of what he means. He seems to have adopted the maxim that language was made to conceal ideas. With admirable sang froid, however, and utterly unconscious of the blunder he has committed, he in the very next sentence says, "However these things may be, his work is elaborately, strongly and elegantly written." When this met Mr. Bancroft's eye, if it ever did, he must have smiled to see "elegantly, elaborately," follow such a sentence. Mr. Griswold closes this paragraph with, "parts of it (i. e. the work,) may be reckoned among the most splendid in all historical literature." The *most splendid* what? parts? it can mean nothing else, as the sentence is constructed, and thus rendered, reads "parts of it may be reckoned among the most splendid parts in all historical literature." He doubtless had some vague idea of saying that parts of it might be regarded as among the most splendid specimens of historic writing. In speaking of one of Mr. Osborne's

works, he tells us that "it is more like Mr. Dana's Tom Thornton, than any other American novel," by which we know not whether he would inform us that the work is more like Tom Thornton than it is like any other American novel, or more like the former than any other American novel is. It is a Janus-headed sentence, with an ugly aspect to either face. We are informed in another place that "the intellectual energy of America has been felt far more in Europe, than its own, for the period of our national existence has been felt here," in which sentence "its own" must be puzzled to ascertain where it belongs. He kindly assures us that "Mr. Irving's humorous writings are different from *all others*," which means nothing. We suppose the idea he was after, to be, that Mr. Irving's humorous writings differed from those of most other men.

We could go on *ad indefinitum*, but these will suffice. We have not cited instances of merely bad grammar, nor quoted sentences which exhibit only bad rhetoric and want of natural taste. To do this would be to copy the whole article. We have quoted those sentences only in which, without reference to the mere grammatical correctness, the sense was confused or contradictory. Occasional grammatical errors may be pardoned, and tastes differ respecting style, but there is no excuse for ignorance that renders a man incapable of expressing his meaning, especially is it inexcusable in one who ventures to speak authoritatively of the literature and literary men of the nation. The absurdity of an article of

such high pretensions when executed in this manner, is aggravated, if possible, by the constant recurrence of the words "classical," "chaste," "scholar," "taste," "correct style," "elegance of diction, &c." But these, together with the words "gentleman," "gentlemanly," &c., may have been introduced thus frequently for a specific purpose, just as boys are known to whistle loudest in the dark, to show they are not afraid.

In taking up this volume and seeing how the attempt to "survey" our intellectual condition, and give the calibre of our great men is begun, the reader feels inclined to "wipe away a tear" "but the handkerchief is checked at the mouth to suppress a smile" at the manner in which it is carried forward. The author doubtless imagines that he writes with "*lucid ability*," and is a "*luminous landmark*," and "*patristic guide*," but he certainly does not write with "*unstudied naïveté and freedom from pretence.*"

We will not speak of the errors in fact nor of such contradictions as the following: "The success of the Pilot was *at first a little doubtful* in this country," and "The Pilot is one of the most remarkable novels of the time, and *everywhere* obtained *instant and high applause*," because the pointing out of such faults might indicate that we thought the book came into the category of ordinary works, and designed to test its merits by close criticism, while we wish to mention those things only which render it unique and entitle it to a place by itself.

But there is one feature in this introductory article

of forty pages which we think will astonish even the writer, on reflection.

A national literature is ever the burden of his song. He comes back to it again and again with a pathos that renders a doubt of his sincerity cruel and unjust. He pleads its necessity with an earnestness never before witnessed in one who has not contributed an original work of any kind, to enrich it,—and attacks, with the boldness of a man who has a *right* to speak, our Congress for not passing an international copyright law.

He ventures on such language as this: "All arguments against copyright as universal and perpetual, as the life of a book, are but insults to the common sense. Some of them are ingenious, and may be admired on the same principle that the ingenuity of a *picklock* is admired." "An author *creates* a book" (?) "which besides diffusing a general benefit, yields a revenue, as great, perhaps, as from the estate which has been acquired by force or fraud, and the law, without alleging any fault, seizes it and bestows it on the *mob*." Again he speaks of "the weak and wicked policy of governments respecting copyrights." Still farther on he declares that "the acknowledgment of foreign copyrights is needed as much for the protection of *morals* as for the protection of letters." He gets excited on this topic, and not only is his sense of justice outraged, but his whole moral nature is shocked at the wrong done to the foreign author. In him, therefore, we look for an exemplification of the highest

form of integrity; and the absence of a law so imperiously demanded by our literature, and so necessary to secure the ends of justice, could in no way affect *his* views of the obligations of every one to respect the *moral* right left thus unguarded.

But, alas, for human virtue—"*the hood does not make the friar*"—and our author, who denounces so energetically our Congress for not protecting the works of authors, has himself taken D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, and tacking on a few "American Curiosities," so as to usurp the English edition in the American market, issued it with his name on the title page. This work cost D'Israeli years of toil, "*which besides diffusing a general benefit, yields a revenue, as great, perhaps,* as from the estate which has been acquired by force or fraud, and the law, without alleging any fault, *seizes it and bestows it on the mob*"! And "*the mob*" has coolly taken it, and replenished his pocket with the profits of the sale. A book is issued in England entitled "Sacred Poetry of England." This, too, our author seizes, and by a few additions which would not be sufficient to protect him from prosecution, if done to an American work, publishes it as his own. He is enabled to do it on account of "the weak and *wicked* policy of governments respecting copyrights." He takes advantage of a state of things which he declares to be "immoral, unjust, and wicked," and even while haranguing the loudest, is purloining the fastest. His arguments and actions taken together, have not, to use his own language, even the

"*ingenuity of a picklock.*" We thank him for the phrase, for "*mutato nomine, de te Fabula narratur.*" Such language reminds us of a pickpocket in the midst of a crowd, who, while coolly helping himself to the purses of others, declaims loudly against the authorities for not having a sufficient police force on the ground to prevent it; and with his pockets full, walks away, declaring it is immoral, wicked, shameful, that the laws are not stringent enough to protect the property and rights of others. To use a pet phrase of the author; this is "*a sort of*" morality not very highly regarded, and to quote one of his own sentences, reminds us "of our *sham sort* of men in all departments."

Such is the book and such the author that treat of our literature and great men. We have noticed but two ably written sketches in the whole volume, and those, no one need be told who reads them, were never written by the author. The book had its origin in overweening self-conceit—it has been executed weakly and unworthily, and been forced into circulation by an assiduity and industry "of a sort" not "eminently respectable," and will eventually be remembered only as one of "the curiosities of American literature."

We advise Mr. Griswold, in future, to confine himself to selections from the works of other men, without attempting to reach an elevation which he cannot sustain, for while in *one* sense he can say with Southey,

when offering to write the biography either of Satan or Michael,

"Mine is a pen of all work——"

yet his powers may not be equal to *all* subjects. American authors have been liberal to him thus far, in allowing him to publish extracts from their poems and prose writings without charge and for his own benefit, and no doubt will continue to be so—at least they cannot help themselves if they would—and there is no danger at present of an international copyright law to interfere with the rich harvest in store on the other side of the water. The few sheaves he has already taken, we can assure him, are but the promise of what may be secured.

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